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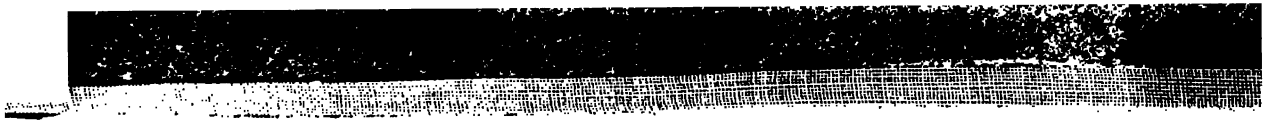

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MYSTERIES

OF

CITY LIFE;

OR,

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S B

BEING A

Series of Tales, Sketches, Incidents, and Scen

FOUNDED UPON THE NOTES OF

A HOME MISSIONARY.

BY JAMES REES,

Author of "The Philadelphia Locksmith," "The Nighthawk Papers

---

The needy man who hath known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their heads, and wonder who could do them.

H

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THIS

LITTLE WORK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED TO THE

REV. JOHN STREET;

BY ONE WHO IN THE DAYS OF HIS BOYHOOD, RECOGNISED IN HIS PLAYMATE AND FRIEND, ALL THOSE AMIABLE TRAITS OF CHARACTER, AND NOBLE QUALITIES, WHICH NOW CALL FORTH THIS HUMBLE TESTIMONIAL OF CONTINUED FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM

FROM—

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

" Fallen leaves, that lie
Like crimson carpets all around."

THE *leaves* which we are about submitting to our readers were gathered in the hope of their not fading before the autumnal season. There is something melancholy in the very thought of such a fate, and yet amid the many beautiful and classical productions of the day, how can we reasonably expect, that our leaves could mix with those—

" Of tenderest tint."

They in their pride and beauty have put forth all their charms, and with their rich perfume, scent the world of letters! Authors may be likened unto our forest trees—they send forth their *leaves* into the world, and thus one can be compared to the *oak*, clothed in its deep crimson robes, king of the woods. Another like the *maple*, in its golden leaves, adorning the woodlands, with their rich and sunny tints. Another unto the *gum*, with its bloody hue, like the immolated victim of tyranny, bleeding from every pore, stands fit emblem of the tragic muse. A fourth, like the classic *elm*, comes

before us in all its picturesque beauty. A fifth, assumes th deep rich foliage of the *chestnut*. A sixth, like the *locus* comes clothed in its tiny, though beautiful verdure, ar might be called the emblem of poetry. A seventh may l likened unto the *cypress*, with

"Its slender leaf."

Others may be compared to the spiral *pine*, and the *ceda* in their eternal green, and these are the bards immortal!

And by what emblem shall we appear amongst thes "clustering trees?" Let us see—ah! the Ash, its leav are like ours, humble and plain to view—but

"Hiding the silver underneath each leaf."

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MYSTERIES OF CITY LIFE.

LEAF FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE dark shadows of the earth, those huge and cumbrous limbs of misshapen clouds, seem to rest more darkly on the homes of the poor, than they do on the mansions of the rich. The sun too, seems to shine less brightly on poverty than it does on riches, the gilded work, and mirrored brightness of costly things, reflects back its rays with a mocking glare, and as they glitter and sparkle, seem to say:—"We are the gems of earth, as you are of heaven."

Yet if the lone heart, and the tortured mind, or the weakened body could look out from their wretched dwellings, and with the eye of moral truth glance at the mellowed light of the setting sun, and watch its lingering rays, they would find that the same light, the same softening influence extended as far into the dark recesses of their hovels, as they did into the gorgeous chambers of a palace.

It is the human heart, it is the mind,—the soul, the man himself who imagines that there are divisions of light, as there are classes among men. Up from the deep caverns of poverty, of wrong, and of oppression, come forth dark and sombre thoughts; the world looks cold and cheerless to a heart that is already chilled. The sun's light looks pale and sickly, and the storm and the tempest seem as if they were made for that heart alone!

The cheerless hearth, the emaciated forms of wife and children, are all dread scenes drawn and pictured by the hand of fate. They are pencilled forth as objects of heaven's vengeance, and anger. Thus the hearts of the poor become stone, and in pride and poverty, in gloom and in silence, in paleness and in sickness, they look out on the broad bright sunshine as pestilential vapours, and feel as if its light was sent on earth for the rich alone. They shrink too from the storm and tempest, and feel as if they were the icicles of earth hanging superfluous on the branches of the tree of life!

O! how awful it is to have such thoughts, and no one to condole, and console with us under this infliction of *mental error*. And yet, the good and virtuous have such thoughts, and they pine away and die as if they were no part, or portion of this blessed earth.

Then, of a cold winter's night as the snow flakes wander about on the freezing air, they invariably find out the dwellings of the poor, and the wind whistles, and lashes, and drives more fiercely, darting here and there, passing stately mansions, and creeps, and crawls, and twists itself into the desolate homes of the poor, where snow flakes and wind should never enter, for there, ice, and snow, and desolation reign!

The same wind, cold, and bitter as it is, selects out the half freezing forms as they shiver and shake on their bed of straw, and numb there naked limbs with its icy fingers, then away it goes off and afar, dancing, and playing its tantalizing airs around the hovels of the poor, and telling them the snow, and the hail are winging their flight on the storm and tempest from the frozen North?

It is strange to think of such things, and yet how often have we thought that there was an aristocracy even in the

elements!—They like the rich and proud, worry, harass, and oppress the poor, often crushing, and covering them with avalanches of snow and ice, break down and into their low dwellings, and like the heartless landlord drive them forth houseless, homeless, friendless. These are sad reflections, and make the heart sad.

There are hours, and days, months and years when the poor enjoy some of the comforts of life, and get glimpses of the earth in its pride and beauty. *It is when health is theirs*, and the heart is in its right place. Then the sun shines more brightly, the moon's rays are more beautiful and fairy like. The country looks like a dream of paradise, and its meandering brooks the waters of life!—The storms and the tempests touch not the homes of such as these, but pass away, and their music sounds as the voice of Deity.

The rich man chuckles in his earthly paradise, he laughs at the storm and the tempest—what cares he?—Human ingenuity, money, and the "art creative," have hemmed around him all the joys and the comforts of life. Yes! joys, for the rich man lives in a world of his own, and he knows no other, that world he rules, he governs, he is its *God!* The cries of the poor, are unheeded by him, they live in another world over which he has no power, no control, *it is a world beneath him.* * Apart from poverty, which by the way is not the worst of evils, it is in the power of all to be happy. Happiness is as much a part and portion of earth, as are flowers and birds, that grow, and sing upon it. They come into the world with joy, and with music, with smiles and with hope, all is sunshine in their bright short lives. †

* See Leaf Fifth.

† It is said, that the growth of plants is accompanied with music. There is a beautiful legend connected with the Wild Mandrake (Podophyllum.) See Leaf Thirty-three.

When a boy steps out upon the broad platform of the earth, and gazes upon the opening flowers, and listens to the singing birds, and whistling winds, all is bright and beautiful before him; a glowing picture. He claps his little hands, and dances with joy, and all things around and about him smile, and seemingly participate in his transports.

Is not this true happiness? and yet old age, sour and cross, looks on, and far back into the past, with cindered passions in his heart, and he talks of poverty, the alms-house, the work-house, with their bloated overseers, feasting and rioting, at the expense and the cost of the poor!—Then comes limping beggary; and crime with its ghastly looks, dims the smile which for a moment illuminated the face of youth and hope.—The sun becomes as it were darkened, the world looks like a lazar-house, and the people all lepers, ghastly, sickly, palsied, dying! The dreams, or the realities of age have thrown a cloud over the heart, and dimmed the eyes of the boy.—Why are the young gay dreams of youth thus blighted, and darkness instead of light thrown around his pathway of life? Do the flowers smell less fragrantly, or the birds sing less sweetly, in our age, than they do in our youth? or do they fade away, and die before the fell simoon of time, to bloom, and sing no more?

No! all is the same, but man changes, earth never changes, the living world changes, sin and crime have usurped the place of flowers and birds. A curse rests over all—it is heard in the thunder, and is echoed in storm and tempest. It is seen in the lightning's flash, *it is felt on the heart!* It goes over the earth in screams, and in shouts, it comes up from the murderer's grave, and the skeleton form on the gibbet rattles, and howls it away, and away o'er the world! Sin hath blighted youth, dimm'd its star of hope, and paled the cheek of the mother in her hour of travail!

Then comes the mysteries of sin, death and the world, hid as they are from mortal eye, truth and the gospel trace them out. They lie in the sinful nature of man, deep embedded in the vile corruption of his nature. To seek them out; to trace up their serpent like forms, has ever been the object of those who can see in the opening flowers, and hear in the singing birds the same beauties, and music which greet youth on the threshold of life. From the pencilled marks of one whose life is devoted to the ameliorating the condition of mankind, many of these leaves are taken, and when the wintry winds whistle, and the snow flakes wander about to seek out the homes of the poor, remember that on the foot-path of the one, and amid the wild music of the other

THE HOME MISSIONARY

WANDERS ALONE!

No, not alone, for in his hand he holds the Bible; with that the gloom of the sick chamber has been cheered. Its pages have been opened to the sinner, and the celestial pathway made straight. The aged matron has clasped it closely to her heart, and the bright smile, hope's messenger, lit up a holy light in her dimm'd eyes, as they glanced o'er its hallowed pages. The profligate has ceased to scoff, and mock religion, when that holy book met his eye. The Atheist, scorning alike God and man, trembles at the sight of *His word.* Poverty and crime have forgot their miseries, when the missionary has expounded some of the mysteries of the true faith.—The cold, the storm, and the tempest have all been forgotten, when kneeling beside the bed of straw, the missonary's prayer hath gone up on the wings of night, laden with—blessings for the poor!

The Bible, what would this earth be without it? It is

the sun of the moral world—giving it life and animation, and creates in the bosom, all those delightful aspirations which only end with life—promising immortality hereafter. With the bible in his hand the missionary visits the dwellings of the sabbath breakers, the blasphemers, and the mockers of the religion of Jesus. The curl of scorn upon their lips gives way before its influence, their stern and hardened hearts become softened, and the sound of prayer and of praise goes up from the house of feasting and of sin, like incense to the skies, opening their way to the throne of mercy. Who will dare deny the power, and the influence of the bible? All mankind may in time doubt, but that doubt yields to argument, and falls prostrate at the shrine of truth, truth as it is manifested in that book of books:—Do away with it, and to use the words of Bishop Heber:—"It were to mantle the earth with more than Egyptian darkness; it were to dry up the fountain of human happiness; it were to take thee from our waters and leave them stagnant, and the stars from the heavens and leave them in sackcloth, and the verdure from our valleys and leave them in barrenness; it were to make the present all recklessness; the future all hopelessness; the maniacs revelry, and the fiends delight, if you could annihilate that precious volume, which tells us of God, and of Christ, and unveils immortality, and instructs in duty, and woos to glory—such is the Bible."

LEAF SECOND.

ORIGIN OF THE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

It was on a quiet calm evening sometime in the year 1834, the sun was just gilding the tops of the trees on the western side of the river Schuylkill with its lingering rays, when three young men stepped out from the shadow of the old foundry, (the ruins of which are still standing) in the vicinity of Fairmount, and stood gazing on the scene before them. It was not the beauty of the scenery, nor the splendor of the setting sun, that seemed to occupy their attention —their eyes were fixed on the numerous boats which lay scattered along the water's edge, and it seemed as if they were watching the motions of those who had them in charge. Not a word was yet spoken—the pale cheek of one of them, and the trembling lips, denoted some inward struggle, at last he spoke. "This will not do, our task must be accomplished, why should we hesitate, they are men—fellow creatures—beings like ourselves—come, let us go." His companions were more or less affected, and a feeling of awe, rather than fear deterred them from proceeding at once to the task they had undertaken. "There"—cried one, "d' you hear that?" and as he spoke a curse both loud and deep, came up from the water's edge—"come, let us move on, and at least distribute our tracts."—Yes, reader, these were three young men, who went forth with fear and trembling, to work for their Lord and Master, among the long and much neglected boatmen on the river Schuylkill, and those poor sin-stained classes, which are to be found in such immense numbers, in almost every portion of our city. How were the good

intentions met?—Listen—by mockery, laughter, and insult. Their tracts were thrown away, their admonitions scorned, and the arm was not unfrequently raised to strike the servants of the Lord in the performance of their duty. But this storm of sin and passion was soon allayed, the words of truth, the light of the gospel, broke in upon their night of gloom, and they listened, they reflected—read, and wondered why men should thus trouble themselves about their souls salvation! This wonder soon ceased when they were told, not man, but God called them to repentance!—Then as they gazed upon the placid waters, and heard the murmuring of the night breeze through the distant woods, and the falling of the water over the dam at Fairmount, their stern hearts yielded to the influence of nature and of truth, and melted away into the stream of repentance whose source is Jehovah! Yes! from these three young men, and from their visit to the boatmen on the banks of the river Schuylkill originated, the "Home Missionary Society of the City and County of Philadelphia." They communicated their thoughts to a number of friends, who warmly seconded the measure upon which they had fixed to carry out their holy purposes. Being thus encouraged, they called a meeting of the members of the different churches, of the city and county of Philadelphia, little thinking that the society they were then —in the fear of the Lord—about forming, was destined to bring about such great events, as it has already accomplished, or that it should be ever known much beyond the limits of their own immediate neighborhood.

The meeting was held—not quite twenty persons attended, and a society formed. At a subsequent meeting they adopted a constitution, the second article of which reads as follows: "The object of this society shall be to promote the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom, in the city and suburbs

of Philadelphia, by means of preaching, prayer and exhortation meetings, as also the establishing of Sabbath Schools, the distribution of bibles, testaments, tracts, and other books of a religious nature.

The management of the affairs of the society was then committed into the hands of a Board of Managers, composed of twelve persons, which number, being afterwards found insufficient, was increased to twenty five. This Board, the more fully, and effectually, to carry out the great objects of the society, divided the city and county, from as far North as Richmond, and Cohocksink, to as far South as Moyamensing prison, and from river to river, into twelve districts, upon which they appointed committees, whose duty it was to pass through all the lanes, alleys, courts, &c., they could find in their respective districts, and seek out such as never hear the name of our blessed Master, except from the lips of the swearer, and to hold religious conversation and prayer with them, distribute tracts, institute Sabbath Schools, *&c. &c.*

To recount all the good it has pleased the Lord to accomplish, through these committees, would be impossible; the Board would, therefore, merely state that they have been instrumental in bringing into the fold of our Great Shepherd, hundreds, who, but for their efforts, might have been eternally lost. They have also established five Sabbath Schools, in the most neglected parts of our city, which are now in a most flourishing condition. (These schools, however, are not at present under the direction of the Board, having been transferred to the care of the churches in their vicinities, in order to make room for the establishment of others, in different sections.) One of these schools was organized, and yet meets, in Taylor's Alley, in a room that was once the "*Ball-room*" of one of the most notorious

dens of inquity in our city. In this room our missionary has also held religious meetings, at which upwards of one hundred persons were converted to God, in the space of seven weeks. These operations, doubtless, have been the means of utterly banishing from that neighborhood those wicked and depraved persons who were in the habit of infesting it.

But, the labors of these committees, on account of their being able to perform their duties on the Sabbath day only, were necessarily limited. The Board, therefore, wishing to extend the usefulness of the Society as much as possible, and believing that by engaging a suitable person, who would bring into the vast theatre of their operations all his time, talents, energy and influence, they would be enabled to do so, applied to the Philadelphia Conference, while in session in this city in April, 1838, for the appointment of such a person, to act as a missionary. Their petition was promptly responded to, by the appointment of the Rev. J. Woolson, whose valuable services had to be dispensed with, soon after the meeting of the Conference in 1839, in consequence of the inability of the Society to raise funds for his support. They were then without a missionary until March, 1841, when they engaged the Rev. John Hersey, who resigned his office in July following his appointment. After which the Board, under the most discouraging circumstances, elected their present efficient missionary, the Rev. John Street, which action was afterwards confirmed by the Conference, at its next session, in April, 1842.

Our missionary, in his wanderings, met with so many cases of suffering and want, that he found it absolutely necessary, in order to reach the hearts of those he visited, to add to brotherly love—*charity*. He could not say to the half-starved, half-clad wife and children of the strong

man who lay before him on a miserable bed, scorched with burning fevers, and unprepared to meet his God, "be ye fed and be ye clothed," and at the same time withhold his hand from giving, and expect the poor man to listen to the voice of his admonition and prayer. He could not behold the widowed mother upon a bed of long continued illness, while her perishing babes were by her side, crying for bread, and attempt to speak to her of the necessity of making a preparation to meet God, before he had relieved the wants of herself and little ones. Ah! no. Hard, indeed would be the heart that could look upon such scenes as he has witnessed, and not be moved to compassion. He communicated these facts to the Board, which immediately resolved to raise a poor fund. And how nobly were its appeals met by a generous public; to which, in connection with those generous hearted editors, whose assistance has been so valuable, we would return our most sincere and heartfelt thanks.

But, how shall we find words to express the gratitude that is due to Almighty God, for the success which has crowned our humble efforts, to extend his kingdom and better the condition of our neighbors, since then? If we did a *little* towards accomplishing these objects before, how much *more* are we enabled to do now. How many poor, degraded creatures, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, have we been instrumental in raising to a respectable position in society! How many sorrowing hearts have we been enabled to make glad, by the unexpected, but timely visit of our missionary. And how many little starving, freezing children have we been enabled to feed and warm.

Will you go with us to yonder dark and dreary alley? Behold before you a tottering and dilapidated dwelling. Let us enter. Every thing around, though neat and clean, bears

marks of the most pinching poverty. Before you is stretched, upon a miserable bed, the poor victim of that fell destroyer —consumption. The affectionate companion of his joys and sorrows, hangs over him in tears, worn down with long continued watching and hunger; while his little boy and girl are hanging on the sides of his bed, crying for something to eat. Ah! what anguish fills that poor man's heart. It has not always been so with him. Once he had a comfortable home, and he could look upon his little family with joy. But alas! that rapacious disease, which has fastened itself upon him, has so long preyed upon his manly and athletic frame, that all his comforts have gradually vanished. And now there appears to be not even a kind friend left to smooth his pillow, to lessen the burden of his wife, or to hush the cries of his little ones. But hark! there is a knock at the door, and some one enters that abode of sorrow. It is the Home Missionary. He inquires into the circumstances of the family, and finding them to be in the greatest distress, supplies their present wants. He converses with them upon the subject of religion—offering them its consolations—and finding them not possessed of it, urges them, in the most kind and persuasive manner, to embrace it at once. They are much affected. He prays with them, and departs with the intention of calling again, after he ascertained more about them, to render further assistance. Oh! what a change is wrought upon that little group, by that short visit of the messenger of love and mercy. Comparatively speaking, all is now happiness, where, but a few moments ago, dwelt nothing but sorrow.

This is no fancy sketch, but only one of the many touching scenes of wretchedness that our missionary, (or some member of the Board,) has been called upon, in his walks, to witness daily.

The ribald songs are now no longer heard along the shores of the Schuylkill. Of a calm summer evening, a chorus of voices send forth the following beautiful Hymn, written by Bishop Heber.*

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With Wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd Nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

* Before he knew what was to be his last high destiny on earth, and ere he left the shores of England, he had breathed the secret aspirations of his piety in a Hymn before a collection made for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

Such are a few of the blessings, which have fallen upon the dark and the sorrowing portions of our earth, and have we not cause to exclaim:—

Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

LEAF THIRD.

IMMORAL WORKS.—ROMANCE AND REALITY.

So much has been written about the crimes and mysteries of great cities, with appalling descriptions of vice; and the localities of her votaries painted in such horrific colors, that the mind starts back from the mere contemplation of the scene, and is at last led to doubt a description which does not bear upon its front the least tint and shadow of truth. Many of these works, the origin of which can be traced to the licentiousness of the French press, have been got up in our midst for no other reason than to cater for, and pander to a depraved appetite. Rich and poor are commingled together, vice and virtue dished up as delicate morsels for the *gourmand*, and the human passions played upon as if they were a part and portion of the entertainment. Youth, that season of life, on whose sacred ground even vice is fearful to tread, becom es the medium through which these monstrosities are nade to sell, and the publisher is at times, an innocent ccess ory to the promulgation of vice in its most attractive m. Indecent words, and exciting descriptions of life, so

called, are nothing compared to the plates which accompany them, and not unfrequently the latter are introduced throughout a work, to which the reading has no connection or allusion. If it were not to insult the reader, the names of these books would be given.* The chaste and beautiful productions of our gifted writers, are set aside for such works as we have alluded to. We must have some standard whereby our literary character, and the morality of the press can be judged. Are there not men of sufficient moral courage in our midst, to raise their voices in high places, against an abuse which if permitted to exist, will not only bring ruin, but disgrace, upon the literary character of our country. That vitiated taste, a taste created to gratify the insatiate maw for such things, has given rise to a series of romances, so called, which we are fearful, will give our youth a foretaste of that dyspeptic feeling which now racks and tortures the whole moral system of our literature.

Have we not arrived at that fearful epoch in our literary history? and one which fully justifies us in raising our voice in defence of our youth, and the advocacy of a more chaste and classical style of writing, giving it more of the coloring of divine truth, and strive to render the pages of our books like unto virtue, pure and unsullied. Erect a standard on a moral basis, then will the *sense* come out from their leaves, like *perfume* from a bed of violets.

We do not, be it understood, condemn romance, for we look upon it as a playful ripple of the imagination on the lake of truth, passing away, and sparkling o'er the stream like the short lived meteors of the night. Romance may adorn, but it cannot beautify truth. One is the creation of Deity, the other the creation of man. The one lives in the

* To the credit of Philadelphia publishers be it said, such a thing has never occurred to the knowledge of the author.

brightness and the beauty of the world, the other glitters and sparkles awhile in the exhalations of the earth!

But we must condemn that species of romance, which in the vain attempt to portray scenes, cull out the worst features of crime and passion, and give them as leaflets from the book of life. In our little work. which are indeed leaves, our object is to give reality instead of romance; and when the latter has been called in to aid the first, they both go hand in hand throughout each sketch, to the end maintaining the moral which our object was and is to impress upon the reader. The following excellent article is from a late number of Blackwood's Magazine, it is so applicable to our subject that we are induced to give it place:

"We have Lord Bacon, however, and many other great writers on our side; and there is reason for thinking that the public likewise are beginning to be satiated with the hells of the imagination. It seems, indeed, to be pretty evident that there is enough, in actual life, of suffering, and misery, and crime, and vengeance, and gloom; and that there are but too many coarse ruffians, worthy of the gallows, whether they ever come to it or not: fiction should not, as is vulgarly supposed, present us with a mere representation of what is, or of what is commonly, but should lead us into more sunny and delightful scenes than the rough, ordinary, homespun world affords; and not, as is now but too often the case, make us glad to turn from the horrors of fictitious transactions to the far more tranquil and delightful prospects of common life.

It is the common opinion that the portraying of dark, misanthropical villains, and tremendous events, exhibits greater *power*, as the phrase is, than the painting of more subdued characters, and the description of more natural an probable transactions. We are not of this creed. Accordin

to our notions, nothing is more difficult than the creation of a little knot of characters, probable but not common, whose adventures shall successively call into play, mirth, humour, pathos, pity, terror, anxiety, hope, delight—without for a moment shocking belief, or bordering on caricature or the horrible. And it is this difficulty, which is felt if not acknowledged, that drives our romance writers and novelists to the use of the marvellous and the abominable. The system, however, as we have said, is nearly worn out. Our nerves are daily becoming more and more used to fictitious horrors, and we shall very shortly be rendered as insensible to the unspeakable sufferings of a hero or heroine of romance, as an old, thorough-paced inquisitor must be to the writhing of a patient of the Holy Office upon the rack. Use, as the proverb says, reconciles us to every thing. Hanging, drowning, burning, &c., are now mere common occurrences in fiction. The executions formerly perpetrated on our stage, and which furnished the French critics with materials for ridicule, are, in fact, every day outdone by our fashionable fiction-mongers, who make nothing of human life, or human suffering, when they expect to amuse their readers by inquisitorial exhibitions.

But, we again repeat, nothing but want of genius can thus induce writers to play roughly upon the great chords of our being, while they dare not lay their unskilful fingers on those softer and finer strings, whose sounds should mingle with and temper the notes of the other."

LEAF FOURTH.

The oak has fallen!
And the young ivy bush, which learned to climb
By its support, must need partake its fall.—*Scott.*

How many are there who are acquainted with the amount of misery in our city? How many, who, when the wind whistles around their splendid mansions, and the fire sparkles in their costly grates, think of the suffering poor? How many are there who would quit the comforts of home to brave the pitiless storm, and visit the haunts of misery and distress? Alas! but few.

The heart of a rich man is not the temple for pity to dwell in. Its gates are closed, as are those of his splendid mansion, against the poor and unfortunate. It throbs not at a tale of wo, nor melts at the widow and the orphan's cry for bread. Let us plead, then, for the poor; and while we complain at the conduct of a great portion of our wealthy citizens, let us hope that many of them, at least, are yet in ignorance of this fact, that there are thousands of worthy and deserving people in our city actually suffering for the want of food. We do not, let it be remembered, speak of that class who wander through our streets, and beg from door to door; they are bold in their crimes and poverty, and oftentimes get more than their immediate wants require. It is not that depraved class, whose cry from morn till night "is rum, still rum," and whose bloated forms present a picture of dissipation disgusting to the sight. No! and yet these creatures, these poor, deluded, lost beings, have families, yea, little, half-naked, suffering children, whose homes

present an appearance at once pitiable and repulsive. Yet are they human, and help to narrative old Time, in his eternal round—

> "Each, in their turn some tragic story tells,
> With, now and then, a wretched farce between;
> And fills his chronicles with human woes."

We speak of those who have known better days, and whose misfortunes arose out of circumstances and events over which the human mind and physical power have no control. We speak of those who have struggled on through life, earning just sufficient to provide for their immediate wants, but when sickness overtakes them, and their labor ceases, those humble supplies which fed and clothed them are cut off, and in silence and sorrow they battle on with fate. The cry of their children for bread excites the already feverish frame, the pale, sunken cheek of a delicate favorite, who watches its mother with anxious looks, almost maddens the brain, and retards the hope of a speedy restoration to health. Their cry for food comes o'er her like the fell simoon of the desert, withering and destroying all before it; and while her skeleton finger points to the last crust of bread, and the parched lips touch the last cooling draught, (it is not in her power to replenish,) the disconsolate parent closes her eyes on the scene, and inwardly offers up a prayer to Him, who alone, in that dark, fearful hour, can aid and save her. Hark, what sound was that?—a step—it comes nearer—it stops at the door—a knock. Who is he that approaches the suffering widow? Who is he that administers relief to the soul and the body, and whose smile sheds a radiant light upon the dark and gloomy chamber, the chamber, as it were, of death? It is the agent of Heaven, the instrument of divine Providence, whose power no man should ever question, and whose ways are as mysterious as are the means

used to administer his goodness and make known his mercy. He is indeed the administering angel; and thousands will bless the name of JOHN STREET, when more high sounding ones shall have passed away from the earth, and the costly tomb and the gilded epitaph alone shall speak of them.

* * * * * *

We now call the attention of our readers to a school-room. Look at that delicate girl, whose scantily clad form calls forth the sneers from her better dressed school-mates—her pale cheek flushes not at their scorn, her thin lips tremble not at their mockery; she feels her poverty, and patiently submits to it. Her eyes are fixed upon her book, but her thoughts are elsewhere. What's that? a tear; yes, see how it trickles down the delicate channels of her cheek. She sees it not—it rolls on—it falls upon her delicate hand. She gazes at it, then wipes it off with a corner of her ragged though clean apron. Hark! the clock strikes twelve; she starts, her eyes follow the mistress—she rises, takes her little straw bonnet, wraps a thin shawl around her, and with a timid step she approaches the desk.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"Pray ma'am, shall I go home now?"

"Why do you wish to go before two?"

Before she answered her eyes glanced around, as if apprehensive of being overheard, then coming close up to the teacher, she whispered in her ear:

"We are going to have a dinner to-day; mother will get the money for a waistcoat she has finished, and intends to buy us something good to eat; that is more than we have had for three weeks."

"To dinner? Why, Mary, do you not have a dinner every day?"

"Every day, ma'am! O no, we have had nothing to

eat but Indian meal for three weeks, as mother has had no work nor money to buy any thing else."

"Indian meal! Why, Mary, you should have mentioned this before!"

"I was ashamed, ma'am, and the scholars would have laughed at me."

"Well, go, child, and say nothing to them," and as the poor girl disappeared through the doorway, the teacher was seen to wipe her eyes, and for a while hold her handkerchief to them. Did she weep? Were those tears shed for that poor delicate child?

Mr. Street was told of this little incident; it affected him, as it would any feeling heart; he obtained the direction of the house, visited it, and found a widow with three small children living in the third story, and had, as the daughter said, lived three weeks on nothing but *Indian meal!* Her story was told; it was one of sorrow, of grief, and of suffering. How did the missionary act? The sequel will tell. The widow now keeps a little trimming store; her children are well clothed, and are, like their mother, happy and cheerful. And have they forgotten Heaven's agent? Can they forget the source from whence so much blessing came? Follow them into their neat chamber—see the widow on her knees, surrounded by her children—hark! listen to her prayer—is she grateful? How can she, human as she is, be otherwise?

LEAF FIFTH.

It has been said, and justly, too, that the rich man seldom thinks of the poor; and if, for a moment, their necessities are brought before him, his heart yields to its dictates, and furnishes the means of relief; but, alas! the very next instant the whole scene passes away like a dream, and he thinks no more of them. This arises from the fact of the mind being immersed in the subject of money and its accumulation, and always bent on the one object, "increase and multiply," that it can scarcely be expected a worldly man will let any other subject beside that engage his attention.

Let us relate a little incident of a rich man and a poor one.

The night was a stormy one: it had been raining hard all day, and toward evening, as the atmosphere became chilled, it turned to snow and sleet. The streets were deserted—the wind stormed and whistled fiercely around the corners of the streets, and seemed angry because the brick walls and the fastened doors kept it out of the dwellings. The rich man sat alone in his gorgeous chamber; a cushioned chair received his form, and his feet rested on velvet-covered stools; a bottle of choice wine stood beside him on a marble-top centre-table, near and around which were strewed costly-bound books. His eyes were fixed on the sparkling fire, as it blazed and cracked on the hearth—a smile passed over his features, for the rich man was happy. Wealth had made him so, and he was not the worst of those who are looked upon as gold worshippers. At that moment, the clock just struck nine, there came a knock at the front door—a soft, quiet knock—one that sounded like doubt and hesitancy.

Presently the servant's footsteps were heard—the door opened—the rich man heard merely the sound of a child's voice; it was feeble, and struggled as it were with cold or fear; then he heard the voice of the servant, sharp, quick, and angry; then he thought he heard a sigh; then the slamming of the door, and the footsteps of the servant. What was all this to the rich man? Much. The whole circumstance struck upon his heart as if by a supernatural touch. He became restless—he took a glass of wine—still that small plaintive voice floated on his ear, and again seemed to touch the heart. He reached out his hand, took up a colored glass bell—reader, beautiful, sweet sounding bells are made out of thick glass—he rang it. "Send John to me," were the orders given to a boy who obeyed the summons. "Well, John," as a bold, insolent black entered, "who was that at the door a few moments ago?" "Little Nancy, Master." "And who is little Nancy?" "Little Nancy, O, she be the daughter of our Mary." "Our Mary, what Mary?" "Why, our chambermaid 'fore dis last one." "I remember, she had a fine little girl with her, and, if I mistake not, she married a second time and left us." "Yes, massa, she married Jacobs." "So she did. Jacobs was a good, honest fellow, and I have often wondered what had become of him." "Massa know now; dat little gal come to say, that he has been sick for months, and has been out of work months 'fore dat, and his wife sick, and their infant child; and da hab no bread, no wood, no noting, in de house." "And she came here to-night to tell this?" "Yes, massa." "You rascal; and how dare you come here and tell me this now, when the girl is gone?" "I did not come, massa, you call me." "Why did you not send her in?" "Ah! massa, me know better den dat. I would not wake you up from de dose, but I tell you in de morning."

"Well, well; now, John, do you know where they live."

"Yes, massa, in —— St."

"John, get me my hat, my boots, and cloak, I am going out."

"Yes, massa."

* * * * * * *

The sick man lay on a straw bed. Beside him, worn out with watching and nursing, sat his wife, and their infant lay restless in the cradle. The wind whistled on—the snow and the sleet battled together, and the last stick was burning to ashes on the hearth. "Mary, dear Mary, you are sick; I know you are. Do lay down and try to sleep." "No, Jacob, I could not sleep. Let us wait a moment; Nancy will come, and with her hope, for master was always a good hearted one, and he will not refuse my request. Hark! she comes!" The door opened, and the half-frozen, half-clad form of the child entered. The mother arose, took off a portion of her garments, rubbed her feet with a towel, and held them to the fire. "Now, dear, speak; did you see Mr. B——?" "No, mother; the black man said he was asleep, and bid me go about my business. He is a bad man, mother." "Merciful Father! and have we no friend left!"

"Do not repine, Mary; God is all merciful, he is all just. Hark! some one is at the door." So there was, and it was Mr. B——.

Did he enter this poor hovel as the pompous man of wealth? No. He came as the man—the Christian—their friend. He shook the hands of Mary and those of her husband, he kissed the little messenger in her rags, looked down at the cradle, and wiped away a tear for those whose poverty, of which he had never dreamt, but which he now came to relieve.

"Mary," he said, "I have this night been taught a secret, and that is, the rich man has a heart, and he knows it not. Let me be your friend. Cheer up. You shall be well—you shall be happy, if money and influence can make you so."

* * * * * * *

That night the rich man slept not. Wood, provisions, clothing, with the attendance (that very night) of a good doctor for the sick man, refreshed him more in mind and body than if he had dozed away, and slept the sleep of the rich and the healthy man on his bed of down. How was it with the poor family! Ask them now in their prosperity.

LEAF SIXTH.

THE following sketch, slightly altered, is almost word for word from the note book of a Home Missionary. I have added nothing to the fact—but merely thrown around it a slight shade of romance to contrast with the still darker one of truth which rests upon it. The seducer lives, lives in affluence, and is *esteemed a good citizen!*

MARY ELLIOTT.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

"The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be swept in showers away."

The village bell had long tolled, and the peasants, with their clean Sunday clothes, were seen in their respective

pews; the eyes of many, however, wandered from the aged parson to an empty pew, as if looking for some one, who, it seemed, should have been there—a whisper ran around, "not here, where can she be?" A shrug of the shoulder, a knowing look seemed to tell a tale of one, who if not already lost, was, in the estimation of the congregation, in a fair way of being so. One old lady, whose look indicated much sagacity, and whose every wrinkle seemed a written page upon the village calendar, whispered to her neighbor on the left, that a certain lone willow, whose branches overlooked a beautiful stream, could a tale unfold, whose slightest touch would harrow up the soul, make the young tremble and shun, forever after, all willow trees. They are fatal to the young and innocent. Their very branches breathe a note of love, and whisper soft nonsense to a maiden's ear. Still the object of their research, the subject of their conversation, came not—the ceremony went on—still she was absent; and, it is said, that the worthy pastor, during the pauses of his discourse, cast a wistful eye to the pew of Robert Elliott.

* * * * * *

It has been said, and justly too, that there is a fatal influence in the willow tree. It has always been an emblem, if not a canopy of love; beneath its branches, what oaths, what sighs, what heartfelt speeches have been and will yet be breathed. To young girls I should say avoid the willow—trust not to your own strength, for, alas! that is as frail as the fickle branches of the fated tree.

On the borders of a small stream which empties its waters into the river Schuylkill a short distance from the city of Philadelphia, stood one of these cupid-onian trees. The bell of the village church had long since ceased to toll, the voice of the aged pastor rose on the breeze, and the

swell of the deep-toned organ, told that the service was nearly over. Beneath the willow tree sat two persons, evidently in deep conversation; the one a beautiful girl of some sixteen summers old, the other a handsome and seeming young man, whose dress and appearance bespoke the city bred, while the plain simplicity of the other, denoted her village birth. What their previous conversation might have been, could only be gathered from the latter part of it —as the young man pressed her hand he continued, "fail me not, Mary Elliott, there is life and death in your refusal, and come what will, you must be mine."

"I will not fail you, I cannot William, we have gone too far to recede—oh! that my poor father were in his grave; what will become of him when he finds all that he loved, all that he treasured most, is lost to him forever."

"Say not so, Mary, you only give up the dull, cold routine of a country life for the gay charms of a city one. You shall be mistress of a palace, Mary; you shall reign sole empress there, and in the whirlwind of pleasure forget these vallies, and your country ties—they are but ligaments which keep you from pleasure—burst their feeble barriers and be as nature intended you to be———

"Your mistress—"

"Any name but the wife of a plodding country booby—but, hark! footsteps approach—the service is over—we part, Mary, but remember twelve.—They parted.

* * * * *

Upon the old chair, which seemed to have been as an heir-loom in the family, sat old Robert Elliott, his head resting upon his hand, while his eyes were bent on a well thumbed bible, his grey locks hung gracefully over his neck and as he sat where the sun shed her beams through the clustering vines, he looked like one of those eastern sages,

upon whom the mantle of inspiration falls, and whose after years are devoted to the fulfilment of their holy destiny. The door opened, and a light footstep recalled him from his heavenly dream; for there is a dream, a holy and pure vision seen through those pages, written by no common hand, recorded by no earthly pen; there is an inspiration, as pure as it is divine, in tracing the career of our Lord through the hallowed pages of that holy book—he turned his head, and as he kissed his lovely child, he pointed to the open volume, "see, my daughter, what I have just been reading—it is the simple and pathetic tale of Ruth. I never read it, my Mary, but I think of thee, and oh God, how often have I prayed—but you weep, child—come, come, no tears now; what said our old pastor this morning?"

"Much father, much; more than I dare; more than I can remember."

"Well, well, Mary, get our humble meal, and after that we will select out the text, and you shall go over the heads of it for your poor old father."

* * * * * *

It was twelve o'clock, the moon shone very bright—not a cloud passed over the pale sickly hue of the scene; rich floods of light rested on mountain-top and tree—the breeze wantoned lonely through the grove, and a stillness, otherwise of death rested o'er all,—nature herself was asleep.

There came footsteps o'er the lawn—they were those of Mary Elliott and her destroyer; that night she fled.

* * * * * *

Why should I attempt to describe a father's feelings? why picture a parent's grief?—who can tell of his sleepless nights, and his horrid dreams of virtue gone?—virtue from one on whom his heart doted—one in whose blue eye he

traced the likeness of her sainted mother; she who left as a legacy, the dear pledge of a long wedded life. I cannot paint that parent's grief who mourns over the wreck of a lost child. I cannot lay open the charnel house and show sepulchred there, his festering wounds. I leave the old man to his griefs, and time to soothe them.

* * * * * *

In a stately chamber hung round with rich tapestry and splendid oriental paintings, sat, or rather reclined on a cushion of silken velvet, *Mary Elliott*, her dress was rich and costly, corresponding with the splendor which surrounded her—a close observer might have watched a countenance of beauty, overspread with clouds of sorrow and gloomy grief—could hear a deep drawn sigh, and see beneath the rich chasing of gold which hung upon her breast a heaving of inward woe; Mary Elliott was not happy; for who can be so when the heart corrodes a canker there, and bitter recollections recall the past? what a magic there is in the word past; let us roll back the curtain of recorded time from its musty envelope, and read in the adamantine letters written there, our deeds! who can revert to them, and say, had I to live my life o'er again, this, should be my path.—The past, there is a curse on the past; we madden at the recollection of it, and as the mind reels on its unsettled throne, we fall at the shrine of religion, and call upon the waters, the dark waters of Lethe, to wash them over us forever.

Mary Elliott was alone; her eyes wandered around as if wanting to rest upon some objects familiar to the eye; or, as if associated with some old reminiscence, there was nothing—all traces of even former self were gone. The mistress of a wealthy man, had no other name now; the door opened and he entered; there was a frown upon his brow; she caught the electric spark from the darkened

cloud, and asked the cause; his answer was as cold as it was brief; she, the victim of his villany, was the cause; she stood in the way of his marriage to an heiress, and yet —that night she left the house.

* * * * * *

It had snowed hard all day; toward evening the weather changed, and a slow, melting rain patted against the windows of the houses in the little village of R———, in a wretched low hut, on the bed of death, lay an old grey-headed man; his hands were clasped as if in silent prayer, and ever and anon there was heard the name of Mary, breathed as it were from the inmost recesses of his heart; it was Robert Elliott on his death-bed; there was no hand to close his eyes, no voice to soothe his mental or physical pain; the wind and rain beat without—the night settled in cold, and a chilly air pervaded the chamber of death.

Footsteps were heard, they came nearer; his ear caught the sound; then came a knock; the latch was raised; a wretched outcast, ragged and wet, rushed in—she threw herself on the body of her father—breathed forth his name, asked and obtained forgiveness.

* * * * * *

See yon line of carriages, prancing steeds, and gay dressed horsemen, usher in a splendid cavalcade; and see the bridegroom, who leads his fairy looking bride, while smiles of joy light up their youthful countenances. The destroyer of Mary Elliott is on the way to be wedded—roses are strewn in his path, and exclamations of pleasure escape from every tongue—they stand before the altar; a note is slipped into the bridegroom's hand; he reads—a cloud passes over his face; he looks upon the sun of brightness beside him, and the recollection of Mary Elliott is eradicated forever; forever, did I say? alas no! upon the

tablet of his soul her image was engraved, its every motion will convey to memory the wrong inflicted on one so virtuous, so lovely, and so neglected; time cannot erase the impression, it will haunt him in his unquiet sleep, it will whisper horror to his waking dreams, and like an incubus, the name of Mary Elliott will sink him down to an early grave.

LEAF SEVENTH.

This noiseless sorrow tells the tale
That the strings of the heart are broken.
J. G. Brooke.

THERE is something melancholy in the contemplation of the fading leaf; it reminds us of the decline of life "in its sere;" and while we cast our eyes around and they rest upon the ground, strewed with its faded visiters, we naturally ask, "Are we prepared to meet the doom of death?" that autumn of our existence; unlike that, however, of the forest growth, it has no return. It is an autumn without a winter or a spring, laying all things prostrate, like the leaves of the trees, whose sickly, faded hue

"Overturned by vernal storm,
Lovely in death, the beauteous ruin lay."

No! Life's a debtor to the grave, the receipt for which, when paid, is an eternal one! But are there not other reflections accompanying the view of the stripped trees, and the painted earth? Can we, while gazing on the beauty of the world fading away, in its brightness and sunshine, forget the

poor? They who look upon the approach of winter with the chill of death at their hearts? Can we forget those on whose pathway of life the clouds of misfortune have rested, and which no sunshine has ever illumined? Follow them awhile; let us pass the melancholy picture of the falling leaf, and the glazed earth, and the whitened forms of the forest trees, stripped of their sunshine robes, and clothed in the icy garments of winter. Let us go into the chambers of the poor, the almost roofless tenements of the neglected, as it were, of God and man. Let us pause for a moment on faded, suffering, poor human nature. Follow us to an old, dilapidated building; be careful of the steps, they are broken; now we are in the entry leading to the old, rickety staircase; let us ascend. Hark! what cry is that? A moan, as from one suffering. How cold it is. The wind whistles fearfully down this winding pathway to the abode of wretchedness. How the old house rocks to the blast, as it comes chillingly over it. Higher yet; listen a moment, what is that? It is the shrill cry of an infant; it sounds like the last echo of life in the chamber of death! Misery dwells there; shall we walk in? No, higher yet! Hark! another child's voice, let us listen.

"Dear mother, give me some bread. Oh, how hungry I am."

Let us go in that room. No, not now, before we leave the place we shall visit all, for it is a house of sorrow!

Higher yet! It grows colder; see, here are heaps of snow, which has forced its way through the broken and shattered roof. How cold it is. Is that the room? Hark! there are voices, feeble, plaintive. Listen, are not those words of prayer? Do the poor ever pray? How can they pray, when the chill of poverty is at their heart, and their children crying for bread? Shame! the poor ever

pray; their trust is in the Lord, whose watchful eye is over all. *That prayer is heard!* for the good man's prayer

> "Will, from the deepest dungeon, climb Heaven's height,
> And bring a blessing down."

Yes, for on the threshold of that door stood the Home Missionary; he was the ministering angel. Let him speak for us:

"I ascended as high as the loft, where I could take hold of the shingles, through the crevices of which the wind was blowing. Here I found a poor widow with a little boy, about three or four years old, with scarcely anything to protect them from the winter's blast. Taking the little boy by the hand, I found it blue with cold. The tale of woe I heard from this poor woman's lips I cannot pretend to describe. Her husband, a worthless drunkard, went out on a whaling voyage last summer, and was drowned. She was formerly a member of a Christian church, but after marriage her husband would not let her attend a place of worship; but *he* would attend his dens of wickedness and come home to beat and abuse her. She was penitent, and tears flowed profusely down her cheeks."

This melancholy picture of the one room will suffice for the rest. The exertions of the missionary soon dispelled the clouds of woe and suffering that encompassed them, and for a while the sunshine of hope illumined the dark corners of their hearts. Was it hope deferred? No! While we are in the house of poverty, and among the suffering poor, let the missionary paint two other pictures; they will do to hang up in the costly mansions of the great, beside the splendid productions of a Raphael and a Rubens. Let the rich man's children gaze upon them, and if there be mockery on their aristocratical lips, then are their parents yet to learn

the awful consequences of an ill regulated education, and may live to see the misery it will bring upon those it was his duty, as a man and a Christian, to have taught different lessons and better things. He who mocks the poor insults his Maker, for we are all the children of one God.

"The nameless He whose nod is Nature's birth."

LOOK ON THESE PICTURES.

"Back of Poplar Lane, in a court, in a small third story room, resides a poor widow, with three small children, the youngest of them only five months old. She is very low with a consumption. She buried her husband last summer, and was left entirely destitute. Oh, reader, could you have been there, to see this poor mother at the point of death, the little babe crying in the cradle, and her little boy lying in the corner with a raging fever, without the least means to procure anything to alleviate their sufferings, your heart would have melted to pity.

In Front street, below Vine, there is a family living in a cellar, *ten feet below the level of the pavement.* The husband has been out of employment all summer, and his wife is sick. They have four small children, the youngest but six weeks old. When visited, they were sitting around some lighted shavings warming themselves. The children had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover their nakedness, and they are often without anything to eat."

AND ON THIS.

Imagine a splendid saloon, groaning under the most costly furniture, and the choicest gems of nature and art from every clime. Mirrors reaching from the floor to the ceiling lined the room. There was the gorgeous ottoman, prepared

after the latest Eastern fashion; the costly chairs and seats to match; the carpet upon which the foot would fall as if it were an angel's tread—so soft, so rich, so plush-like. The eye closed at the brightness which met it at every step, and which was rendered still more dazzling by the reflection and glare of innumerable lamps, whose lights would have paled the sun! It was night; the storm raged without wildly and fearfully. The fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth; the lord of the mansion lolled on the ottoman, smoking his cigar, for which he paid at the rate of forty dollars per thousand. Happy man! His lady was lost in a cushioned rocking-chair, and equally so in reading the last new novel; and the daughter was at the piano, the price of which would have bought a small house. Then came the wine, the cake, the nuts, the—but why go on? Hark! that blast. Listen to the roaring of the storm without. It is a fearful night. The painting of Rubens stared them in the face; the costly mirrors reflected all the comforts of that stately room, but the humble pictures of the Rev. John Street were passed by; his pencil was dipped in the colors of poverty; his sketches were of the heart; they touch not the nabob. How cold it is. The poor are crying for bread and warmth; the rich man heeds them not in the fumes of his Havana cigars, and the rich glow of his costly wine; he forgets that there are those who would bless him for the nourishment of a crust of bread, and the warmth afforded in a single blanket! Yet, such is life.

LEAF EIGHTH.

"Oh! listen in mercy, ye sons of wealth,
Basking in comfort and glowing with health;
Give whate'er ye can spare, and be ye sure
He serveth his Maker who aideth the poor."

SATURDAY night! There is something peculiarly pleasing in the sound, as well as in the associations of a Saturday night to the poor. It is a sort of *Hallow Eve*, around which all the retrospective dreams of the past linger with a melancholy interest. The husband and father seats himself beside his cheerful fire, and hands over to his wife the hard earnings of the week, and she, good dame, with sparkling eyes and eager steps sets about the laying it out to the best advantage, with a strict eye to economy. *The poor must ever be so.* Then comes the preparation for the morrow! The children are to be washed and dressed, their stockings darned, their shoes cleaned, and then—

"Kneeling down to heaven's Eternal King,
The Saint, the Father, and the husband prays."

We could picture such scenes with a glowing pen, if it were not that there is a dark shade to paint, which throws a gloom over the Saturday night—among the suffering poor. Let us visit one family; and those who are not willing to accompany us in our sorrowful journey may believe that it is no fancy sketch, but the family scene is one of many that are to be found in our city.

"The streets were deserted, a poor woman was seen wending her solitary way towards a cluster of small houses in the southern part of the city. She was wrapped up in

an old cloak, around which the winter wind swept keenly and with searching power. The snow fell in large flakes, and her feet were scarcely protected from the crusts of ice which encumbered her way. She however passed swiftly on—for her children were awaiting her coming with hungry and eager looks, and what had the widowed mother for them. '*The proceeds of two shirts at twelve and a half cents each!*' It was a Saturday night, the night of all others to the young and innocent the most pleasing: it is the eve of the holy Sabbath, and their little hearts yearned to bask in the sunshine of its moral and blessed light. Four miserable beings were clustered around a wretched fire, their toes were peeping from their worn-out stockings, and their ragged garments hung loosely around them. These children had seen better days. It was when their father was with, and provided for them; he was dead now, and the only surviving parent struggled on through poverty in all its phases, to keep a roof, such as it was, above their little heads. Piece by piece of her furniture was disposed of to provide for them, until there was scarcely anything left but a bed, a table and a few chairs. Let us stand apart, and listen to the prattle of the children.

"Sister," says a little boy of about nine years of age, "If you will sew up these trowsers I can go to Sunday School to-morrow; see it is only a rent, and my shoes will do I am sure."

The sister, a girl of some twelve years old, looked at the pale-faced boy, and tears came into her eyes as she spoke. "I will mend them, Billy dear, but your shirt is not fit, see how the collar looks, and you know it is the only one you have."

"I can turn the collar down, for I should like to go to

Sunday school to-morrow—hark, how the wind whistles—where is mother? I am cold!"

"She will be here directly, go you, James, and bring up some more chips, for mother will be cold, and, Jacob, you had better clean your shoes, and brush your coat, for you must go to Sunday school while your shoes are good; they will not last long, and then you will have to stay at home too."

"Perhaps not, sister. I may get something to do next week. I have the promise of a boy to help him to sell newspapers, and I may get enough to buy another pair. Am I not old and strong enough to do that? Why I have learnt already to cry papers. Hark, there comes mother; yes, I knew her step." The door opened, and the wretched parent gazed on her four shivering children, as they joyfully started up and clung around her. She kissed them all, and putting on a smiling face, to hide her grief she began to prepare their humble meal. A mother's love—who can portray a mother's love for her children? No one—it is an indescribable feeling known only to the angels in Heaven; it is an unwritten story, and, like the music of nature, it has no gamut! The twenty-five cents was all the money she had. Let us pause for a moment and ask, are the rich, the opulent, and the extravagant aware of such scenes? We presume not. And if they were, we do not call upon them to divide their wealth, or distribute it among the poor. We do not advocate the levelling system, but we ask them, if, in the midst of the enjoyments of the festive board, and the luxuries of their own table, a thought should arise, and memory, or a better feeling call up the image of a family picture such as we have drawn, and they would reflect how small a portion of the expense of that feast would benefit a

whole family of suffering poor, if their sleep would not be sounder, and their consciences clearer, than they would be after the wild indulgence of a night's revel, with not one ray of charity to illumine its darkness or soothe the horrors of indigestion?

We ask them to look in upon that family, as described to us by Mr. Street. Gaze upon the straw bed, on which are four children sleeping, and in that unquiet slumber you will hear them cry for bread—see the mother standing by their side tucking in and around them the scanty covering, and rousing a few dying embers on the hearth, to throw a little warmth o'er that cheerless room. Let us ask them to follow that family through a long cold Sunday, and the dreary, cheerless, howling blasts of a winter's storm, and dwell for a moment on the feelings of the wretched, heart-broken parent. Youth is the season of delight—the yo ng heart opens to the world like the blossoms of spring, bu. if the chill blasts of poverty come over it in its noontide, it withers, and fades away, and that young heart is lost in the snows misfortune's storms gather around it.

The writer of these leaves has visited the homes of the poor; he has looked on the pale face of the mother, and the haggard features of her children, and the blood chilled his heart while contemplating their silent suffering. Poor as he is in this world's goods, he has the consolation to know that the long winter night and dreary days of that poor widow were rendered cheerful by his exertions owing to the good example set by the Rev. John Street, in administering to the wants of the distressed.

Blessed are they who remember the poor.

LEAF NINTH.

"It is reported that the shrub called Our Lady's Seal, which is a kind of briory, and Colewort, set near together, one or both will die, the cause is, for that they be both great depredators of the earth, and one of them starveth the other."—*Bacon.*

In the whole vocabulary of words, there are not perhaps more truth and philosophy to be found than what are contained in those we have quoted from Bacon, and how applicable they are to the vices of our city, as detailed in the leaf, we leave our readers to judge.

In glancing back over the pages already published, it strikes us that we have passed by a very important matter, and that is, the moral character of many who claim assistance at the hands of the charitable. It is not to ask the question, "What has brought them to such misery and poverty?" The true Christian never goes beyond the scene of woe which is presented to his view. Idleness, dissipation, nay, crime itself, may have aided in their downfall, and their present suffering be the result of all combined.

The great and increasing march of crime in our city is very properly attributed to the increase of population, and although education has in some measure checked its advance in exactly the same ratio, yet are there very many lamentable proofs that moral instruction, and the cultivation of the mind in all the various branches of education, are not sufficiently powerful to control the influence of vice.

An examination into the philosophy of crime, satisfies us that it has its origin in the higher and the middle walks of life; with the poor it is either natural or imitative. Asso-

ciations formed in the lobbies and saloons of a theatre, or the purlieus of some fashionable oyster establishment, are among a few of the primary causes which have gathered around us such a mountain of guilt, crime, and misery. Young men, without professions or trades, are thus thrown wild and reckless upon the world, encircled in a chain of crime from which they cannot escape, and hence it is they resort to such means of procuring a livelihood, and which reflect upon the fair character of a city a shadow so dark, that time itself cannot eradicate it. These means are anything but reputable—the low gambling-house, the brothel, the dens of infamy, which abound in all cities, and their places of resort—and in them, by them, some way or another, they drag out a miserable existence.

Petty thieving has of late become frequent, and, strange as it may appear to our readers, at least those unacquainted with the ways of the town, children are employed as agents in crime, and administer to the wants of their guilty employers. We stated in a former leaf that there are many children who beg for their parents; it is now our painful duty to state that there are those who steal for them! In other places, and under a different signature, we have frequently called the attention of our police to the great number of little girls and boys who are daily seen perambulating the streets, ragged and dirty, and whose conduct and actions are alike vile and disgusting. Many of these miserable creatures pretend to sell fruit, matches, &c., when in fact their ostensible object is plunder, and in some instances, particularly among the girls, it is far worse. You will find them along the wharves, stealing old iron, hoops, copper sheathing, lead, empty barrels, boxes, &c., while in the more popular streets, they carry off door-rugs, brass work from the doors, and these are readily disposed of, for there are

many facilities of disposing of stolen goods *as yet unknown to our efficient police!*

This picture is a sorrowful one, and Mr. Street in his perambulations has had frequent opportunities of witnessing scenes of crime such as we have hinted at; but it is not in the power of one man to put a stop to them; it must be by the public; a decided, bold, and fearless action. It is in the power of our philanthropists to effect it; but they slumber over their labors, and dream of the work when they should engage in it. Of an evening, let the good citizen walk up Chesnut street—not as a man of the world, gazing about him and around him, admiring this, that and the other —let his eyes follow the dictates of his own good heart, and he will see sights which will urge him on to the good work of reform. In the vicinity of hotels, Arcade, theatres, &c., he will see a number of ragged boys and girls, with little baskets upon their arms, asking alms, and if the passer-by refuse them, he is instantly assailed in language not only vulgar, but profane. Many of these girls who are daily seen in Market and Front streets, are nightly to be seen in the pits of our theatres, or at the circus, presenting a picture of juvenile depravity shocking to the sober and thinking portion of our citizens. Are these things always to be ?

The Home Missionary has, as we have already shown, done much good. He has traced out honest poverty, and provided for it; he has talked to the wild and dissipated, prayed with the repentant sinner, and soothed his passage to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. There is one family of five persons who are now reduced to abject poverty in consequence of the guilt of him who should have been their guide and protector. He is now paying the penalty of his crime at Cherry Hill, and his victims are dependent on the Home Missionary for bread!

What a picture is that which he paints in his last report! It is of an aged couple living in a stable! Aye! an old man and his wife lying on straw, in a common stable, exposed to the inclemency of a winter's night, or at least, partly protected by a few loose boards thrown carelessly together. Imagine, ye who roll in wealth, an old lady, on whose head Father Time has scattered the gray hairs of sixty winters, exclaiming, in a calm voice, the voice of resignation to her fate—"I am now where our blessed Saviour was born—in a stable!" This reflection soothed her sorrowing breast, and the associations of that eventful page in the history of Jesus Christ made her feel her pangs far less than if that Christian feeling had not dwelt in her bosom. The same star that pointed out to the Eastern Magi the birth-place of our Saviour has already conducted the good and charitable to their relief.

Let us try to reform the vices of our city—let us go around among the poor, and ascertain by actual observation the causes which have produced so much distress among us. By so doing, the guilty will be discovered and reformed, their children kept from the public streets, and that youthful depravity which now, like the fabled Upas tree, spreads a poison over our city, will be corrected, and the public voice act as an antidote.

Nothing else will do—and until this be done, vice will flaunt in the sunshine as boldly as it does under the sombre covering of night.

LEAF TENTH.

THE incidents of the following sketch will be remembered by many of my readers. I have given the circumstance the advantage of a new dress, in which it has appeared in some of our most popular periodicals. Connected with this sketch, the author cannot resist this opportunity of relating an incident, which occurred on board of the steamboat South American, in the fall of 1846, while on her passage down the Mississippi river to New Orleans. The reader will excuse the vanity which prompts the recital, after he has read the sketch, for the fact itself will elicit a tear, which language alone could never effect.

An old gentleman had been for several days poring over an old scrap book, and seemed much occupied with its contents. It was on this occasion, seated near him, when of a sudden he took from his pocket a handkerchief, and commenced wiping his eyes. "Well," says he, "if any one had ever told me that the mere reading of a story would bring tears into my eves, I should have laughed at him, and yet, Sir," looking toward me, "I have shed tears over that, —there, Sir, read it, and bear me company." I cast my eyes on the book, and, to my utter surprise and astonishment, I found the old gentleman had been shedding tears over my sketch of the "Auction." His name was Robbins, and I hope he will pardon me for giving publicity to this truly amiable trait in his character. The tears that flow for the poor are messengers of joy to the distressed. They come up from the deep fountains of the heart, and, like the gentle

dews of heaven, shed their blessing on all around. The most sacred tears, says Byron, are those—

> "That start at once, bright, pure, from pity's mine,
> Already polished by the hand divine."

THE AUCTION.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

> Ask you why Phrynne the *whole Auction* buys?
> Phrynne foresees a general exercise.—POPE.

> And much more honest, to be hired and stand
> With auctioneering hammer in thy hand;
> Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
> For the *old household* stuff, or picture's price.
>
> DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

It was a tempestuous night—the winds whistled fearfully, and hail-stones, whose size threatened to demolish the windows of the houses, rattled against them with a determined pertinacity, as if to test their strength. In the parlor of a fine old-fashioned house, beside rather a comfortless fire on such a night, were seated the family of Mr. Sunderland, consisting of himself, wife, daughter, and a faithful maid servant. A heavy gloom, more of sorrow than anger, rested on each brow, not even excepting that of the maid servant alluded to, from whose eager glances, ever and anon cast toward the family group, the close observer would have noted the deep interest she took in the cause of their grief.

The picture was a melancholy one, for virtue in distress has no light shade to relieve it; all around and about it is dark and sombre. The sensitive artist would have thrown aside his pencil if the subject had been presented to his view, as we have described it, and his heart would have received an impression which could not have been transferred to the canvas.

"To-morrow," observed Mr. Sunderland, "is the anniversary of the melancholy death of our dear Henry,—to-morrow will be ten years since the vessel in which he sailed was lost, and all on board perished—all, all."

"Alas!" exclaimed his wife, as the tears coursed their way down her cheeks, "to-morrow will be a melancholy day."

"Indeed it will, for to-morrow this house, which belonged to my father; the furniture, which time has made, as it were, a part of ourselves, and associated with many a pleasing event in our lives, is to be sold—torn from us by the unrelenting hands of creditors; but, thank Providence, misfortune, not crime, has reduced us to this stage of poverty."

"Will they sell every thing, pa; can we secure nothing;" asked the daughter.

"No, my child, unless with what little money a friend has generously loaned me, I can secure a few articles. Ellen, my dear, take your pencil and put them down: first, the sideboard, two beds, sofa, chairs, and kitchen things. The sideboard, it is true, will be to us now a superfluous piece of furniture, but it belonged to my mother, and I cannot—will not part with it!"

"But my piano, pa!—must it go?"

The wife sighed, the father cast his eyes toward the flickering fire, and the daughter was silent. The fate of the piano was decided upon. A melancholy pause in the conversation plainly told how severe was the alternative—for the law never studies the feelings of its victims when exacting the penalty of a bond.

"Go, Mary," said Mr. Sunderland, addressing the servant, "go and request the sheriff's officer, who is watching the property, to walk into the parlor; he is only doing his duty —no doubt it is painful to him, as it is distressing to us.

Let him have a seat at our fire, and a glass of wine, for it is a severe night."

"It is indeed a fearful night," observed Mrs. Sunderland, "and we have behaved rude to this man."

"Mother, I made a fire in the room where he is, but—"

"Speak out, child—it was with the last stick."

"Father, it was."

Mary returned with the officer, a polite, gentlemanly man, for such should be the character of men who have to perform a part in the drama of life, not unlike that of the inquisitors of old, whose province it was to torture by the rack, with this difference, however; their's was a *physical* torture—ours a *mental* one, administered with all the nicety and precision of *legal justice*. The officer politely accepted the invitation, tasted the wine, and endeavored to cheer his victims, by enumerating many cases of a similar kind, equally poignant and distressing. Thus the evening passed heavily and cheerlessly away.

On the morning of the contemplated sale, there was to be seen a crowd of people flocking to the house of Mr. Sunderland. Some out of sheer, heartless curiosity, *friends* of the family, who came with mockery on their lips—and empty purses. Others with an intent to purchase, but no one among the crowd showed the least desire to aid, assist, or sympathize with the distress of the family. This is the world: we laugh at the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, and even mock their distresses, by witnessing in silence their sufferings. The auctioneer was now making his arrangements, by flourishing his hammer, rolling his eyes, and using his tongue. The motley crowd gathered around him. The house was put up first; it was accurately described, free of all incumbrances, and subject to but a very small ground rent. It was started at five thousand dollars.

There were several bidders, all of whom seemed anxious to purchase it. Seven thousand five hundred dollars was the last bid, upon which the auctioneer dwelt for a moment. Mr. Sunderland compressed his lips together, and muttered to himself, "it cost my father fifteen thousand dollars." Seven thousand five hundred dollars, going—once—twice—three times—for the last time going—eight thousand—thank you, sir—going at eight thousand—once—eight thousand twice—eight thousand three times—going—gone—what name? "Clifford," was the response, and all eyes rested on a tall, noble looking man, who had remained silent during the rapid bidding of the speculators—and who, as the whisper went round, was a total stranger.

"It is gone," whispered Mr. Sunderland to his wife, as he pressed her hand in silent grief. "We have no home now."

"Now, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer, "we will sell this side-board, in regard to which I am requested by the creditor to say that it is an old family piece, and it is the wish of the owner to retain it if possible. I merely mention this, as it is known to you under what peculiar circumstances the things are sold." This had the desired effect—no one seemed willing to bid against the unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty-five from Mr. Sunderland; fifty from Mr. Clifford silenced the anxious parent, and the family piece of furniture was knocked down to the new owner of the house. A gentleman who stood by remarked that the act was a cold, heartless one. "Was it," sarcastically asked Mr. Clifford, "then, Sir, why did you not buy it for him?"

Mr. Sunderland was much affected at this little incident. "He little knows how much he has lacerated this heart. But I will purchase the piano for my child." He stepped

up to Mr. Clifford, and told him the desire he had to purchase the piano for his daughter, and hoped he would not bid against him."

"Sir," said the stranger, "I will not deceive you, as much as I respect your feelings and the sympathy of this good company; I cannot, nay, will not, alter the determination made when I first entered this house."

"And pray, Sir, what may that be?"

"To purchase every thing in it, and by heaven I'll do it, though I pay double price."

"Strange," muttered Mr. Sunderland, as he joined his family in another part of the room.

The stranger fulfilled his promise, and actually bought every thing from the house itself down to the very axe in the cellar.

After the sale was over, and the company had retired, Mr. Clifford requested the Auctioneer to walk with him into an adjoining room. After the lapse of a few moments they both returned to the parlor where the family still remained. The Auctioneer looked around, gave a knowing smile—wished them all a good day, and as he left the room was heard to say—"I never heard of such a thing—a perfect romance—ha! ha! ha!"

"You are now," observed Mr. Sunderland to Mr. Clifford, "the owner of this house and furniture—they were once mine—let that pass."

"I am Sir, and for the time being your landlord."

"I understand you, Sir, but will not long remain your tenant; I was going to observe, however, that there are two or three articles which I am anxious to purchase—that sideboard, for instance—it is a family relic—I will give you the fifty dollars the price you paid, and I feel assured under the circumstances, you will not refuse me this favor?"

"I cannot take it, Sir."

"Obdurate—ungrateful man!"

"Will you not let Pa buy my piano, Sir?" humbly asked Ellen. "He will give you the price at which it was sold."

"It is painful for me, young lady, to refuse even this—I will sell nothing—not even the wood-saw in the cellar."

"Then, Mr. Clifford," exclaimed Mr. Sunderland, "*we* have no further business here; come my dear,—Ellen, get your bonnet—that's your band box—let us quit this house, we are not even free from insult. Where is Mary?"

"I am here, Sir—the key of my trunk is lost, and I am fastening it with a rope?"

"Stop, my girl—but methinks I purchased that trunk," coolly observed the stranger.

"Mr. Clifford—I am not so old, but that I can resent an insult—nay, will, if you carry this arrogant, and to me, strange conduct much further; that poor girl has been to me and mine the best, and I may say the only friend; she has remained with us in poverty, assisted us in our distresses, not only with her purse but her hands; she is to me not as a servant, but one of my family—for there is—thank heaven, no such base distinctions in poverty, that exists in a state of bloated wealth. Here—here with nothing but what we have upon our backs—the master and servant are equal. She is part of my family and I will protect her from insult. That trunk is hers, and who dare take it from her? Not you, Sir!"

Mr. Clifford cast his eyes upon Mary, who at that moment arose from the floor—for a moment they gazed upon each other in silence—"And she, you say, has been to you a friend?"

"Indeed she has—a kind, noble one."

"Mr. Sunderland, stay—one moment my good girl, put down that trunk—take a seat, Madam; permit me, Miss, to hand you a chair, Mr. Sunderland, will you be seated? I have yet something more to say. When you requested me to yield up the wish I had to purchase this side-board, I told you that it was my determination to buy it, and I tell you now, that I will not sell it."

"This, Mr. Clifford, needs no repetition."

"Aye, but it does, and when that young lady made the same request for her piano, my answer was the same. Stop, Sir,—hear me out—no man would so act without a motive; no one, particularly a stranger, would court the displeasure of a crowded room, and bear up against the frowns of the many without an object. Now I had an object.—and that was—be seated, Sir—Madam, your attention—that object was to buy this house and furniture for the sole purpose of restoring them to you and yours again!"

"Sir, is this not a cruel jest?"

"Is it possible?"—exclaimed mother and daughter.

Amazement took possession of Mary, and her trunk fell to the floor with a crash, causing her small stock of clothing to roll out, which she eagerly gathered up, and thrust back, without any regard to the manner with which it was done.

"The auctioneer," continued Mr. Clifford, "has my instructions to have the matter arranged by to-morrow. In the meantime, you are at home; Mr. Sunderland, you are in your own house—and I, the intruder?"

"Intruder, Sir? Oh, say not that—I will not tell you what a relief this knowledge is to me—but I have yet to learn how I am to repay you all this, and what could have induced you, a total stranger, thus to step forward. Ah! a thought strikes me—gracious heavens! Can it be? look on

me, Mr. Clifford—nay start not." The stranger actually recoiled from the glance of Sunderland's eye—"look on me Sir—has that girl—that innocent girl—who stands trembling there, any interest in this generous act of yours?—speak Sir, and let me know at once, that I may spurn your offe and resent the insult."

"I will not deny, Sir, but that she has."

"Me, Father—dear Father! I never before saw th gentleman's face."

"Say not so, Miss—"

"Sir—I—I—Indeed, Father, I—"

"Remember, ten years back—call to mind a light haire boy, whom you called—"

"Brother!"

"Gracious heaven—Henry—my boy?"

"Is here—I am your long lost son!"

Need we add more? Our readers can readily imagin that a more cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and th Mary, the faithful servant, was not forgotten in the gener joy which prevailed on this occasion.

—•—

LEAF ELEVENTH.

"Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.—SHAKE.

THE poor have long since made up their minds to on thing, and that is, when brought before a magistrate or

judge, their poverty is not unfrequently viewed as a part and portion of their crime, and hence it is their fate is very summarily decided upon. The sacredness of law is no longer respected, legislate as you will, the rich are always protected, thus breaches of trust, under our existing code, opens the way for a system of fraud, which we regret to say is carried into *high places*, and by men of *high standing*. The poor wretch who steals a loaf of bread to save a wife and children from starving is dragged before a magistrate, who commits him to prison, and he is tried, sentenced and condemned as a matter of course, while the well dressed swindler, the accomplished rogue, and the noted pick-pocket, are permitted to escape, and why? Ah, there lies the mystery—as well as the uncertainty of the law, say nothing of justice. No law can be considered a just one which opens one door to admit the poor and another to admit the rich. No law should be sanctioned by the people which is made to crush the poor man, and screen the rich. That such highhanded acts have characterised some of the proceedings of magistrates, and judges, the records of both too plainly show, and the penitentiary reports prove.—A family in a most lamentable state of destitution applied to the Missionary for assistance. It consisted of a woman, and three helpless children, the husband was in the state's prison. The scene of suffering presented was one calculated to excuse almost any act on the part of poverty to rescue itself from the slow approach of the monster starvation. The snow was piled up in heaps in each corner of the room, and the wind howled and whistled through the same means of ingress, the fire had gone out on the hearth, and the trembling children were clinging to their mother, in the vain hope of receiving from her the means of warmth.

As the missionary opened the door, a boy, the youngest, stepped toward him, and with his little hands raised as if in supplication, exclaimed,—"O do not take mother too, she never stole a piece a meat."

It appeared that the father had taken a piece of meat from the stall of a butcher, valued at a few pennies, he committed the act in open day, in presence of a multitude of people; in the eyes of all it was a most henious crime, so thought the law—the judge, and the jury. The case was a plain one—it was also a hard one; the poor, half-crazed wretch, to save his family in the midst of winter from starvation, even while they were nearly perishing from the cold, committed the dreadful act of stealing a small piece of meat! The poor man had no friends—his coat was threadbare, he was an outcast—poverty had made him one!—Cold, and hunger, the sunken cheeks of his wife, the fading forms of his children, even on the threshold of youth, and bright hope, met his gaze as he entered his humble home. Their glassy eyes turned at the sound of footsteps, and their plaintive cries for bread, drove him almost to madness. He saw the baked dishes of the rich, passing from kitchen to hall, he saw upon the floor crumbs, and fragments enough to keep his poor family, and yet when he asked for a morsel, he was laughed at, mocked and ordered away from the door. It was while laboring under the abrupt dismissal from the rich man's dwelling, and the remembrance of those who were awaiting his arrival, that the theft was committed. The facts were all clearly proven, and the poor wretch was dragged to prison. Much might be said upon this subject—but the following thrilling poem, so truth-like, life-like, and so feelingly expressed, tells more in the beauty, the grandeur of rhyme, than would a volume upon the same subject if written in prose. It is the pro-

ıction of our talented townsman, Thomas Dunn English, sq., and is entitled

THE BREAD SNATCHER.

For two whole days we had no food;
For dark gigantic Want
Beside our cold hearth-stone sat down,
With Hunger grim and gaunt.

My wife and children made no moan,
Nor spoke a single word;
Yet in the chamber of my heart,
Their hearts' complaint I heard.—

Awearied by their weary eyes,
I left the house of wo,
And on the dusty village street
I paced me to and fro.

I stopped me at the baker's shop,
Wherein my eyes could see,
The great round loaves of wheaten bread—
Look temptingly on me.

"My children shall not starve!" I cried—
The famine in me burned—
I slyly snatched a loaf of bread,
When the baker's back was turned.

I hurried home with eager feet,
And there displayed my prize;
While joy, so long afar from us,
Came back and lit our eyes.

To fragments in our hunger fierce
That sweet, sweet loaf we tore;
And gathered afterwards the crumbs,
From off the dusty floor.

While yet our mouths were full, there came
A knock which made us start;
I spoke not, yet I felt the blood
Grow thicker at my heart.

The latch was raised, and in there came
The neighbors with a din;
They say I stole the baker's bread,
Which was a grievous sin.

They took me to the Judge, who said
'Twas larceny--no less;
And doom'd me to the gloomy jail
For wanton wickedness.

He asked me why the penalty
Of guilt should not be paid;
And when I strove to state the case,
He laughed at what I said.

Then growing grave he rated me
And told me it was time
To check the vices of the poor,
And stop the spread of crime.

In Jail for three long months I lay—
Three months of bitter wo—
And then they opened wide the door
And told me I might go.

From out the prison I did not walk
But ran with trembling feet,
Down through the hall and past the door,
And up the busy street.

My feet had scarce devoured ten rods
Of ground, before a hearse,
Came slowly on with coffins three,
Each coffin with a corse.

I asked the driver as he sung,
Therein who might he bear;
He answered not, but stopped his voice,
And on me fixed a stare.

The one beside him turned his head,
And when the hearse had past,
I heard him to the other say—
"His brain is turned at last."

I heeded not—I hastened home
And entered in my door,
Where silence like a snake crept out
And slimed along the floor.

Our old cat from the corner came
And crooked her back and cried;
I stooped me down and patted her
And then I stood and sighed.

I left the house and sought the street—
My mind was growing wild;
And playing with a pile of dust,
I saw a chubby child.

"Come hither, my little dear," said I,
"Where did the people go,
Who lived, within yon empty house,
Two years or nearly so?"

Then spake outright the little child,
While I grew deadly pale—
"The man, sir, was a wicked thief,
And he was sent to jail.

"His wife and children hid themselves,
But they were found to-day,
And in the gloomy poor-house hearse
Were taken far away.

"They say, they never will come back,
Because the three are dead—
BUT WAS IT NOT A WICKED THING
FOR THE MAN TO STEAL THE BREAD?"

LEAF TWELFTH.

THERE is no doubt but liquor, and those associations formed in places where the poison is sold, produce many of the evils which are attendant on, if not the cause of that poverty and distress, which it has been the painful duty of the Missionary to witness in all their worst features. In the following sketch, I have endeavoured to portray the gradual increase of the power of liquor over the human mind, until it becomes maddened, and distraught. The Rev. John Street, in his report, makes mention of several cases similar to the one which follows, and which will be found under their respective heads.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD*

CHAPTER I.

"When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be on the earth."

The confessions of a drunkard have but little interest to the virtuous and the moral portion of the community. They are but the record of a maniac's actions, the wild ravings of one lost to honor, to virtue, and shame; a being destitute alike of moral courage, and a mind to render that confession suitable to the public ear. He is a lost wretch, tossed on the billowy waves of life without a guide or rudder, hurrying through his brief existence without a knowledge of himself and those around him. I have, therefore, undertaken

* Founded on facts.

write the confessions of one, and in laying it before my readers, I beg leave to state that the material points are founded on recent and melancholy facts.

"My life began under promising circumstances; the sun of prosperity rose at my birth, and at the age of nineteen, I found myself in possession of fifty thousand dollars. I need not describe what pleasing dreams floated in the perspective scenes before me: nor need I paint feelings excited by an intuitive inclination to act with propriety; and in accordance with those principles, imbibed at an early age from good and virtuous parents. But alas! how fleeting are these transient visions! They arouse feelings within us to destroy and crush us!

I mingled in society. My company was courted, and as I refrained from liquor, my exhilarated spirits were not occasioned by artificial stimulus. No—they were the buoyant, gay aspirations of youth, animated by prosperity, and warmed by friendship. Love had not yet entered the peaceful dwelling of my heart, and thus I basked in the sunshine of life without an obscuring cloud. My companions were not choice, my disposition being open and volatile, manners bland and unassuming: all were welcome to my friendship and my purse. Society has her forms, her ways, and her fashions—thus the fatal introduction of liquor leads into her precincts all those baneful vices which are its concomitants. Liquor is the footstool to corruption, and its plentitude the ruin of our whole moral system. Society is corrupt at best; but, alas! how much more so when fashion, custom, and generous feelings, introduce into their circles the veriest monster that ever hell produced, and sent unchained to roam over our earth.

Liquor stirs up the passions, naturally fierce. The gratification of these passions overcome virtue, the strictest rules

of propriety and etiquette, and finally subdues all the nobler qualities of man; and wo to him or *her* on whom rests its infernal mantle—the fangs of hell are not more powerful—the grasp of Satan not more dangerous.—But to proceed:

I became fond of liquor. It opened to my view a world of fancy, and in imagination another sphere became perceptible: and while standing on earth, wine conveyed the sense to those scenes far surpassing this dull monopolising sphere. I was entranced and breathed another atmosphere. Wine became my god—I worshipped it as the idol of my soul—the very source of my existence for it renewed the pleasures of life, and re-created me;—my companions were like me, they became disciples of my god, and followers of thought, feeling, and sentiment. Our days were spent in brothels: a whirlwind of unspeakable joy, buoyant hopes, exalted notions, carried me from earth through *ether*, to regions erected by the brain—infatuation led me on to insanity, and the brain yielded its natural powers to that of a superior *quality*, and made it conceive worlds of its own, and defy the simple bounds prescribed by the laws of man. The monarch whose imperial brow holds a diadem, was a slave to me, and my infuriate ambition led me to defy the gods, and call them secondary beings in the order of my grand and incomprehensive scale of things; and in the madness of intoxicating fury, I even defied that Being whom I believed only metaphysical, one of dreaming philosophers. Madness has bounds infuriate as man is beneath its power, it still has governing principles. I struck in its fury a friend—he reeled and fell:—life became extinct beneath the desperate blow, and I stood in reality, though not in law, a murderer!

Did this astounding fact which came (through the hellish atmosphere, liquor had created around me) like a flash of lightning upon my benighted sense?—No—there was a

feeling of heroic bravery—a wild maddening sense of power came over me which crushed all others. The inebriate has his laws, they become fixed, and are as immutable as those of nature. By them did I try myself—and was acquitted. Liquor triumphed, and I, for that triumph loved it the more.

CHAPTER II.

"There is madness in the cup."

There are times when reflection breaks in upon the soul; it is in such moments the loud voice of insulted nature is heard, the echo of which dooms its victim to everlasting misery. It is at such moments horrid reflection rushes in upon the mind, and coerces reason, with its startling truths, until a mightier power breaks the spell. That power is Wine! whose immortal spirit none can fathom, whose boundlessness none can penetrate. It claims a charter as extensive as the winds, and its fury is as swift—it courts mankind, to damn them—it smiles but to betray—it cheers but to madden! I looked back over the short career of my life; my property was wasting away, yet I valued it not; worldly matters are beneath the thought of him who is lifted to Elysium by madness. There are several kinds of insanity; mine was the extatic, the excitable, the pleasing kind. All men are mad who drink; start not, reader, it is an ordeal all men must pass through to reach the *world celestial*—a world liquor creates! It is your guide hither; to reach it you must suffer, aye, as I have suffered.

I became a lover; how, when, where, I cannot tell. I loved, and the object of my love returned it. I have an indistinct recollection of a large assembly, a pair of sparkling eyes, ruby lips, and features of an angel. There was a

wildness in our loves, unaccountable. My phrenzied passion was construed into adoration; my distraction, the effects of her fairy beauty. She was truly beautiful, and became the object of my adoration. I worshipped, I knelt to her; for I loved her more, because that feeling counteracted the *eating* sharpness of the other. Love, however, is but another sort of madness.—The one acts on the brain, the other on the heart. Wine had thrown around the latter a magic chain; love o'erleapt it; and revelled there; mind became the chamber for a mixed assemblage of thoughts.—She seemed an angel in virtue, a Venus in form. I tore gradually down the barrier which education had erected around the first; softened her frigid opinions of Plato, by praising the latter, and in a moment of madness—misplaced confidence on her part—she yielded, and fell a victim to my arts. I triumphed, and shouted out in the fulness of my success, huzza! huzza! My brain was on fire, and I left her to misery and shame. Alas! poor Maria! thou wert born to sorrow, and I forsook thee, surrounded with its worst of attendants, *a tainted name.* I could not save thee, for I—was past salvation!

The kindred ties, the power of friendship, which bind man to man, are severed by the all-potent alchemy of liquor. I quarrelled with my companions, shunned society, and rushed singly on to destruction. I felt happy alone; the bottle was my *chum*, my *comrade.* We slept together, and when I awoke of a morning, with palsied limbs, nerveless strength, trembling with the shocks from rum's battery, *I found a Physician there; strange*, it was the cause of my suffering, and of my alleviation! Strengthened by the same medicine, whose adverse qualities I could not comprehend, I rushed onward. The day-dream was of "*night's horrors,*" the phantasy of the night was cheered by the

hope of day. I was taken by an officer, for debt. I had no money, and when reason crept slowly o'er the burning lake of the brain, it showed me the inside of my prison walls. I cast my eyes back, and saw with astonishment the vast leap I had taken from the bright path of honor into the vortex of contumely and guilt. My property was gone, myself alone in the world, standing, or rather lying on a bed of straw, a living monument of human misery. I had undergone much, I had suffered much,—chains had eaten my flesh—my head had been shaved—I was a skeleton—every bone, muscle, fibre, of my body tingled as if touched by the electric rod. I had been raving—MAD.

I was not long an inmate of a prison house; the wholesome laws of our land soon liberated me, and I once more breathed the fresh pure air of liberty. My mind had undergone a change. I had been hurled from affluence to poverty; my affairs were changed.

I still had a quantity of clothing, and some trinkets; these my creditors left, good souls! part I disposed of, and with what cash I received determined to quit the scenes of former glory and present degradation forever. I called upon some few of those friends who had tasted largely of my bounty, but alas! they were friends no more; their behavior was cold and chilling. I cursed their selfishness in the bitterness of my heart, and a spirit of revenge, deadly in its nature, took possession of my soul. If Bowie-knives had then been invented, I should have procured one; thanks to Heaven, those murderous weapons were then unknown. I sought employment, but the mark of Cain was on my brow, the everlasting curse of innocence deserted was written upon each and every line of my face, and I found myself an outcast from fortune, and from my kind. Smarting under the pang of mental and physical pain, I entered a grog-shop,

one of those corner houses, which Holy Writ tells us to be aware of. My means being small, my appearance and dress were shabby, I called for some gin (wine was now beyond my reach,) I snatched the glass, swallowed the contents, and handed the man a sixpence; reader, judge of my astonishment, when he gave me fourpence change. Two cents for a glass of gin; shade of my fortune, but this was wonderful. I felt my spirits expanding, and a new world was opened before me. Here was the means for an other age of inebriety. Glorious thought! What a field for the independent soul to revel in!—two cents for a glass of gin! why, I could swim in it! Here, I exclaimed, pennies will produce insanity of bliss. Mighty genius of the still! economy was thy object—the poor man's comfort thy aim. The ingredients of common gin act like wildfire on the combustible material of the brain, its effects are swift and sure. I blazed again—my brain was on fire—I laughed and shouted in an agony of bliss.

I still had fifteen dollars cash, which meted out in small portions, would, as I thought, extend to the distant ages of eternity. There were no bounds to my seeming wealth, which promised years of gratification. I seated myself on a stone, like old Diogenes in his tub, and mocked the passers by. I laughed aloud at the poor mechanic, for what was his dull plodding, starving existence, to the glory of mine. I sat upon as proud a throne as ever did the Imperial Cæsar; thought had its unlimited sway, and *spirit* its intuitive power. I grinned at the merchant, the bargaining systematic, cheating trader. I mocked the lawyer, and shrank from the doctor—while I chuckled at the sot. The preacher turned away his head—I had no alms for him, preachers are only happy when they can handle money, and worship it like the wretched miser. I spat at the law—smiled at

the women—cursed the aristocrat. A kindred link like feeling, bound me to those of my class—for they despised like me the common things of earth, and the dull routine of human reason, they had ambition to become monarchs, and dared to create for themselves a world of their own!*

CHAPTER III.

My lodgings were in a part of the town the most depraved. Vice and immorality had encircled the street, and beastly intoxication seemed engendered there. I boarded with a woman who begged from others that which she provided for us,—my bed was straw, yet I was happy! Insensibility to things material, the annihilation of reflection is at all times a source of happiness; the exhilarating effects of liquor kept me above them, and created dreams of hope, which, as they could never be realized, tended to keep an additional furnace burning within me,—I became avaricious but not industrious: I kept my little stock of money to perpetuate existence; I found labor, therefore, essential to keep it from wasting. I had now become so low in the scale of human existence, that I was not ashamed to split wood. True, I was not my original self; no man would be seen in such situations, and in the place of his nativity and former splendor, if he deemed it a disgrace.—No, I felt proud of my station: Socrates was not more so when he received homage from emperors: nature had revolted from me, and I was the mere creature of artificial existence.

They say that galvanism gives motion to inanimate things —but what is galvanism compared to immortal liquor? It will coerce reason from her throne, and establish its power

* The reader will remember, these are the ravings of a maniac.

instead. I was mad, but even *mania-a-potu* madness has bounds. I have rolled into the gutter, and lay there wallowing like a hog, a mere brute; yet a secret pleasure danced around my heart even there. I regarded not the scoffs of the rich, as they rolled past in their carriages, whose wheels passed within an inch of my feet—they could crush, but could not subdue. I lay basking in the sunshine of desperation—the world had rolled from me in dense clouds; her beauty was like the rainbow, momentary to my soul. The curb-stone (my pillow) seemed in the *agony* of that *blissful* moment a pillow of down. I shouted in the triumph of madness over reason—blasphemed in the wildness of my dreams, and sank into total forgetfulness amid the hum of voices and the rush of carriages. That state of feeling is inadequate for language to describe. The opium eater can form some idea of its ecstasy, but the dull mechanical operations of the *natural* mind cannot conceive any thing like it. It may be asked how I found my home, all my movements were instinctive—I reached my bed of straw,—the very burning of my brain lit me on my way!

A drunkard is cut out from the rest of mankind—he stands apart from all—and that is because he lives and moves in a world of his own. Who can describe the feelings of a drunkard, who paint these dark hours of his lone night when the demons of hell are let loose to worry him? Who picture these mental scenes of horror which are conjured up by the imagination, and torture the mind with their ghastly fracture? Who can describe that nervous feeling of terror, which the *avant couriers* of approaching insanity excites? No one!—

My voice, my person, and mind, had undergone a change. That curse of hell—that enemy to our natures, had erased the likeness of our Maker from my person,—I was a dis-

torted, bloated, maddened brute—a vagabond and a wanderer. Yet my thoughts were exalted, my hopes buoyant and ambitious, and I felt all that independence and nobleness of soul which would have been honorable in another *sphere.*

One night as I lay on my wretched pallet, I heard groans issuing from an adjoining chamber—a chamber of misery, for this was a house of wretchedness. These groans were repeated, and seemed like one in distress, or the agony of death. I arose, and pushing open the door, entered; a lamp placed on the chimney, shed a feeble light on the scene—in one corner, on a bed of straw, lay a woman and a child; the one was the very picture of misery, a being in rags, the other starving at the very fount which dame nature intended for its infant sustenance, thus famishing at the very threshold of life! They had no covering; the shake of palsied death was on them, and I laughed in the madness of reflection. I moralized on the mutability of things, and shouted in the agony of their conclusions. Here was a mother, the prototype of myself, yet she clung to her babe, and carried it through every grade of life, to die on a bed of straw. I took up the lamp to gaze more intently on this victim of capricious fortune—but, gracious God! what were my feelings, when in this wretched object before me, I recognized the once blooming, the once gay and accomplished Maria!—A scream of agony escaped me. This, I cried, is my work—end of my crimes—the final triumph of liquor—a triumph that had brought this once virtuous and innocent creature to the lowest possible state of human degradation. She was muttering in her sleep—the child clung to her breast, and twisted its little hands in her hair—I stood over them—the Demon that had worked their ruin. She still muttered—her words were incoherent—wild—occasionally, however, I could hear the words—rum, water, water—I gazed until mine eyes refused

to see more—the room grew dark—horrid spectres seemed to rise up, around and about. Ghastly forms were grinning and shouting around me. The lamp fell from my trembling hand, and in a moment the room was in flames. I shouted for help, and tried, but in vain, to stay them. The light combustibles which composed her bed, defied all my efforts; I stamped upon the crackling straw, but in vain. I stamped more furiously—a convulsive groan followed the action. Gracious God, I had crushed my child! My child, my child. I felt the fire scorching me—it was in my brain. I attempted to save Maria—the hand of death was on us. The whole house was in a blaze—and amid the cry of thousands without, and the distant rushing of the engines, I lost all recollection.

I was saved—my child crushed beneath a father's feet. Maria—not a trace of her body was found! Horrid remembrance! Oh! memory, memory, would I could blot thee out from the book of the brain, and destroy all traces of the dreaded past. But no—it is engraved there, as if on adamant, and the pathway back to that dread hour is as clear and distinct as if my life had been one continued sunshine. True I was mad, and for months was confined in a madhouse,—then for awhile I was happy, for the book of the brain was locked up, and that fearful history suppressed. But reason came again, and with it the key unlocking the charnel house of memory, and presenting to my view the blackened corse of my child—the writhing form of Maria, with the flames encircling them like a wild demon from hell. What can hide these things from me? Death?"

[Here follows some profane reasoning on the immortality of the soul, and of man's accountability to his God for actions committed here. It is deemed unfit for the public ear, and appears to have been written immediately before he com-

mitted the last act of his eventful career, and ended a life of crime by suicidal hands.]

Note.—The body was discovered in a room of a wretched house in Small street, a phial lay beside it, upon which was labeled laudanum. In his pockets there were found several articles of little or no value, and sundry scraps of paper, from which I have compiled this confession. It is a plain statement of facts, and should prove a powerful lesson to awaken the inebriate from his insane sleep. Such was the object I had in view, and if it should have the effect even in a solitary instance, my time will not have been unprofitably consumed.

LEAF THIRTEENTH.

THE CURSE, OR THE INFLUENCE AND POWER OF THE BOWL.

"Despair shall round their souls be twin'd.
And drink the vigor of the mind,
As around the oak rank ivy cleaves,
Steals its sap, and blasts its leaves."

O'er the vast earth there rules with fiendish sway
Some mighty power, whose laws mankind obey;
Around whose altars bloated forms are seen,
Like the wild visions of a heated dream;
From whose gay pageant and unholy throng,
Are heard the ribald and lascivious song;
See grim despair join chorus with a howl,
And madness echoes with a savage growl—

Old earth is blighted—o'er her fairest walks
Licentiousness with stately footsteps stalks;
Crime grows apace—e'en murder finds a friend
Its cause to sanction, and the deed defend:
Dishonest means with usury at their head,
Strips honest worth—the poor deprives of bread;
From the broad glare of vice, in open day,
Fair virtue shrinks with grief and shame away;
The bloom of nature hath no charms, the air
Is tainted—for that fearful curse is there!
From pillar'd temples screams and groans we hear,
Which break discordant on the list'ning ear:
The rattling chains the tales of horror tell,
This agony of sounds bespeak a living hell;
There madness reigns, while curses loud and deep,
With horrid slumbers midnight vigils keep;
The affrighted soul, appall'd starts fearful back,
Nor seeks to trace crime's long and dreary track,
From whose deep source the dark and damning cause
Has stricken justice and perverted laws;
Drown'd reason's voice, crushed every tender shoot
Which promised virtue with its opening fruit;
Rear'd madness up where all was joy and truth,
Crush'd hopes in manhood, blighted love in youth.
The fields are fruitless—enterprise has fled,
Hope's avant couriers wingless, helpless, dead:
The shatter'd frame, the tottering mind alone,
Rules now in madness round this hellish throne,
Where shriek on shriek, like trumpet tongues arise,
To mock, as 'twere, the music of the skies.

Down this dread tide, in fearful numbers roll,
The shattered frame of many a sinful soul,

Whose bark now tenantless—no sail nor freight,
'Twill founder soon, and yield itself to fate:
Now high amid the foaming billow's swell,
The raging waters leading down to hell!
Arise! awake! dream not while fearful tost—
They try in vain; the waves roll on, they're lost!
What curse is this: what base unholy spell
Chimes, as it were, creation's funeral knell?

* * * * * *

The winds were hush'd, the breeze was silent, all
Was still: o'er the wide earth there seemed to fall
A heavy curtain. The sun was blood, the air
Was scented, sweetly scented—God was there!
Then came a sound, a soft and saint-like strain,
Breathing soft music o'er the earth again;
Vice fled, distorted monsters sought their den,
And sense of crime pal'd proud and mighty men;
The palsied, frenzied, howling maniacs, they
Who mock'd at God, now crept in fright away,
Sought refuge in their pens, where swinish herds
Multiplied their crimes, and coined base words,
Or oaths to swear by, cursing life's bright gem,
The soul, the body's light, mind's diadem,
Then came a voice, like angel's whisper spoke,
The charm of Satan, at the sound was broke;
The curse was breath'd—that enemy to soul
Lies at the bottom of the social bowl!
Avoid its fumes—the smoke of raging hell
With spectral forms makes up its potent spell:
Its very charm has crime to give it name,
A single drop creates a sea of shame.

Philadelphia, 1845.

LEAF FOURTEENTH.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THERE is something truly religious and simple, in the picturesque appearance of a Village Church; but most particularly however when the congregation are all assembled, and the voice of the parson in its calm, holy and primitive tone, is listened to with an earnestness of pious feeling, which not unfrequently distinguish a congregation in the country from one in the city. The Holy Bible lies open before him, his eyes occasionally rest upon its pages, and are raised again beaming with the inspiration a glance has inspired. I stood within the walls of this humble, and modest temple of the Lord. A solemn silence reigned around, no sound broke on the pure calm air, save the chirp of some distant bird, whose notes came slowly on the ear, and were soon lost, or mingling with those of the preacher, were in unison, wafted to heaven! Occasionally too a weeping willow grated on a neighboring tombstone, which seemed like the token of a Spirit, calling its urn'd sister home!

The service over, I left the church, with an impression on the mind, time can never obliterate.

In the rear of the building was the graveyard; here the eye rested on numerous little mounds, with head and foot stones bearing the name and some tribute to the dear departed. I stood, gazed, and meditated.

A country churchyard is at all times to me a scene of beauty—of sombre melancholy reflections, and indescribable

feeling. Its beauty consists in the religious solemnity that surrounds it—its tendency to produce reflections from the fact that within its walls there lies the mortal mould of those spirits with whom we once associated in the sweet bonds of relationship, and the equal and indissoluble ones of friendship—its tendency to excite those feelings which are beyond description—yet impress upon us the certainty that we shall moulder within those dark cemeteries that lie before us, and pass the bounds of this fair and beautiful earth, to seek that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns." Such, and a thousand other thoughts, will arise when we contemplate the silence of the grave—the lonely and quiet sleeping places of the dead. A country church-yard is better calculated for meditation and reflection, than a city one. There is in and about the former, a calm, still, silent monotony; nought disturbs the quiet beauty of the scene but the wind as it whistles through the tall trees, or sighs the mournful sigh upon the weeping willow. In the town we hear the busy hum of voices, and the thundering of the wheels o'er the paved streets;—the mind is recalled from its sombre dream, and mingles unconsciously with the light and worldly things that surround us. The city is no place for meditation among the tombs.

It is in moments of this kind, when the mind is estranged from surrounding objects, that the soul will pass in ideal grandeur through nature up to nature's God; each object that presents itself in a country church-yard, is of an interesting and instructing nature. Over each little mound is seen some testimonial erected to the memory of a departed relative, friend, or lover;—rustic simplicity marks the scene; and I feel while gazing upon these evidences of true affection, that here I would like to moulder, and pass away into

the world of spirits, leaving behind some kindred friend to decorate thus my lonely grave,

> "And trace upon the new made sod
> My name—and bleach it with a tear."

As these thoughts passed through my mind, my attention was attracted to a little slab of white marble, upon which was recorded the following:

"To the memory of Mary Jones, who departed this life April 16th, 1826, aged 18 years.

> "She was unfortunate, not guilty,
> The censure of an unfeeling world,
> Caused by the conduct of one she lov'd,
> Brought her to an untimely grave.
> SHE is happy—HE is miserable."

This implied much, and from an intelligent, white-haired boy, I gleaned the following circumstances concerning the fate of poor Mary: "She was the daughter of poor parents; here lies her father," pointing to a new made grave; "and there lies her mother; she has been dead these many years." "What caused the death of her father?" "Ah! Sir, he died of a broken heart; the shock was too much for him, I will tell you all about it. There came a young man to our village from the city; he was dressed different from our lads, had fine clothes; and some people say he had a monstrous power of money. Well, Sir, he courted pretty Mary, that Bob Smith would have married any time,—this stranger man put mischief in her head, and she turned Smith away; he left her to go to the city as he said, to get his father's consent to marry, but he never came back while Mary lived. Sometime after his departure, Mary became melancholy; she used to go down by that little stream of water;—if you stand here, Sir, you can see the willow beneath which she

has cried for hours; I used to fish there, and often found her weeping as if her heart would break. She was, Sir,—what do you call it, when men betray a maiden—I forget?" "Never mind, my little boy, go on." "Howsomever, Sir, it brought disgrace on her, and every body shunned her; and when her poor father died, Mary had to go to the poor house, where she was delivered of a boy; in giving it birth she died."—"Poor Mary," continued the lad, "was once the pride of our village; two months ago, her seducer, as the schoolmaster calls him, came back and took away the child; he placed that stone over the grave." "What became of Bob Smith?" "He lives over the way there,—I forgot to tell you, Sir, that Smith went to the tavern and demanded a private interview with the stranger man; it lasted two hours, and they say, when Smith came out, the tears ran down his cheeks. I never heard what passed."

I gave the boy two shillings and left the spot, repeating to myself, "Alas, poor Mary."

LEAF FIFTEENTH.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."

"A respectable lady came to my house, recommended by a gentleman in the city, and stated her sufferings. She has three little children, one is sick. I asked her how she obtained food for them. "Ah," said she, "it is nothing new for us to do without food, for we have no way of procuring any." I gave her a dollar, a large loaf of bread, rice, potatoes, &c. Gratitude was pictured in her coun-

tenance. Brethren, surely it is more blessed to give than to receive. In a court in the rear of Poplar Lane, is a family who are in a state of starvation. Previous to visiting them, I made inquiries of their neighbours about them. They have four small children, one a babe. The mother told me that her husband had not been able to earn more than twelve dollars for three months, and that she often sends her children out to beg something for themselves to eat, while she remained at home unsatisfied. I gave her some money, and want to send her some wood, as she has not a stick to burn. If there could be some wood provided by our Society for distribution, it would make many a hearth bright and comfortable that is now chilly and desolate."—*Notes of the Missionary.*

During the life-time of Stephen Girard, he every winter distributed to the poor a certain quantity of wood. Why have we no "Wood Societies?"—Fuel to the poor is everything—give warmth to the body, and one half of its ills is provided for.

In the neighbourhood alluded to in the foregoing extract there are still numerous cases of suffering. The author of these leaves has had frequent opportunities of witnessing the Christian spirit with which the poor bear their misfortunes. You hear no loud complaints, no murmuring at the decrees of Providence. Yet there are occasions that he has met with men, and women too, whose hearts being hardened, and the Gospel to them a sealed book, have railed out against the doctrines of divine truth, and as the Missionary says:—

"There are many interesting cases I might mention that I have met with while visiting among the poor and dying; many of them, it is true, will not permit me to pray with them, oftentimes cursing me for entering their dwellings—while others hail me as a welcome messenger."

LEAF SIXTEENTH.

To the poor as well as the rich, Christmas has always a pleasing sound. It is associated with charity and benevolence, and it seems as if on that day, the coldest hearts melt before the smiles of the happy and joyous, and feel at least for a day *human*. Christmas was considered by our ancestors, in the double light of a Holy Commemoration, and a cheerful festival, and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment and hospitality. It derives its name from the latin "*Christe Missee*," the Mass of Christ. As early as 98 it was observed as a Festival, but not until the year 500 did it become universal in the Catholic Church. Christmas was called "Midwinter," by the Saxons. The custom of annual donations of Christmas and New Year's day is very ancient, being copied from the Polytheists of Rome, at the time the public religion was changed. There are very many interesting facts, both historic and fabulous, connected with the ceremonies, customs, and superstitions, of this day, which if collected together would make a curious and interesting book. But the following article entitled "Origin of the celebration of Christmas," embraces many items which are to be found scattered throughout the various versions given of it, that we annex it as an introduction to our Legend,—written expressly for our young friends.

Among the early Christians, there were many who dwelt in Heathen countries; and not a few of this class having themselves abandoned the splendid superstitions of Paganism for the noble simplicity of Christian doctrine, introduced

Heathen festivals among their brethren, and gave such an interpretation to their transmigration as was consistent with the character of their new faith.

In the lapse of time, Christianity having extended itself to the palace, and its ministers having succeeded in acquiring a considerable share of power and influence, they were not wanting to themselves in any contrivance which could invest their religion with greater external pomp and dignity. They knew that every increase of its outward splendor would have the effect of shedding additional lustre on its expounders; and, with this conviction, every occurrence in the history of their faith was diligently ransacked, that its memory might be perpetuated by some festival.

Many of the anniversaries solemnized by the Christian church were transplanted into it from the Heathen soil. Whilst Easter has succeeded to the 'Feralia' of the Romans, there can be little doubt that Christmas has taken the place of their 'Saturnalia.'* This festival, instituted in honor of Saturn, was celebrated by them with the greatest splendor, debauchery, and extravagance. The ceremonial of this festival was opened on the 19th of December, by the lighting of a profusion of waxen flambeaux in the temple of Saturn, as an expiatory offering to the relenting god, who had, in remoter times, been worshipped with human sacrifices. At this festive season, boughs and laurels were profusely suspended in every quarter, and presents were interchanged on all sides. The Christian church was anxious to abolish the celebration of these Saturnalia, in which she blushed to see her own disciples partaking; and therefore appointed a festival, in honor of her Divine Master, to supersede them. Though of Heathen origin, the festival of Christmas no

* 'Christmas,' says Selden, 'succeeds the Saturnalia; the same time, the same number of holy days.'

longer exhibited sacrifices of bulls or goats: it was carefully pruned of those disgusting features and extravagances which nourished and excited debasing passions; and yet, in order that it might not prove revolting to the habits and feelings of the new convert who was called upon to resign the meretricious blandishments of the Saturnalia, it was permitted to retain such innoxious customs from the Pagan celebration, as were not wholly irreconcilable with the bland and cheerful spirit of Christianity. The torches, which had shed their effulgence through the temple of Saturn, shone with undiminished splendor in the temple of Christian worship, and presented, as it were, a symbol of Jesus, 'that eternal light which was born in the world' to waken the whole human race to life and immortality;—which illuminated the fields of Bethlehem, and shone about the shepherds, 'a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their paths.' The Saturnalian custom of decking the streets and houses with laurel and boughs, and exchanging presents, was also preserved, and has partially descended to our own times. The interchange of presents was supposed to typify the spiritual and heavenly gifts which our Saviour, by his coming, had lavished upon mankind."

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

"A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year."
ANNUAL SALUTATION.

It was Christmas eve. Around a cheerless fire in a humble dwelling were seated four persons, a man, his wife, and two children. The age of the one, a boy, was about ten, that of the other, a girl, seven. They were looking up from their little stools to their parents, whose conversation

they had been listening to with some attention, and anxiously awaiting for an opportunity to speak upon a subject in which their hearts were much interested. Christmas eve is an epoch in the life of youth. They look forward to its approach with all those pleasing anticipations ever attendant on boyhood, and to the fulfilment of those joyous dreams which pictured that happy event in all the gorgeous colors of youthful fancy. There is a charm in the very sound of Christmas; it comes upon the heart that is care worn like a ray of hope; it sheds upon the pallid cheek of sorrow a beam which illumines the darkest chambers of the soul; it is a day set apart for the great purpose of purifying the moral world, and giving to created things a glimpse of that which is eternal. The Sabbath is the holy day of the week—*Christmas of the year.* Happy they who can meet it with a smile—happy they who extend to their children the full hand, and strew their pathway with the gems their young fancies had conjured up. The hobby-horse in the eyes of a little urchin, is a mine of wealth; a doll to a smiling faced girl, is a gift whose price, in her estimation, is beyond human computation.—There is not one upon whom a parent or friend bestows a testimonial of affection or esteem, but becomes in the eyes of the receiver a prize to be remembered when other and "brighter things shall have passed away."

That happy moment when the morn breaks upon the holyday and the stockings treasures are laid before them, is worth, in their estimation, all the promises and bright prospects of the great future. What is the future to the enjoyment of youth who bask in the sunshine of the present?

There was a pause in the conversation, the little girl looked up and met the tearful eyes of her pale cheeked mother, the past had been the subject of their discourse, and the remem-

ance had filled their hearts with grief. Their daughter w spoke. "Mother, I have tied my stocking to that big il near the fire place, do you think KRIS KRINGLE will me down the chimney to-night?"

"O, sister, what nonsense," quickly replied the boy, ow can such a huge figure as he is represented get down ur *poor* chimney?"

"That is it, my child—*it* is because we are poor. overty keeps from the humble door all the bright things of he earth, except virtue, truth, and religion, these are more f heaven than of earth, and are the poor man's friend in is hours of adversity."

"Then, father, I will take my stocking down, I thought, ndeed, mother, I thought that *Santa Claus* and *Kris Kringle* loved all those who are good, and have not I been good? I know my lesson, I love you, mother, and my brother dearly, and do whatever I am told."

"Yes, yes, you are a good girl, do not take the stocking down. Custom, at least, should be observed, and perhaps thy young heart may not be disappointed." This was uttered with a sigh, which was responded to by the mother, and silence again reigned in that humble dwelling.

"Yes," muttered the father, "this night seven years ago SHE disappeared, eloped, and no tidings heard of her since. And these children ——."

"Think of it no more, husband, she was an ungrateful child; but this is not all, the anniversary of that misfortune heralds in another, our rent is due to-morrow and a merciless landlord to deal with. What shall we do?"

"Ungrateful child! Yes, yes, so she was, at least in that one act, for up to that period was she not our pride, our comfort? You ask what shall we do about the rent. Why, do as others have done before us, go to the poor-house; and

that day which has and will give joy to thousands, will be to us the gloomiest; and that little girl, that dear creature whose stocking now hangs upon that rusty nail in expectation of finding therein some pleasing toy, will find in its place a mouldy crust of bread—it is all her father has to give. God be with us, but this is a fearful world."

"O, husband, say not that. The world is Deity's work, and are not all created things his creatures?"

"True, it is our lot, then, come what will, let us bear it patiently. Yes, wife, you are right. But I have often thought, and sometimes my thoughts assume strange forms, and the mind conceives strange ideas. There is a fearful mystery in the philosophy of Deity, for do we not see the wicked prosper, and the righteous begging bread? Crime dwells in palaces and sits in cushioned pews: it rides in costly vehicles, and mocks the cries of the poor for bread, while honest poverty starves. I often think of this, and regret to say find myself murmuring at the decrees of Providence."

"Dear husband, what are the few short years of life on earth to that which is eternal. If the righteous suffer here, will they not be forever happy there? while the wicked and the prosperous man of crime, for his short lived pleasures on earth, will meet an eternity of wo hereafter."

"You are my better angel, Gertrude, from this time forth I will never repine. Hark! some one knocks, see, John, who it is."

John opened the door and admitted into the room an old man and woman, both carrying a bundle, evidently all their worldly wealth. The old traveller stood for a moment in the middle of the room, gazing on the group before him, then inquired how far they were from the city.

"Two miles," was the answer.

"Two miles—we will not be able to reach it to-night, my dear wife is nearly tired out, we have travelled far to-day."

"Then, sir, travel no further. John, hand chairs—sit down—that lowly bed is yours for the night—to-morrow it is the landlord's—sleep there in peace. Wife, get some bread and cheese for our guests; and John, put some more chips on the fire, for the wind whistles wintry around the house."

"And is this your family, *all* your family?" inquired the female traveller in a tremulous voice.

"No! no! not all, we had one other—a daughter."

"Dead! alas, we must all die."

"Dead to us, my good woman, but not to the world; but let us speak no more of her. Here is some bread and cheese, it is all poverty has to offer, and to it you are heartily welcome."

There was another pause, every one seemed wrapped up in their own thoughts, and as the wind whistled around the house and shook its old dilapidated windows, they mechanically crept closer to the meagre fire. There came upon their ears, in that lonely quiet house, the sound of merry voices, the violin, the tamborine, and the loud jocund laugh broke upon the stillness like some ill-omened messenger. Yet was it Christmas eve. But from whence came such strains? This question was asked by the traveller.

"Ah, sir," replied their host, "those joyful sounds, in which are mingled many a youthful voice, proceed from the dwelling of my landlord. He is wealthy, immensely wealthy; and although lavish to extravagance in his own family, he is ever the poor man's foe. Many an inmate of the poor-house owes his fate to that hard-hearted, cruel man. Even now these very sounds which should proceed

from happy hearts, are forced and intended to mock our poverty."

"Is it possible?"

"Go to that door, sir, look out and you will see that his windows are up so as the gay sounds may reach our wretched ears. Ah, sir, human nature is a mystery, this is one of its enigmas, and can only be explained when the secrets of all hearts must be made known.—Hark! that shout—all mockery—all mockery."

* * * * * * *

The morn of Christmas day was a lovely one, the sun arose bright and beautiful, its soft beams warmed the chilly air and made a million of young hearts happy. Scarcely had the light broke into that little chamber than the young child stole slily out of bed, and crept softly into the room where slept the two travellers. One look toward the chimney place, one glance at her stocking was the first idea, and then toward the bed where the old couple lay—they still slept, all was quiet. Her little heart throbbed with high hope; her dreams had been pleasing ones: dolls, toys, and games had danced gaily through her mind during the night. Streaks of light came down through the half closed shutters, and as she stepped stealthily across the room, objects became more distinct, the fire place before all dark, now assumed its natural color, and the stocking, what was that! what object now so rivets her gaze that she stands spell bound in the centre of the room? Step by step she approached nearer to the place, and to her surprise and astonishment she found, not only the stocking full, but on a stool beneath it were many pleasing and delightful toys.—Books, candies, &c., lay strewed all around; was it a dream of her youthful fancy? or was it reality! Her head run round, the room seemed full of strange objects. Fairies were danc-

ing on the carpet, Elfin sprites seemed whirling their little forms through the room, and as she cast her eyes on the bed, the figures of the two old people had changed, and two pair of sparkling eyes were gazing on her—alarmed, astonished, but bent upon the stocking's treasure, she gave one wild scream of joy and fear, caught the treasure in her arms, grasping at the same time the well filled stool she rushed wildly from the room. As she passed through the door a peal of laughter followed, and closing it she bounded into the sleeping apartment of her parents. In an instant the house was all alive, the scream awoke her father and mother, and her brother springing toward her snatched a box on which was written his own name, he grasped it eagerly, and opening it found to his surprise that it was filled with handsome bound books and various amusing games and toys.

"O, father," exclaimed the delighted Jane, "Kris Kringle has been here. See, see what he has brought us. O such beautiful toys, such gems of things. I am so happy."

And the delighted girl danced and capered about the room, gazing alternately at her little store and her equally astonished parents. The old man muttered something about "he suspected them both when they first put foot within his door."

Having dressed themselves they descended to the lower room, and making up a fire, the kitchen, which was used as their eating room, soon presented a cheerful and Christmas like appearance. The coffee was made, the cakes baked, and the poor oppressed family, who expected to be turned out of their house for the non-payment of rent, forgot awhile their troubles and their grief. There are moments when the doors of memory are closed, and the bright sunshine of hope makes the future all clear. Sorrow is not eternal, it has its

changes, its stops, and its antidote; they come in the moment of trial, and presto! the whole scene of life is variegated with the pleasing colors of fancy. Is it *all* fancy? Let us see.

"Now, good wife, knock at the door of our guests, bid them come forth to our humble meal; *they* have been kind to our children, and their strange dress and manner, assumed no doubt for purposes of their own, is no business of ours. Call them to breakfast."

The wife obeyed, and the door being opened, out came, not the decrepit old man and woman, but a young and lovely couple dressed in fine clothes, their faces lit up with smiles, and the merry Christmas was given with a fervor and sincerity, to hear which was to *feel* that it came from the *heart*. The humble family started and gazed upon their guests; the children crept behind their parents, for their youthful imaginations had already clothed their kind patrons in a supernatural garb.

"How is this," exclaimed the father, "why these disguises, and ——."

"Hush, sir," exclaimed the laughing couple, "recollect this is Christmas morn, and we now appear, not as old Santa Claus and his wife, but as we are, the mere actors of this pleasing farce. But say no more, your coffee smells delicious, these cakes look inviting, and my Amelia is hungry, I know she is."

"Amelia," muttered their host and hostess.

"Yes, Amelia; why, how sad you look, is there anything in the sound calculated to make you feel sad?"

"No, no, on the contrary, the name calls up the past, when all was joy, all was happiness."

"Ah, William, see how you distress these poor people. No more of this."

"But, sir," exclaimed their host, "one word, gracious

heaven, let me gaze once more on that face. Wife, look—look up! see! do you not—am I awake?"

"Father! mother! do you not know your long lost Amelia?"

"My child! my child!" screamed the mother, and in a moment the daughter was clasped to the breast of her overpowered parent.

"Stand back!" exclaimed her father, as Amelia now approached him, "stand back! let not the crimson blush of shame mantle on thy mother's cheek for taking to her arms the lost and abandoned. Away! leave us to our sorrow; the withered tree cannot revive, though the green tendril should entwine itself once more around it. Its purity is gone."

"O, father! hear me."

"Speak not, ungrateful girl; that man, that base ——."

"Silence, father, wrong him not, he is all truth, all honor."

"He is thy paramour, girl."

"No, father, he is my kind and affectionate husband."

"Ah! thy husband!"

In a moment the daughter was clinging to the breast of her father. Then there was joy, and the Christmas morn looked forward to in sorrow, became all sunshine and happiness.

Our story is told. William Sandford had stolen away, like Othello, the old man's daughter, and like him, married her. William had been wild and dissipated, and was forbidden the house. Amelia loved him; they were young and foolish, the world appeared before them all sunshine, a garden of flowers—they looked not for the clouds, they dreamed not of the thorns. Shortly after the elopement they left America for England. Amelia sent a letter to her father, which it appears he never received. They left friends and

home—thought not of the misery they had caused, and the sorrowing hearts of those they left behind. Reflection in youth is not the reflection of age. The one is the offspring of a day, the other of years. One agitates the surface of the mind, the other maddens the brain.

After their arrival in England, Sandford became heir to a large estate; then it was, after Providence had blessed them with a fine boy, they thought of the past, *for parents only can feel for parents.* The remembrance of a father's kindness, a mother's love, came over Amelia's dream of happiness like a cloud, frowning on her joy, and dimming the brightness of her life's sunshine. That heart can never know happiness which closes its doors against a parent's love.

"Dear mother, can you forgive me—father, will you bless your Amelia once more?"

"Say no more, all is forgotten—all is forgiven."

"And my brother, too, and dear little sis—God bless me, but I am so happy."

To say they were happy is a word scarcely strong enough. Repentance brings happiness, and the sunshine of religion sheds over the soul that holy ray of light which nothing on earth can ever dim. It is the star of Jehovah fixed eternal in the heart.

Did the landlord seize their little furniture? No! happiness was theirs, and a more cheerful Christmas day could not be imagined than the one passed beneath the humble roof of Robert Paxson. Let my readers reflect on the moral of this sketch, if it creates one throb of pleasure and sympathy for the poor family now made happy, then is the author fully repaid for his CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

LEAF SEVENTEENTH.

"On Sabbath morning, the 25th of May, I preached in the prison at Cherry Hill, and after the sermon conversed with some of the prisoners, and I found them inclined to be penitent and seek salvation through our blessed Redeemer. I had remarked in my sermon, 'Perhaps there are those here who have listened to the voice of prayer as it ascended to Heaven from the lips of a pious parent, or a godly wife, in their behalf, but that they had broken through all restraints, scoffed the pious admonitions from dear and pure hearts, and dashed aside the proffered hand that was held out to assist them.' One of the prisoners called me to his cell, the tears were coursing their way down his cheeks—'Sir,' says he, 'I once had a praying wife, an affectionate, lovely woman, how often has she plead with me to give my heart unto the Lord, and to seek in prayer that peace the wicked know not of; but I refused, and rushed headlong into vice, nor did I awaken from that horrid dream, until I found it all reality, and myself an inmate of this cell! but, sir, I praise God, for he has answered the prayers of my wife, and two years ago the Lord through Christ converted my soul, and although shut off from all communion with my kind here, I can sweetly commune with my blessed Saviour. And, sir, I am ready and willing to die whenever he chooses to call me hence.' The words of this man affected me much, and my heart was sad when I heard the sounds of the bolts pulled upon him, and, thus shut him out as it were from the world —but not from his God."—*Home Missionary's Report*, 1846.

There is something melancholy in this picture, and one upon which the heart, as well as the eye should rest. As far back as 1789, societies were formed for the purpose of alleviating the distresses of those who were imprisoned for debt, and many of the calamities attendant on that law, and its consequences were relieved, by the humane and charitable. But not until recently has it become almost a general thing to visit the cells of criminals, and by exhortation, and expounding the holy scriptures, administer to their spiritual comfort, and prepare them for another and a better world. The murderer chained in his cell, with no human being near him—alone—shut out from the world, encased in a living tomb, all his dark deeds rushing upon him, and busy memory torturing him with their recollection—the grave yawning ready to receive him, feels human at the sound of the voice of the Missionary. It comes upon his soul like a ray of light, it illumines the dark chambers of his heart, and bids him hope. O! who can tell the feelings of one so situated, who can describe the sensations of the condemned of man, when by his side a fellow creature kneels and prays —prays for him—him the lost—the outcast—the murderer!—Yes, while the rich enjoy the comforts wealth brings—the poor wretch, homeless, penniless, wanders on to crime—to murder—to the gallows. One kind word, one tender look—a helping hand in his dark hour of gloom probably would have saved him. But alas! such is the world, and truly is it said, that one half of it does not know how the other half lives.

It is the Missionary who can trace out the cause of crime, and it is in his capacity of one he endeavors to remove it. Our readers can form but a very faint idea of the duties of a home Missionary, perhaps they are more conversant with those who carry the glad tidings of christianity

in other lands, than with those of our own, both are so important that they claim from us the same attention, and aid. That the careless, and uninformed, may learn and be enlightened, let them read the following extract from one of the Rev. John Street's reports. [Dec., 1844.]

"DEAR BRETHREN:—Once more in the providence of God, I am permitted to make my quarterly report to you, and I cannot refrain from the expression of my gratitude to HIM who has given me health and strength to enable me to fulfil his holy mission, and visit the haunts of the suffering poor, the houses of mourning, and administer the word, accompanied with the bounty of an enlightened and a Christian people. When I reflect upon scenes through which I have passed, and while my heart bleeds at the picture misery draws, there is associated with the retrospection, the pleasing fact, that many a tear has been wiped away, and many a sorrowing heart made glad. It is not my intention to paint those scenes to you, nor convey you along the paths of wretchedness I have so frequently trod, on which no flowers bloom, and where the sunlight sheds its rays more cold and cheerless. It is a wild, lonely, drear and sombre road, the widow and the orphan are seated by the wayside, and their cries come up like the deep notes of wo from sorrowing hearts. I will not picture the pale and melancholy faces of those whose cries for bread are not always heard, or if heard, answered. I will not give you a full description of the poverty and misery that abound in and about our city; for such pictures are too frequent in all populous towns. To do so would fill a volume, and probably obtain for me the character of an alarmist, one who imagines more evils than those actually existing.

There does not exist in our community that sympathy

for poor suffering human nature which as a Christian people should characterize us. We hear of a tale of wo, but never ask our own hearts, can it be alleviated? Is the object still suffering? No! we pass it by, and pursue our course through life, regarding self alone, and thinking only of the means to extend our own worldly comforts, and if a spark of charity lights up the chambers of the heart, it glimmers but for a moment and dies in its own feeble light. But we have met, during the existence of our society, many generous, noble, and warm-hearted individuals, who have enabled us to extend our labours, to seek out objects for our charity, and shed over the pathway of the wretched the light of hope, which to the suffering on earth is the glorious sun of a bright, and everlasting future.

To the philosopher, the study of human nature is a painful one, the lessons he draws from that vast store house of knowledge, are the lessons of truth, equity and justice, and in the deep recesses of his own mind he stores up those germs of earth which as they open and expand, beautify, enlighten and glorify the world. But to the philanthropist, it is different; his sole desire is to relieve his fellow creatures, and pour into their lacerated bosoms the oil of joy and peace. He learns but the one fact; that a portion of mankind are in a state of suffering, and if he makes a record of them on the tablets of his memory, 'that warehouse of the mind,' it is for the purpose of enlisting others in their behalf. Thus the philosopher instructs, while the philanthropist acts. Both are, however, humble instruments to enlighten, and improve the condition of man, exalt the character of Deity, and shed over the earth a brighter and more holy light—*the light of true Christian charity!*"

Let us therefore reflect for a moment, when in the midst of our own comfort and happiness, that a large portion of our

fellow creatures are destitute of them. To impart a little of that plenty we enjoy to those who are in want becomes us as men; becomes us as Christians.

LEAF EIGHTEENTH.

THREE PICTURES.

HAVING already alluded to the extreme low price of labor as established by some of those Societies termed benevolent, it is only necessary to state that the purpose for which such charity was established has entirely failed. Under my own knowledge, as well as from the note books of our Home Missionaries, many instances have come to light which shew a degree of suffering arising from them, that it seems as if it would have been better to have trusted altogether to chance, rather than to a system, the establishing of which has not only caused oppression, but is in itself oppressive. Labor, at least the labor of the healthy man, the artizan, and the mechanic, is well paid for, we admit, but those who have neither of these, dependent on chance or charity for subsistence, feel all the misery and sorrow attendant ever on the uncertainty of chance, and the difficulty of procuring work; hence, the failure of which, *is poverty and misery;* and starvation is only prevented by an application to the missionary. Morality being the ground-work of all human actions, the cultivation of which, so essential to our future prosperity

and happiness, should be strictly attended to. Society is cemented into lasting security when morality breathes upon it. Confidence springs from a well organized system of rule, and the poor man can sleep soundly if he is satisfied that he forms a part and portion of the great human family. And yet, how often is it that the heart becomes depraved, mind weakened, health falters, and the whole system of man sinks beneath the idea that he is an outcast from his kind, simply because he has neither money, work, nor friends. The missionary endeavors to teach him different, and by proper reasoning restores the tone of his mind; and by the aid of religion so strengthens his heart, as to look upward with hope, the hope that teaches a knowledge of the Lord, and

> "Humbly then with trembling pinions soar,
> Wait the great teacher death, and God adore."

The present situation of the suffering laborer arises from many causes, which it is not the nature of this work to trace; and as allusions are only made for the purpose of explaining some of the mysteries of these sketches, it is hoped that the truly good will join the missionary in the great work of remedying evils, and carrying out in a Christian spirit the true meaning of the virtue CHARITY. We add a few pictures sketched by the missionary.

PICTURE No. 1.

"I visited a poor woman living in a garret of a house situated in a court running from Front Street. She is very sick; her disease, a cancer. This poor woman has five children, one a babe of fifteen months old. She is destitute of every thing, having neither wood, food, nor clothing. She has been endeavoring to work at shoe binding, her

fingers all festered by excess of labor, in her afflicted state, and she scarcely earns six cents per day. The case, as regards her restoration to health, is a hopeless one, and when I visited her, *hope itself was dying*. She felt grateful for my visit. To me it was a sorrowful one. As I gazed upon the poor suffering creature, with her ragged children around her, I mentally exclaimed 'What will become of them?' Poor souls! Their fate is a hard one, and the future to them looks drear and blank."

REMARKS.—This picture is a plain one,—it is simply sketched. The mother is dying. With her little remaining strength she strives to earn enough to feed her children. Six cents per day! How many six pennies are squandered away by the thoughtless, a few, a very few of which would, in this case, cheer the pathway leading down to the grave of this woman, and make it bright, if not cheerful. Another view,—her children, alas! as she gazes upon them, and watches the changes in their little faces, what must be her thoughts, her feelings, her inward struggles when she knows, for know she must, that at her death they will be scattered, and become inmates of the poor-house. O, life! life! what a fitful dream thou art!

"How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty."*

PICTURE No. 2.

"I visited a widow woman in Third Street above Poplar Lane, who has been sick for a long time. Her domicil presented a most wretched appearance,—no fuel, and, of course, deprived of many of the common necessaries of life. A

* Thomson.

little girl, her daughter, was her only nurse, and for three weeks the poor woman and her child lived on nothing but rye flour. She had strived, and is still striving to earn enough to buy bread by making SHIRTS AT TEN CENTS PER PIECE! a poor pittance for labor. I procured her wood, left her some money, and, for the purpose of turning her thoughts heavenward, to that Being who watches over all his creatures, I prayed with her. She felt grateful, and I left her comforted."

REMARKS.—This is one of the evils of the reduced price of labor. The human heart shudders when it is impressed with a truth so painful. A society in this city bearing the name of "Provident," as far back as 1823, set the example of *grinding the poor* to raise money for those who were really unable to labor, and that was by giving out work to those who were alike destitute, and were seeking some honest way of living, rather than resort to begging, and came into the measures of the society as do the lambs to the sacrifice. That the reader may understand one of their *humane labor secrets*, here is an extract from their first report. "*The board purposely fixed the rate of wages at the lowest prices, to prevent application from any one who could procure it elsewhere.*" This in itself is equal to any torture ever inflicted by the manufacturers of England upon their serfs, or the worst torture of the Inquisition. The one inflicts pain upon the body, the other on the heart. Picture No. 2 illustrates the last.

PICTURE No. 3.

"I also visited a man and his wife, both very old, who were actually living in a stable in Spring Garden. This is a scene of real and heart-rending distress. Of course they

were destitute of every thing. The wind whistled through the loose boards of their strange dwelling, and as I gazed upon the poor aged couple, I could not but feel, as all Christians should feel, how pleasant it is to be able to administer to their wants, and pour a soothing balm into their lacerated bosoms. I prayed for and with them, for they are Christians; and thus it is many of the righteous suffer. The old lady remarked that she *'had at least got where our Saviour was born—a stable!'* No doubt the reflection soothed the heart in its sorrow, and the association of that eventful page in the history of our blessed Redeemer, made her feel the pangs of poverty far less than if the Christian feeling had not dwelt in her heart. May the star of charity conduct the righteous and benevolent to their humble abode!"

REMARKS.—This aged couple were abundantly relieved. Several humane ladies having read the sketch, called to see the subjects. Even in their wretchedness this aged couple were happy, for the spirit of divine truth, like a dove, lay nestling in their hearts; by them it was there cherished, through all the storms and tempests of life, and the cold and the long dreary winter nights, when all around and about them was cheerless poverty. And did not the good old woman cheer up the drooping spirits of her aged partner? and with a smile upon her countenance repeat the well-known nursery hymn—

"Tho' soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
For his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay."

If the poor ever go to heaven for their poverty, these two aged creatures are now, if dead, among the blessed in paradise.*

* See Leaf Ninth.

LEAF NINETEENTH.

The following story founded upon facts, is introduced for the purpose of carrying out the design of the work, viz. "*The creating a sympathy for the suffering poor, by placing* before the reader scenes which, unless painted truthfully, fail to have the effect, and only injure, what they are, or were intended to benefit. As two of the characters alluded to in the tale, are still living, and who have acknowledged the likenesses sketched, no other apology is deemed necessary for its introduction here.

AGNES ST. CLAIRVILLE; OR THE REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

CHAPTER I.

"This noiseless sorrow tells the fate,
That the strings of the heart are broken."
J. O. Brooks.

Mrs. St. Clairville was the widow of a once eminent merchant of that name, whose misfortunes were the result of a great commercial revulsion, which laid prostrate the whole country, and so completely established an agrarian system, that the followers, and advocates of the doctrine, universally rejoiced at the cause, however much it may have affected the whole community. It may not be out of place

to remark here, that if all the distress, whether it be of an individual, or communities, and which at all times, and periods of the world's history, could be traced, its origin would be found among that class of men who look upon labor, we mean the labor of the mechanic, and the husbandman, as beneath their notice; and whose system it is to live upon the ingenuity of the one, and the production of the other. It is from such men, and bodies of men, that the spirit of the levelling system arose, and from which the agrarian doctrine sprung Pallas-like, fully armed to contend against the honest industry, and enterprise of the thinking and intellectual portion of mankind. In this country particularly, all such communities should be frowned down, and yet, as we shall have occasion to show, the spirit of them exists in our midst, and many of our institutions, established for *one* purpose, have been basely perverted, and used for another.

Mr. St. Clairville experienced sadly the effects of a wild speculation, into which he had entered at a time when the country presented an appearance of wealth, and its accumulation was so easy, that reasonable men—men of age and experience, were alike deceived. This venture failed, the consequence of which was, that it left the once opulent merchant *a beggar!* The event so affected his health, that he shortly afterwards died, leaving his wife and daughter to contend alone upon the ocean of life, with virtue for a pilot, and true religion their anchor.

After the sale of all their effects, which were seized upon by relentless creditors, the widow took a small house in Federal street, and sought the means of support for herself and child from the needle. Our readers, and there are many of them, no doubt, can bear witness to the truth of the remark, that "constantly must the needle ply" upon the fruits of which depend the means of supplying the demands of

even so small a family as the widow St. Clairville. Even this failed, business became so dull that the "slop shops" discharged their hands, and the regular tailors lessened the number of theirs more than two-thirds. Once more thrown upon the world, her means of support cut off, Mrs. St. Clairville looked anxiously about her, and as she watched the motions of her daughter, tears trickled down her cheeks, and the widow's heart came near bursting with grief. The sorrows of a widow are great. Winter was now setting in, the cold wind whistled around their humble dwelling, and gave the surest indication that nature did not intend to postpone the operations of her works, but that seasons should succeed seasons, and so on, until the great mass composing the fabric of the world should melt and pass away, and like the baseless texture of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.

About this time several societies existed in the city, purporting to be of a charitable order, many of them had grown rich, and the managers were among the wealthiest in the land. These institutions, established exclusively for the poor, and to promote their interests,—paradoxical as it may appear, actually swelled up their stock of worldly goods, bought real estate, give splendid dinners, and were looked upon as the sources of all comfort and relief to the widow and the orphan,—while in fact, the dependants upon the *supposed* bounty, became still poorer, more miserable and wretched, and many who trusted to their mode of relief, died under the task, actually from starvation! Reader, this is no overdrawn picture. The system adopted by these self-styled benevolent societies, was to put labor down to the lowest price, so as none but the most needy might apply, and for the making of a shirt, these Howards gave the enormous sum of ten cents! Many of the evils, which exist in all large cities, arise from the extreme low price of

wages—this, however, is one of those evils which a change in municipal power will correct. The people can always right a wrong. But when societies are established for the express purpose of reducing the price of labor, compelling the necessitous poor to accept their inquisitorial propositions, these we contend are evils of such magnitude, that the human mind can scarcely imagine a remedy; they are evils springing out of religious cant, and cloaked so fashionably, that the most sceptical doubt if such things actually exist in a community like ours. These, indeed, are evils which cannot be corrected—they are the canker worms of the heart, gnawing the vitals of the poor, and ultimately destroying life itself! *

Mrs. St. Clairville finding it impossible to support herself and child, pay house rent, and buy firewood by making shirts at ten cents, endeavored to procure a situation as a housekeeper. She was recommended to a lady with whom she engaged, but her sensitive mind shrank from the task. She now took rooms with a poor family, and thus lessening her expenses, she once more sought the society, related her situation, and again commenced the Herculean task of making the shirts at the prices purposely fixed by the society. The coldness of the weather increased, the snow lay upon the ground, and the hail of the winter night patted against the windows. There alone in their little room sat the widow and her child. Agnes was now old enough to be of much use

* Lest we should be accused of treating these *liberal* societies too severely, let the following extract from one of their printed reports, speak for us: *The Board purposely fixed the rate of wages at the lowest price, to prevent application from any one who could procure it elsewhere!!* In the same report was a statement of the account of the Society, amount of shirts on hand, money loaned to the rich—real estate, &c., which gave it a high character for wealth and respectability.

to her mother. It is true they had little or no wood; scarcely bread enough in the house to keep hunger away, and as the eyes of the parent rested on the pale cheek of the child, a deep sigh escaped her, and tears—angels' visits to a wounded heart—came to her relief.

"Dear mother, what makes you so unhappy?" asked the trembling child, who alas! knew but too well the source of her mother's grief, but was anxious to lead her into conversation for the purpose of diverting her thoughts from the reflection of it.

"You ask me to tell you what you know already. Look around, my child—look in that broken glass, and see the reflection of your own pale cheek, look at your mother—then ask what makes me unhappy."

"True, mother, we are poor."

"Poor, child! poverty I can endure, wretchedness and squalid misery, but it is not for them, but thee my daughter, these tears flow; what will become of you, when I am dead and gone. It is the thought of that which haunts me ever!"

"Dear mother, why torment yourself thus.—Cannot I make a shirt? look here at these stitches, are they not true? and have I not just read, that they have established a society where they give the poor soup, and a good fire, for the mere working all day!"

"Yes, my child, this reads well in the paper, but look on the other side of the picture. This society was established, as stated, to benefit the suffering poor. But how? we go to their room in the morning—where, it is true, there is a comfortable fire—we sit down, and work at a quilt, for which when completed, they get two dollars, for the cost to them is only the fire and the soup, which may be fairly

estimated at about five cents a head. This, my child, is called benefitting the poor!"

"But do they not pay, mother?"

"I have already told you the payment for a day's labor; ah, my child, little does the public know or care of such matters. For the poor there is no sympathy—their sufferings are their own."

"Their motives may be good, mother."

"No motive, child, can be truly good that would operate against the suffering poor. Religion is thus trifled with, the widow and the orphan insulted, and the proud and the arrogant looked upon by the unthinking as saints, when in fact they are—but no matter, let us strive, my child, to live without appealing to them; what was the reply of Elder Jones, when I applied to the Church for assistance? It was that the decoration of the pulpit cost over six hundred dollars, and that there was no money in the treasury. These facts, my child, give me more uneasiness than any thing else, for if the followers of Christ forsake us in our misery, and the institutions established to benefit us, speculate upon our industry, to whom are we to apply?"

"To Him, mother, you have so often taught me to pray to, and who will not forsake those who put their trust in his power."

"Right, my child. To that being let us apply in our hour of distress, and as this is a moment of sore trial, without food—without fuel, let the widow and the orphan offer up their fervent prayers to His throne." The widow knelt down, with her daughter by her side, and prayed to the Most High, the only head of the church, the one and the only true God, Jehovah Lord of Hosts.

The storm raged without—the wind howled fearfully

around their lonely dwelling, and yet, though hungered, and sorely afflicted in mind, the widow slept soundly, for her faith was strong in the Lord.*

CHAPTER II.

"What is youth? a smiling sorrow,
Blithe to-day, and sad to-morrow."

MRS. ROBINSON.

The theatre was crowded, beauty and fashion filled the boxes, and glances from many a bright eye, blending with the rays from sparkling gems, mingling their light with the glare from numerous lamps, gave to the whole scene one of a rich and gorgeous appearance. Wealth was represented on this occasion; and were the poor forgotten? Yes! for when does fashion think of the needy and oppressed! Did those bright eyes but rest for a moment on a suffering family, emaciated from the want of food—children trembling with cold, beneath an old coverlet, and muttering for food, in their unquiet sleep; could these bright eyes have glanced on such a scene, would they have beamed as happy and joyous? For the sake of humanity we answer, no! The human heart is the centre of kind feelings, and it is the curse of a modern system of education, to which alone can be attributed all the coldness and insensibility which are engendered there. Wealth and poverty can never assimilate, but why

* "I visited a widow woman in Third street above Poplar lane, who had been sick for a long time. Her domicil presented a most wretched appearance. No fuel, and of course deprived of many of the necessaries of life. A little girl, her daughter, was her only nurse, and for three weeks the poor woman and child lived on nothing but rye flour! She had strived, and is still striving, to earn enough to buy bread by making shirts at *ten cents per piece!!* A poor pittance for labor." *Vide Rev. John Street's Report for December*, 1844.

should wealth despise it? Ask the heart that beats beneath silk and satin, and the true answer will be given.

Among the most gay and fashionable on this occasion, was Alfred Clement. He was the only child of a wealthy merchant, who, so busily engaged in commercial pursuits, left his son to the full enjoyment of his means and time. Upon his actions this was no restraint; Alfred, however, was a noble, generous youth. Although scarcely nineteen he had already attained high academic honors. He had none of the vices of the age, or its follies. He was fond of sport, still more fond of theatres, but his visits to them were not made for the pnrpose of displaying his person in the lobbies, but to hear and appreciate the "cunning" of the histrionic art. Alfred was a critic, one upon whose judgment older heads would rely, and his remarks upon dramatic literature, and acting, were ever listened to with the most profound attention. If Alfred had a fault, it was one his parent was alone responsible for, and that was he had no occupation; a profession his father despised, and the counting-house was beneath the notice of the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. Hence, he had to seek for excitement in a busy round of pleasure, affording it is true all the enjoyment for youth, without any of the advantages calculated to benefit him in the great future. This was a most grievous oversight on the part of his only surviving parent, and one which entailed all the misery upon his son's head which we have yet to record.

After the performance was over, Alfred, having lost in the crowd those who accompanied him to the theatre, started for home alone. It was a cold night in the month of December. Heavy clouds were careering through the sky, and there was every indication of a snow storm. The moon, now in its full, ever and anon, darted forth her rays

through the vacuum of the clouds, and made the dreariness of the streets more visible. Their long desolate perspective views extending as far as the eye could reach, were only relieved by the passing of an occasional wanderer, and the silence broken by the distant toll of a bell, or the more disagreeable howling of a discontented dog. Although not late, the extreme coldness of the night kept the citizens within doors, and those who ventured out were the few whom the fascinations of a theatre, or the ball room, had won from their comfortable homes and quiet firesides.

Alfred walked hastily along the streets, wrapped in his cloak, and little heeding the whistling wind, nor did he notice one or two persons that passed him whose unsteady steps, and thinly clad persons plainly told a tale of nightly wassail, and deep debauch. Just as he reached the corner of Spruce and Fifth streets, he felt some one pull at his cloak; turning suddenly around to ascertain the cause, he nearly upset the person who had endeavored thus to attract his attention, and fearful of her falling he caught her in his arms, and begging her pardon, kindly asked what she wanted. The individual he addressed was a girl, apparently not more than fourteen years of age, she was thinly though cleanly clad. Her pale but intellectual countenance, emaciated form, retiring manner, plainly indicated that poverty, not crime, was the cause of her present and to Alfred extraordinary behavior. In a voice feeble and faltering, she stated that her mother was sick and actually dying for the want of food, and begged him to afford her some relief. The plaintive tones in which she spoke—the scene—the time—the place, all had a wonderful effect upon the sensitive youth, who, prompted only by the feelings of humanity, which had never yet been so excited as they were at this moment, he requested the trembling petitioner to lead him

immediately to her mother's residence. The distance was not great, and as they walked along but few words passed between them, until they reached the humble dwelling of the widow, the door of which being opened by his guide, they passed through a little dark room, at the extremity of which a staircase led them to the second story landing, having two doors opening into separate rooms; into one of them the girl ushered Alfred. On a wretched bed lay the victim of stern misfortune; sickness had nearly performed its task; she was the impersonation of want and starvation!

"Dear mother," exclaimed the daughter—as she rushed to the bed side—"I have brought you a friend."

"Ah! my child, friendship can do but little now!"

"Say not so, madam," replied Alfred, "while there is life there's hope, and I have ample means of providing for your comfort, and we will see if something cannot be done to ameliorate your situation."

"Ah! sir, you are kind, but the wants of the suffering poor, are not always remembered by those who have the means to relieve them."

"True, madam; but there are few rich men who would turn away their head, and close up the avenues of the heart against such an appeal as this. I will return shortly, madam, and convince you that there is, at least, one who will not forsake, though he *may* have neglected the suffering poor." So saying, Alfred abruptly left the room.

"Who is that stranger, Agnes? and how came he here?"

"Pardon me, dear mother, for doing what desperation has driven me to; I met this gentleman in the street, and begged —aye, mother, begged, that is the word—the means of procuring food and medicine for you, for without them you

must die, and what then will become of your poor heart-broken child?"

"And has it come to this? approach me, my child—kiss your mother; it is for her you have encountered this night's storm, it is for her you have become a wanderer and a beggar. But beware, Agnes; there is danger, far worse danger to be apprehended. Poverty is looked upon by the rich as a crime, and its votaries the creatures of vice; beware, my child; the stranger you have encountered is young, and from his appearance wealthy,—he may have motives for generous acts, which your innocent heart cannot fathom; motives, child, which, while they please those of your age, alarm and distress the heart of a parent."

"And do you think, mother, that this young man deems me a creature of vice?"

"No, my child, he seems one more likely to act from the impulse of a moment; as yet he has scarcely seen your face, and if he had, the pallid hue, and sunken eye, could have but little charm to attract the vilest libertine. Thus beauty pales beneath the magic wand of want, and like the tender flower placed within the influence of the poisonous upas tree, withers, dies, and falls to the earth, a wretched worthless thing; like it, my child, we are doomed!"

"Dear mother, talk not so; this young man *must* be one of those of whom I have heard you speak, his looks are gentle and mild—his words kind and affectionate, and, mother, I am not a child?" These words were uttered in a low plaintive tone of voice; the head fell upon the breast, and the exhausted Agnes threw herself weeping into her mother's arms. Here was a picture for the rich proud man. Oh! could they who roll in wealth, witness but one scene like this, how much better would they be as men and christians. The door of the heart would be opened by the

hand of pity, and better, kinder, and more holier feelings gain admission there!

Agnes in expectation of the return of the young stranger, commenced placing the little articles of furniture in something like order; the task was not a hard one, two chairs, a table, a looking glass, the plate of which was cracked, a work stand, endeavoring to support itself on three legs, a picture of our Saviour bearing the cross, and a sampler worked by herself, composed the whole of their worldly gear. Having arranged the things to her liking, she gave one look to the bed, sighed as her eyes rested on the pale death-like features of her mother—then seating herself on a little stool at the foot of the bed, she burst into a flood of tears. What a treasure to a heart oppressed are tears, they come up from the hidden cells of grief, the dewy messengers of hope. Or as the poet expresses it:—

"In tears the heart oppressed with grief,
Gives language to its woes;
In tears its fullness finds relief,
When rapture's tide o'erflows!"

Those who have experienced the miseries we have in part so fully drawn, and which are ever attendant upon suffering virtue, can sympathise with the lone Agnes, while she awaited the coming of one, upon whom depended the life of a kind and affectionate parent. It was like the pause of death ere he makes his spring upon the flickering ray of life, to put it out forever; silence reigned in the wretched apartment, only broken by the occasional whisper of the winter wind.

"Perhaps," Agnes muttered to herself, "perhaps he will not return. Can he deceive us, and trifle with our misery? No," and as she dwelt upon the beauty, and benevolent expression of his face, she blamed herself for wronging him even by mere suspicion. Agnes was young.

Love to a heart like hers was but the whisper of angel's thought; the chords which vibrate in a virgin's bosom, are those of nature, and are tuned by an Almighty hand! Yet would she think of the youth, and picture him as he stood and gazed upon her, when she first accosted him in the street; those features so distinctly seen by the light of the lamp, as it poured its rays down upon them, were constantly before her, and as she dwelt upon them, a shudder passed over her feeble frame, at the wild thoughts, and the deep imaginations of her heart. These are fearful dreams in youth, they become in time realities! Hark! what sounds are those? She sprang from her little stool, and gazing from the window she noticed the arrival of a coach, the door of which being opened by the driver, two persons got out, and presently they were heard ascending the stairs. Need we picture the scene that followed this visit? need we describe the feelings of both mother and child, when in the person of the aged gentleman they recognized one of our most celebrated physicians. The heart of Agnes was glad, not for herself, but for one who was dearer to her than life itself. One event in that night of sorrow, of pain, and of pleasure, had more effect upon Agnes than had all the kindness and grateful attention which had been shown them. Time in its onward course could never erase it, it was impressed upon the tablet of memory, and would only die with it. It was this:—After the doctor had left the room, and the widow had fallen into a gentle slumber, the effect of a simple opiate, Alfred had drawn a chair near to where Agnes sat, and taking her hand he held it between his own, and looking calmly, mildly upon her pale face, he thus spoke:

"Your sorrows are now ended, for from this moment I look upon myself as your guardian and protector. I have

been wild and reckless, it is true; the misfortunes of others, were to me as lessons yet to learn; you have taught me one of them, you have turned over a new leaf in my book of life, you are the preceptor of my heart, to you, gentle, kind, as you are, I owe this new existence. The world since yesterday has changed—that which was all sunshine, all brightness, now appears to me as a delusive light; the dark shadows of the world to me were unknown, yet I find beneath their sombre hue, their exists beings like ourselves, suffering, intellectual, and beautiful. The poor are the fairies of the land, and to seek out their haunts, to administer to their wants, and to learn from them lessons of truth and virtue, shall hereafter be my duty."

"You almost make me fond of poverty to hear you talk thus," replied Agnes; but altering her tone of voice, and casting her eyes around the little room, she continued, "and yet, sir, it has its evils, there are no fairies here."

"Be not too sure of that." The manner of Alfred was respectful, but as his eyes rested upon the beautiful face, and the delicate form of the child, the words he uttered fully conveyed their meaning to her to whom they were applied.

"It has not always been thus with me. When father lived we were rich and happy; we resided in a large house, had a garden full of most beautiful flowers—coach and servants, but they have all passed away, as have the friends who feasted upon his bounty. They do not know us now!"

"Indeed—and your father—"

"Has long been dead; *we* are alone in the world—for who cares for the poor?

"Lovely, angelic creature, let me call you sister, so child-like, and yet so intelligent, will you be my sister?"

"*Would that I had a brother!*"

"I will be unto you, Agnes, as one."

CHAPTER III.

"Thou art but in life's morning, and as yet
The world looks witchingly."

BARTON.

During the whole of this interview the feelings of the young people, were unusally excited. It was the excitement produced by a sympathy of thoughts and ideas; it was the throbbing of two pure hearts in unison. Alfred never dreamt of love. The pale child of sorrow before him appeared more like a being of another world, and he felt a reverence for her. The soul of Agnes in its purity, loved the youth for what he had done for her suffering parent, and for the words he had so kindly spoken. The love of a maiden apart from passion, is like that of the angels:

"Whose beginnings are virginly pure."

That night the widow's sleep was calm. That night Agnes slept not. The light of the great world for the first time had beamed upon her heart. The past was like a dream. The future,

* * * * * *

The book of life is open to all, but alas! how few read its pages. The human heart is like unto a book, leaf after leaf is turned over, and it is not until some striking passage attracts attention, that the mind becomes fixed upon it. Agnes had now reached that page in her life's history. She loved, wildly loved. Alfred's image was ever before her. His voice and words dwelt upon her memory like the dreams of the past.—His form in all its manly beauty arose before her, and when he visited them, which was often, and took her hand, the touch was like magic. He had, unknown

to himself, thrown around her a charmed circle, within it she was like one enchanted. Her heart and its pulsations she could not read; it was fathomless. She had thoughts, but they were new and strange, yet undefined; she felt that she loved him not as a brother, but of a character her virgin thoughts could give no name. It was wild and fitful, making her feel at one moment happy, the next most wretched. In his presence she was sad and pensive, his lively conversation had a charm that wooed her tongue to silence; she listened only, and as he descanted on the amusements of the city, the balls, the soirees, the theatres, her little heart leaped with joy, and yet she had no wish to participate in them.

Mrs. St. Clairville had now recovered her health, and once more, although under different circumstances, she resorted to the needle, and assisted by Agnes, and the influence of Alfred to procure them linen work, they were enabled to provide plentifully for all their wants, and occasionally to indulge in recreations that were of a character calculated to improve, not corrupt the mind.

The theatres, at the period we speak of, were not as they appear to us now; the stage was looked upon then, as the medium through which the beauties of the poet were conveyed to us. Actors then were educated men, and finished artists. The drama, if properly appreciated, and a theatre well conducted, we look upon as the most pleasing auxiliaries to render our passage through life not only agreeable but highly instructive. What a change, however, has taken place in our stage history since the palmy days of Cooper, Warren, Jefferson, Blissett, Duff, and others. Pieces produced then were calculated to please the intellectual; now, managers have to cater for the lowest, and fashion their dishes for such appetites, as have never been accustomed to higher

seasoned viands, than the *Bloody Bayonet, King of the Mist*, and such like monstrosities. Nor was it the fashion then to announce the engagement of a star, and qualify his claims to the public attention by announcing that he had signed the temperance pledge; which literally translated means, that he will appear on the stage *sober!* such *was* not the state of the drama when Mrs. St. Clairville, with her daughter under her arm, could visit the theatre, and take their seats in the pit. The mother was one of those who looked upon all amusements of a rational character as so many bright suns to light us on our passage through life; and although, these visits were few still they had a tendency to relieve the monotony of their lives, and afford that relaxation to the mind which is so essential to health. Mrs. St. Clairville had read much, and fully understood the philosophy of our nature: it was that knowledge which rather promotes our happiness in a moral point of view, than adds to the worldly comforts in the physical relations of life; but he who values the benefits derived from mental happiness will scarcely envy the bloated votary who lives only for self, and the gratification of his vitiated taste.

We now approach a new era in the history of the several characters we have introduced to our readers, and must apologize for the abrupt manner with which we take leave of them here, and bring them forward again after a lapse of six years, upon the stage, under very different circumstances.

CHAPTER IV.

"The needy man who has known better days."—HOME.

The publication office of the Literary Small Fry, was one of those splendid establishments, which an immense cir-

culation, fully justified the proprietor in supporting. Several clerks were busily engaged at their respective desks, and two men kept constantly employed in folding and directing the periodical in question to the respective addresses of the subscribers. The immense circulation of the Small Fry was, in a great measure, owing to a system of puffing, practised by the editors, and not, as many imagine, from the intellectuality, and character of its reading matter. Destitute and half starved talented writers were engaged, whose productions were bought at a price that would have shamed the ballad writers of Europe. Thus the human mind was wrought upon in its necessity, to furnish the means of swelling up the fortunes of the speculator, and if at any time an article of mediocre character was offered, written by some popular man, it was smuggled into its columns by a process in the art of humbugging, which we regret to state, constitutes the ground work of many of our crack periodicals.

Seated by a table, covered with manuscripts and books, sat one of the proprietors, who also acted as chief editor. He was evidently engaged in some important piece of composition, for ever and anon, his brows contracted, and the lip curled as if he felt the lash of criticism, with which he was belaboring some poor wight whose productions were of a superior character to his own; criticism predicated on jealousy, emanating from a weak mind, is perhaps the most fulsome species of writing in the whole range of literature. The entrance of a young man withdrew his attention from the task upon which he was evidently *laboring*, and as he requested the visitor to take a seat, a scowl of bitter feelings passed over his countenance, which he evidently struggled to contain within the compass of common decency and respect.

"Have you perused my MS., sir," was the question asked by the stranger.

"I have, but cannot give you the price asked."

"Fifteen dollars, sir, is but a small compensation for th labor it has cost me."

"Labor, sir, now-a-days, is not paid in proportion to the tasks performed."

"Physical labor, I admit, is not, but the fruits of mind, the labor of the brain, should at least receive as much. I ask no more, I assure you, sir; I have been two weeks constantly employed upon it, and, to be candid, my necessities compel me to beg; aye sir, that is the word, that you will decide upon it at once."

"We are inundated with tales; here, sir, are six for which I paid but five dollars each."

"Probably sir, they are not worth even that. They cannot have been written by men of education."

"That, sir, matters not; men of education seldom stand upon trifles, and let me tell you sir, there are talented men in this city, so poor that they cannot afford to buy themselves a decent coat!"

"I believe you, sir," and the poor scholar cast his eyes over his thread-bare garments, and a tear started into his eye. "I believe you, for although I do not lay claim to scholarship, yet I am in the situation you have described."

"I did not mean to offend, but such I assure you is the fact, and as regards the character of the tales in question, the reputation of our magazine is so well established, that we can afford to give our subscribers occasionally an inferior article for their money. But as your story really does bear the impress of genius and the finish of a master hand, I will in consideration of your throwing in your poem on Creation, give you ten dollars for it; say the word."

"It is yours, sir; my necessity alone prompts me to receive so small a pittance, for two weeks close and incessant labor."

Having received the money, the young man left the office.

Reader!—The poor scholar was Alfred Clement. Six years had worked a wonderful change. His father had entered into speculations deep and dangerous, the result of which was a total failure. He died of grief, occasioned as much by the sneers and scoffs of his friends, as that of the actual loss of all his property. He left an only son, Alfred, with high and lofty notions, looking forward to the great world as the arena to display that wealth he imagined his father was treasuring up for him, and wherein he could display all those rare accomplishments which nature and education had invested him with. But alas! these bright dreams faded away—the news of his father's failure reached him while travelling in Italy—it came over his heart like the fatal Simoom, laying all bare, and scathing it to its very core. He left the sunny clime with feelings none can describe. They were his own. He reached Philadelphia, the place of his birth, to find all desolate at home—to meet the cool nod of former friends, and the frowns of those whom his father's folly had involved in difficulties, from which many never extricate themselves. What was he to do? In vain he applied for a situation, he had no business habits, and the merchants *thought* him too proud to learn. The Press was his only resource; he applied to the editor of a weekly gazette, who knew his father, and as the paper had but a limited circulation, his salary was small. In a short time, this hebdomadal failed, and once more was Alfred thrown upon the world. He had taken lodgings in the lower part of the city; cheap as they were he found great difficulty to raise the money, and it was for that very purpose, that he sacrificed the story to the mean and avaricious editor of the Small Fry, as already related. It was a tribute of genius,

at the shrine of ignorance. His tread was more firm as he wended his way home. The money would satisfy his kind old landlady, and thus he could look forward for another month—one little month of bought peace.

Alone in his humble chamber, he meditated on the past; he thought of that night when he first met little Agnes. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "what has become of her? No one can tell. Did she but know how time has changed my fortunes, would not her pure heart grieve? Sweet child, I loved thee then—love thee now! perhaps," and his heart sickened at the thought, "reverses may have overtaken them again—and again, thrown the poor widow on the bed of sickness, with no resource but the delicate Agnes, and to whom now could she apply? The thought was maddening, and he determined that another day should not pass over his head without making strict inquiry to ascertain if possible if they were in the city.

To write for the public press—dependent on the whims and caprices of an editor, is, perhaps, one of the most uncertain and precarious modes of procuring a livelihood that the human mind can conceive, or necessity drive a man to adopt. Literature is not an article of traffic; it is the offspring of genius, not of art; hence its offerings are made to the intellect, not the passions of men, for which, unfortunately, less interest is excited, and, of course, the sale is in accordance only with the demands.

Alfred knew this, and as he sat beside the midnight lamp, poring over musty pages to seek knowledge for the purpose of administering to his worldly wants, his heart sank within him. He looked forward in the vain hope, that his productions would command a better price, and he once more assiduously applied himself to his task.

Time winged its flight, unheedful of the misery it was

heaping upon the heads of the thousands whom misfortunes, not crime, had reduced to the lowest ebb of poverty; they lived on, while time rolled by them, misery and gaunt hunger sat by the road-side, and smiled ghastly at the winged car as it passed them, adding another wrinkle to their already furrowed brow.

The story was finished, and a beautiful one it was. The female character was drawn with a fervor and passion, which, as it called forth admiration, tended to excite the finer feelings of the heart to love and appreciate it the more. It portrayed woman in the brightest colors; beautiful thoughts culled from a rich and fervid imagination, were all enlisted to describe a truly virtuous and accomplished female, for there are many such in this wicked world of ours, and whenever we have met them they always appeared to us more of heavenly than of earthly kin. Alfred loved; and none but a lover can describe, and truly paint the object of his adoration. Imagination may do something for the coloring, but the outlines are generally true to nature.

With eager steps and palpitating heart he once more sought the mart for the sale of the "mind's labor." He again stood before the conceited editor, an humble supplicant. He was, literally speaking, *genius in rags* standing before ignorance in satin. No friendly smile, or kind welcome greeted him; no ready hand presented him a chair. He stood "biding his time," to receive the humble price for his literary labor, or have it thrown back upon his hands, with a shrug of the shoulder, and the stereotyped reply, "we have piles of manuscripts on hand, and scarcely time to read them." Whatever might have been the result of the learned editor's comments, (and no doubt they would have thrown some considerable light upon the obscurity of letters, and the great cause of their declension in the nineteenth century,) it is

impossible to imagine, for at that moment the eyes of Alfred rested on a female form standing beside the counter, looking over some splendid albums. Her position was such that he could not get a view of her face, but such a form he had seen before; such a figure, though more diminutive, was sketched upon the tablets of his memory; time had not obliterated it; it was there indelibly, fresh as if just from the hand of the great master—it was the form of one his mind had dwelt upon in his adversity—dreamt of in the days of his wealth, and still remembered when other and brighter things had faded away. Could it be Agnes? Years had passed since they had last met, and he had never been able to obtain any information in relation to her. And to find her thus! for, judging from her appearance, the carriage waiting at the door, servants in attendance, she must be wealthy. Perhaps wedded! "Gracious heavens!" was his mental exclamation;—"can it be so? The being I have worshipped, the child that I rescued and loved! wedded! No—no—and yet it must be so."

Agnes and Alfred had parted at a period in their lives, when love, as yet, was undefined. Their positions in society were the antipodes to each other. She the daughter of a destitute widow, he the son of an opulent merchant. He thought not of that, the mother did. They parted as children part, loving as children love—blending its soft and pleasing influence with the shadows romance cast over its early dream. But months, nay, years, passed away; the girl budded into womanhood; the boy yielded to the man. Agnes still treasured the image of her preserver, and he thought of her. The reverse of fortune came; he returned home from his tour poor and destitute. He sought Agnes in her humble home, but found her not. She and her mother had gone no one could tell whither.

"I will wait upon you, sir," spoke the editor, addressing Alfred.

"I will attend to you, sir," was repeated; still were the eyes of the astonished young man riveted upon the form before him.

"Do you hear, sir?" recalled him to his senses; he turned around and bowed to the man of business, and abruptly answered: "Not now, sir—some other time; I am not well; with your permission I will sit."

"I have no objection to your sitting, sir; but I consider your manner as somewhat offensive; my customers are not to be stared out of countenance."

"Sir, do you address me? I—I stare, at whom?"

"That lady, sir."

"Well, sir, I will gaze upon that lady, aye! until my eyes crack."

"I think you cracked already," muttered the editor.

"If I could gain but a glance—one look and I am satisfied —would she but turn her head."

"I think your head turned, young man." With this expression, uttered with all the malignant feelings of his nature, the man of business moved toward where the lady stood.

The voice—it was Agnes's voice—it sounded upon the ear as soft and as plaintive as it did on that night of storm and cold, when it came o'er his soul like a whisper from the skies—so pure—so tender—so heaven-like. It was Agnes; that face so beautiful, those eyes so bright—Agnes, rich, and, oh God, perhaps wedded! These wild thoughts rushed o'er the brain, and his eyes grew dim, and all that was around and about him seemed as if they were fading away into night. He felt a sudden chill at his heart, and overcome with his emotions he fell back into the chair. He dared not

address her. His garments were threadbare, hers rich and costly. What a contrast! She left the shop—he followed. She reached the carriage—her foot was on the step—she looked back, her eyes rested upon him, at least he thought so—the head was again turned, the door closed, and the carriage was gone. Did she recognize him? No, no; for there was no emotion, no alteration was visible in that sweet countenance. He followed the carriage; it stopped in front of a splendid mansion in Walnut Street. A silver plate told the tale,—wealth had flowed in upon them, for on that plate was the name of St. Clairville. Alfred lingered around the spot, almost unconscious that he had existence,—all was chaos.

"Could I but ascertain something in relation to them,—who can inform me?" A small grocery on the opposite corner. "I will inquire there." The information received was: that Mrs. St. Clairville was a rich widow, with an only daughter, and that daughter unmarried.

Who they were, what they were, the man knew nothing. They had just arrived, he understood, from Europe, where they had gone to take possession of some property bequeathed them by the uncle of the young lady. Alfred heard enough. Fate had now done its worst: nothing on earth was left him but to die. She was far, far above him, and his pride would not permit him to seek her now and renew an acquaintance which might result in his being shunned, or, what was worse, treated with coolness. Little did he dream—but let us not anticipate.

CHAPTER V.

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."—MOORE.

"Are we not one? are we not joined by heaven."—ROWE.

THAT night no sleep visited the eyes of the wretched Alfred. He endeavored to keep down the feelings of the heart, by drawing upon his imagination for subjects to em bellish a tale. Pen, ink, and paper were thrown aside—the one subject was paramount, and he at last yielded to its power, and for the rest of the night his mind dwelt upon the object of his love. He had visited her in her days of poverty, and was a welcome guest.

But how would he be received now, that she was surrounded by wealth, and of course many friends. May she not have changed? Would she now look upon him as she did then? Would not her pride—her pride!—revert to other scenes, and contrast the brightness of his career then to the obscurity and darkness of his fate now? He was then the cynosure of all; now alas! the observed of none. These reflections nearly maddened him, and he walked the floor until the red streaks of the morning sun awoke created things to life and action.

His pale cheek attracted the attention of his kind hostess, the good Mrs. Ellis, and to her question if he were sick, he sighed and replied: "Only at the heart."

The morning was a lovely one, and as he inhaled the fresh breeze it cooled the fever of his brain, and fanned his cheeks with its perfumed breath, allaying the burning heat

that coursed its way through his veins. Nature after all is our best nurse, her very silence heals the wounded spirit, and the genial influence of its pure air strengthens and invigorates the exhausted frame. Alfred felt much better after he had walked several squares, and feeling as if he could renew the task of writing his new romance, he turned again towards his home. Home!—had he a home? Yes, the little garret to him was as a palace.—There mind exalted itself above the grosser things of earth, and made all around subservient to its power. Mind is the monarch of the universe, and wherever it exercises its power, true happiness is alone to be found. Alfred was happy in his garret, mental excitement made him so. But he was miserable beyond its precincts.

There is in the world a chain connecting as it were, the chords of the human heart. It is true a vibration or shock acts differently upon each. Yet, there is a sympathy that harmonizes, and by a mysterious process, carries along its lengthened chain the feelings and the sensations of the one to the other—and thus, mingling together in a silent, and holy communion, lulls all those various passions, which agitate and fret the human breast. We might dilate upon this subject, and as metaphysical as it may appear, convince the most sceptical of the existence of such a principle in the philosophy of nature, but as our story would not be benefited by the digression, we pass on.

Some such sensations, as we have described in Alfred, must have been experienced by Agnes, for when she returned home, her spirits had undergone a change. She was sad, and could not account for the feeling. Nothing had vexed her. She had visited two benevolent societies, one of which her mother had established, and which gave for labor a proper price, and was calculated to benefit and not

distress the poor, like some we have already alluded to. Her heart was gladdened at the sight she witnessed, and the remembrance of what her mother had told her in relation to other societies was well calculated to make her feel proud of this one, at the head of which the name of her beloved parent stood conspicuous.

"Mother, dear mother," she exclaimed, after taking off her bonnet and shawl, "I feel sick at heart, every thing has gone wrong; I feel depressed; the more I think of Alfred, and his mysterious silence, the more am I perplexed. He is poor—I know he is; those who were his friends have forsaken him, and we—*we*, mother, treat him cruelly. He is in distress, he must be, else we should have heard of, or from him. To-day while at the office of the Literary Magazine I felt as if he stood near me—it was a strange feeling; but I could not master it. Did he but know that I am rich, how happy I should be!"

"And if he did, child, do you think he would call, should he be poor?"

"That's it, mother! his pride would not let him, and yet he might—for he would see those he made happy in their hour of distress, and," muttering to herself, "unhappy too."

"Ah, my child, it is useless for you to disguise the fact, you love him still; years have not erased the impression he has made upon your innocent heart."

"No mother, not love,—that is, not all love—there is at least some gratitude due the man who was indeed a friend. I should like to see him, and relieve him if he were poor. Do you think he would refuse our offer?"

"Certainly he would—pride would prompt immediate refusal. It is a peculiar trait of the human heart, to expand and blossom for others' woes, and wither and shrink away

at its own. You must forget him, my child, he has purposely avoided us."

"Forget him! never!" and as she spoke tears came into her eyes, and she wept.

With a silent and stealthy tread Mrs. St. Clairville left the room, and a few moments afterwards was seen to quit the house.

A mother's heart who can portray? who can picture its emotions, or describe its feelings? It is the concentration of all that is fond and affectionate. It is the altar of true religion, before which even sceptics bow. A mother's heart is an attribute of deity, one of the bright gems from the diadem of heaven!—

> "In a mother's love
> There is tenderness; the thousand chords,
> Woven with every fibre of the heart,
> Complain like delicate harp-strings at a breath."

So says Willis—and many a beautiful thought, and poetic expression, owe their existence to that delightful writer.

Mrs. St. Clairville had watched her child for years, and it was no difficult matter for her to detect the cause of her silent grief. She therefore soon ascertained that love for Alfred was the cause, and for the purpose of promoting that daughter's happiness she had, unknown to her, been actively engaged several weeks in the vain endeavor to ascertain if he was in the city. She had engaged two or three persons for that purpose, and the cause of her abrupt departure from the house, as stated above, was to call upon one who had promised to find him if in the city, although he might have changed his name, as the man observed: "These kind of gentle folks, pride themselves so much on family, that they would not have their names coupled with poverty; it is all nonsense, ma'am, I knows, but still they do change

'em, and that is the reason they escape those who are after them."

"I think, ma'am," said the man on whom she called, "I have him now, a young man out of elbows, answering your description to a T, lives with a Mrs. Ellis; he is studious like, writes for the newspapers, and makes books, and his name is Alfred."

"Alfred Clement?"

"Well, ma'am, there you have me at fault.—But Alfred is his name, and that is all I could learn."

"Mrs. Ellis! and where does she live?"

"She lives, ma'am, at No. 42 Queen Street."

Mrs. St. Clairville hesitated some time before she could make up her mind to visit Alfred; misfortune she knew well had fallen upon him heavily, and his pride kept him away. Her daughter's happiness was at stake, and there were reasons only known to herself, which fully satisfied her that Alfred loved Agnes. Her position, therefore, was a peculiar one. Their friend in the hour of distress was now poor, and would she stand upon idle ceremony or etiquette, when it was in her power to alleviate his sufferings? No! she resolved upon going, and having received the necessary information, she wended her way to the humble dwelling of Mrs. Ellis.

The evening was a lovely one, a gentle breeze came sweeping down the streets, and the hum of the bee in a neighboring garden, and the whistling of caged birds, in the vicinity of Alfred's dwelling, were calculated to make him as he sat at his window, feel most poignantly the sad reverse of his fortunes. He looked back upon the lingering past—retrospection brought up the festoons of the heart, as they hung around it in his days of wealth—they had withered now—faded—gone, and the intellectual—the high-minded

son of genius was desolate—solitary—alone, as it were, in the world! All had forsaken him—even she whom he loved; no—no—not her—how could he blame her, that knew not of the sadness and the misery which surrounded him; and if she did, would it be delicate to inform him that he still lived in her remembrance? So intensely was his mind engaged in these mental cogitations that he scarcely heeded the entrance of his kind landlady, Mrs. Ellis.

"Ah! my dear madam, is that you? be seated Mrs. Ellis; it is not often that you condescend to pay me a visit."

"It is your own fault, Mr. Alfred; you are ever poring over your books, and I feel loth to disturb you; but an old and very respectable lady, having left this note for you with an earnest desire that I would present it to you immediately, is the apology I have to make for interrupting your meditations now."

"For me—a note for me; thanks, dear Mrs. Ellis; let me see!—ah!" he exclaimed as he glanced his eyes over its contents, "they have not forgotten me." Mrs. Ellis having left the room, he read it carefully—it was worded thus:—"If Mr. Alfred Clement has not ceased to remember those he once was pleased to honor with his attention, and whose kindness of heart rescued from misery and want a suffering family, and placed them in a situation, not only to enjoy the comforts of life, but to obtain through his bounty, that fortune they now inherit, a knowledge of which could never have reached the obscurity in which poverty had placed them; if he has not entirely erased from his memory the name of Mrs. St. Clairville, she and her daughter, will be pleased to see him this evening at their house No. — Walnut street; or if he should be engaged, at any other time that may suit his convenience."

"How I have wronged her? Yes, they have been search-

ing for me, and how ungrateful, how selfish must I have appeared. Why have I not called upon them? Has poverty lessened me as a man? Has it deprived me of the privilege which the honest and the upright have a right to exercise! No! then why have I let poverty unman me! fool, idiot, am I not as good as Miss St. Clairville? Her equal in birth, as I have been in fortune? I will go and will assume that dignity my distresses may have lessened but not degraded; and henceforth I will be, (as all men should be who value honor more than lucre,) independent of the sneers and frowns of the inflated sons of aristocracy."

The State House clock had just struck eight, as Alfred ascended the steps of the dwelling of Mrs. St. Clairville—his hand trembled as he pulled the bell—the heavy tread of a servant—the opening of the door—the glare of light from an entry lamp—the sound of voices—all tended to render him still more nervous. The parlor door was opened, the splendor of which burst upon his sight in all its gorgeous hue. He stood for a moment gazing around him in admiration—"And this," he exclaimed, "is the home of Agnes!"—Alas! how changed—what a contrast. The servant having handed him a chair, left the room to announce his arrival to his mistress. He sat down on a splendid ottoman; his foot rested on a stool made of rose wood, covered with plush.—He felt at home—there was nothing awkward in his manners, for he had been accustomed to such scenes, and with the ease, and elegance of a gentleman, he quietly awaited the approach of Agnes. His eye, as it wandered around the room became rivetted upon a superb painting—the subject was familiar. Could it be reality? The story was a simple one as conveyed to the mind through the medium of the pencil. It represented a young girl in the street—time night—and the ground covered with snow; her de-

licate limbs only partly protected from the cold blast, she was looking up into the face of a youth, whose countenance resembled his own. Strange! could it be possible. "And has she thought of me!" he ejaculated—"thought of me amid the glare of fortune, and the flattery of the world—thought of that night of storm and tempest, and associated me with those thoughts—Yes! the poor heart-broken Alfred has one friend, and that friend—"

"Is here!"—He started up—the voice so near him, so soft, so tender, struck upon his heart, and called up the image of one never to be forgotten—he turned around—there stood before him in the rich light from innumerable lamps, the most beautiful creature he ever beheld—it was Agnes! but oh! how lovely did she appear—he gazed in admiration—he could not speak, but instinctively as it were, he took her hand, pressed it to his lips, and fell back upon the seat he had just arisen from, completely overcome with the revulsion of his feelings. "Pardon me, Agnes—Miss St. Clairville I mean—pardon me, I am not as I was; I have become so sensitive that the least excitement unmans me, and to meet you thus, and to find you kind——."

"And why not, Alfred? would you monopolize all the kindness in the world to yourself.—Talk of kindness, it is too cold a word; gratitude, the deepest, the most profound, is what this heart must ever feel for one whom that dark hour——"

"Speak not of that—look at me, Agnes! look at these pallid cheeks—look at my habiliments, so ill befitting a room like this—look, if you can, into this almost broken heart, and it will tell you a tale of sorrow and of wo, equal to the wildest that the imagination has ever conceived. When that dark cloud rested on your peace, you were but a child; the sorrows of the young are not like those of the more ad-

vanced. Youth in distress cannot feel so intensely as age; to the first, it is a gloomy, cheerless kind of novelty without its charm—to the latter it is the worm that gnaws the heart, and tortures as it feeds.

"True, I was then but a child, but I have not forgotten that scene, and amid all the various changes since, it has ever been uppermost; although fortune has smiled upon me, it never could erase the remembrance of that night, and your subsequent kindness."

"And yet, Agnes—for so I must still call you—did you but know how I have treasured some wild thoughts, and dwelt upon the image of a child, and followed it in imagination to womanhood. How, when in a foreign land, I panted for the hour of my return, with the wild hope of meeting one so dear to me; and when I did return to meet poverty, to find the friends I valued distant and heartless, and the one I most loved gone, no one knew whither."

"And did you love, Alfred? I—I never suspected you loved?"

"It was adoration, Agnes—the being I worshipped was ever worthy of my affection—but she is lost to me forever."

"Where is she, Alfred?"

"It matters not—I am poor now—houseless—penniless!"

"You are not penniless, no! Tell me, Alfred, did the object of your love return your affection? If she still lives, and loves, half my fortune is yours, you shall be my brother—your wife my sister—for your happiness, Alfred, I will yield up all I possess, and go now to assist in the search of one so dear to you." As she spoke her voice faltered, her eyes filled with tears, and as Alfred caught her hand and pressed it once more in his, she smiled as one in grief smiles.

"Why should I withhold the name of her I love—I will

not; look up, beloved one!—it is not that I was once rich—am poor—it is not that; but still misfortune has soured my temper, disappointment chilled my heart—incessant labour paled my cheek, yet that is nothing—time will change all things—but why disguise it, Agnes—here—aye here in your splendid mansion, surrounded as you are with wealth, friends, and influence, the poor youth, who indites a story for a morsel of bread, whose whole fortune is in his brains, dares to tell you, though you spurn him, that he loved you as a child in poverty, and intended to have offered you his hand, and fortune, on his return from Europe. There is my father's letter, giving his sanction to my marriage—written, Agnes—look at the date—written when you were poor, and I accounted rich; the reverse is now the case."

"Alfred—Alfred, I never knew this."

"You know it now; spurn me if you like; call up your servants, bid them turn the beggar out, let the imprudent lover, the poor suitor feel the last pang misfortune has to inflict."

"Alfred, *dear* Alfred, I do not deserve this!"

"Dear Alfred—and this to me?"

"Yes, and from this moment, and forever, the only object dear to my heart!"

"Agnes my beloved, and is there such happiness in store for me? The wild dreams in my dark hours of poverty are realized. Come to my arms, and let this our first kiss, seal the bond that makes you mine for life."

Considerable excitement was occasioned by the announcement of the marriage of the rich heiress Miss St. Clairville, with a poor writer for a literary paper, and it is said, the *learned* editor of a certain periodical, was heard to declare that he would willingly give the fortunate husband one hundred dollars if he would only write a tale for his magazine. So goes the world—and so ends our story.

LEAF TWENTIETH.

mother's love, what on earth is stronger than a mother's ? what compare with that affection which clings to the ɔt through years, and follows it through good and evil rt, nor ever forsakes it, until the grave shuts it out, even the parental tear is shed on the cold clods, and gives o the wild flower that blooms and lives, the emblem of lead. A mother's love:—

"The feeling of a parent never dies
But with our moral nature; all is vain,
The wretch, by cold and cruel spurning, tries
To change that love to hate: the sense of pain
Shoots keenly through a mother's heart; the chain
Wound through life's tender years, twines closer; so
Feelings, that in our better hours had lain
Silent, are often wak'd by some deep throe;
And as the torture racks, our loves intenser grow."

ow truthfully has our own charming poet Percival de- ed a mother's love; but in the annexed extract from the ıionary's report of Cases, we have in the plain simple ıage of prose—a picture drawn from life. Read, reflect, ılize.

Still another case is that of a poor woman with several lren, whom the Missionary, directed by some benevo- persons, found in a suffering condition, in an humble lling in Kensington. The woman was without friends ılations able or willing to relieve her wants, and she ɔd a scanty subsistence for her family, by vending a l lot of fruit through the streets. With a basket thus l, she traversed the city, with tottering footsteps, in sun- ɔ and storm, from early morning until night, and on

many an evening has returned to her famished children with a few pennies only, as the meagre gains of her wearisome labor. Dividing a morsel of coarse food among her children, she has wrapped them up in pieces of old carpet, to keep off the biting cold, and thus they have passed the gloomy night. Time and again has this lonely woman been compelled thus to dispose of her shivering and half famished children, while she herself sat, almost wild with anguish, to brood over the grinding poverty which had made her hearth desolate."

THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to heaven,
And for her child is praying,
O! who can half the fervor tell
That burns in all she's saying.

A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more,
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when like evening's star,
Her course hath ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

LEAF TWENTY-FIRST.

THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION.

"When by human weakness and the arts of the tempter you are led to temptation, prayer is the thread to bring you out of the labyrinth."—DUPPA.

"See a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, he will chose it."—SHAKSPEARE.

IT is with no blush of shame that I confess there was a period of my life, a page of my history, blackened and besmeared with the foul stain of dissipation. I look back to it with abhorrence; but my resolution to reform, and seventeen years of strictly temperate habits, are in themselves virtue enough to counteract all the vice the indulgence engendered. Why then should I blush for having conquered the hydra-headed monster, Intemperance?

That I was no common toper, a mere tavern sot, but a downright roystering fellow, there are many of my good friends ready to bear witness, and they will do it most willingly, for it is a rule established by universal custom, that to tell the errors of poor human nature is the duty of every man, woman and child who may be so fortunate as to possess the knowledge. But, thank heaven, my good resolves shook them off, and I became a steady, sober man of business. Seventeen years! How time passes; my new existence seems but as a day—yet has it been a pleasant one. But what have I not seen in these seventeen years? I have witnessed the villany of man in every grade of society. I

have seen beauty pale and die before the simoon of base seduction. I have seen honest worth cast into prison, and highhanded roguery stalk abroad free and untrammelled. I have seen the moral law of institutions upset, and rascality prosper in its stead.—I have seen men high in office set the example of nefarious speculations, and a whole nation follow their wake! I have seen the foul tempest sweep over the land from north to south, and from east to west! were the people all mad? Or was it because I drank not, and could see things differently from what I did seventeen years ago? Perhaps so.

During that long period what temptations have I not resisted? The hand of beauty has been turned aside, when it was proffered with the wine cup. The syren smile of some fond one has been disregarded, when it rested on the sparkling glass. The convivial board has been shunned, and the companions of my youth left to themselves when the cry was "Wine, wine, more wine!" It was offered to my lips in a southern clime, when death, they said, would fly before it. The flowing bowl was raised to the dimmed eye and the quivering lip, as the last hope, like the cross—it was believed to be the means of salvation—in the dark and the gloom of the chamber of death!

Seventeen years! Happy, happy years—at least they were to me. I could sleep at night, and arise in the morning refreshed. It required no artificial stimulants to allay that nervous excitement liquid fire creates. My room always looked *the sober man!* There stood my neat book case, and my well selected volumes of useful knowledge, and my centre table, tastefully arranged, and covered with the choicest gems of the day. There too was my collection of dramatic works, (I am fond of the drama,) some of them two hundred years old! Oh, I love these old authors, they

seem to me as the very pillars of the mimic world. There is a copy of the Davenant, printed in his time with a likeness—what a flat nose he has! I do not believe the base story which purports to give an account of the cause. It is a base libel on a talented man—the god-son of the immortal bard! There is my own selection of American dramatic authors—small it is true, but indicative of the genius and talent of the land. We have some among us equal to any in the world; give them encouragement and in time we will have a youthful Shakspeare of our own! Over the mantelpiece is a likeness of General Washington, painted by Jarvis, of New York—eccentric Jarvis, companion of William Dunlap, and Hugh Reinagle; he is dead now, and himself and cronies sleep together? On the opposite side is Nagel's original portrait of Edmund Kean, as Richard the Third. Then, there is my bed, ah! that cosey, sober-sided looking bed; and, the old bureau, an old family relic, there it stood in the days of my debauch, covered with gin bottles—ugh! horrid recollections. There it stands yet; a neat mirror stands on its polished top, and instead of rum bottles, it is graced with one of Eau de Cologne, sweet delicious perfume. I look around upon those things, and a smile lights up my countenance, and I throw myself upon the rocking chair, and indulge in one of those pleasing reveries, which are rendered doubly so, by making us forget all present troubles. But to my subject.

* * * * It was a friend's house, in the lovely month of June. It was his wedding night. The lights burned bright, but the glances from many a lovely eye sparkled still brighter. The toast—the song—the repartee—the dance, were given in the fulness and joyousness of youth—all were happy. Could I remain cold and rigid amid such a gleam of starlight beauties, scattering their rays around

with so lavish a favor? No! I gradually warmed into fellowship with them, but when the sparkling wine-cup was presented, I hesitated, gazed upon its ruby brightness, and wildly rushed from the room! I soon recovered from the momentary alarm the temptation caused, and again entered the house. A nymph, one so lovely that to gaze upon her was to think of the angels in heaven—sat beside me, we talked, her voice was like a seraph's, so sweet, so musical, she was tuned to harmony and love; I forgot every thing—years seem to have rolled away, and the stream of oblivion swallowed up all recollection of the past. My seventeen years of temperance appeared like a speck on the bright escutcheon of the beautiful creature before me; she handed me the wine cup, I filled it to the brim and drank! Horror! I felt it coursing through my veins; it seemed to call up all the furies of hell, that liquid hell from which I once so miraculously escaped; I looked around, the scene before so lovely and bright was now darkened; I again raised the wine cup and drank to the health of all,—I was lost. Once more I was become a thing of guilt and shame—I felt all the pangs of the confirmed inebriate—I was going back, back to the horrid gulf from which I had been wrested, as if by superhuman power. I shuddered. Where was my long treasured resolution? Gone—gone. I was now a being to be despised, lost in my own estimation and that of others! Who would trust me now?

I left the room—the house; the wild laugh, the gay song, and strains of sweet music, rang in my ears! I shuddered—and hurried on. I could not go home. How could I gaze upon that little *sanctum?* How act in that room which for seventeen years had received me a sober man? I was now a drunkard! A public house stood before me—one glass more I cried, and memory will be crushed! I

tasted that cup—it refreshed the *memory of the stomach*, but could not, would not, drown recollection. That insatiate maw, tickled with the exciting liquid, cried out for more —"feed me—feed me," it seemed to say, "or I'll madden you!" I indulged it. Yes, glass after glass disappeared, and I became beastly. The landlord ejected me from his house.

The streets seemed peopled with fiends—they passed me like ghosts, and mocked me by their strange and unearthly sounds. The stars seemed as if they were drunk, and reeled in the heavens. Ah! see, they fall! God of the orbs save them! The lamps shed a bright flood of light over the scene, and the pavements seemed to raise up as I staggered along. I heard voices, old familiar voices, which had long since gone out from the bodies wherein they lived, call me by name, and from the charnel house they started forth to meet me!

All things were changed, and apparently alive, the very air breathed sounds suitable to my feelings. The laugh, the jeer, the gibe, the deep curse fell upon my ear, like sweet music from the æolian harp. I liked it, and shouted with maddening joy as I rushed on. Where was I? The days of my youth had come back again. But oh! how changed! Mind and body had undergone a complete revolution. A world of spirits was before, and they greeted me as I passed. But there came a change. I came in contact with one who, unlike me, was sober and rational. A quarrel ensued, he struck me; rendered desperate, I drew my knife and rushed upon him like a demon. For a moment, he manfully resisted—but I stabbed him; and the blood from the gaping wound gushed fearfully up into my face! I staggered back —there he lay upon the pavement, seemingly a living corpse; the moonlight rested upon his face, and its ghastly

appearance shocked me—I fled the spot; in my hand I held the knife reeking with his blood. I now heard the cry of murder; it came on the winds of the night like a messenger from hell to drag me down. On, on I went—footsteps followed close, and I could hear the hot breath of my pursuers hissing in mine ears. My foot struck a stone, I faltered and fell prostrate on the pavement.

Then came a dull sense of pain, a sickness of death; and the very fiends of hell seemed rioting in my brain, and in the wilderness of insanity I shouted and blasphemed as I lay quivering on the ground!

* * * The bright sun arose and found me a prisoner, closely confined in a narrow cell—and for what? The horrid truth flashed upon me; I had committed a murder! The image of my victim appeared before me; the deep wound, the ghastly look, the quivering frame, presented themselves to my sight, and almost maddened me. The torments of that hour I can never forget; ages of misery were crowded into seconds; I had leisure to reflect. Alas! what were my reflections? In one moment, one unguarded moment, I had been decoyed, betrayed, lost! What followed? Horror—Horror! There are no dreams, no visions of the night, half so dreadful as are the stern realities of life. Here was I a prisoner, one whose career had been honorable, and whose endeavors were to do good, and set a bright example to others—now a murderer! A murder committed under the influence of liquor. That curse—that dark spot upon the mirror of creation, whose power over mortals is almost omnipotent. Fatal, fatal hour, in which I left the quiet of my own house to mingle with the gay, the foolish and the inebriate. Yes, the inebriate; for soften it as you will, all are so who make liquor the means of gratifying a foolish desire to be considered fashionable. Oh! that cus-

tom would denounce it and females frown it down *forever!* I heard the grating of the iron door; it opens, and the keeper entered with two gentlemen. The features of one of them were familiar. I shuddered as I gazed, it seemed as if the grave had yielded up its dead. The keeper spoke;—"Rise young man and behold the gentleman whom you last night wounded." "Not dead!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet—"Not dead! ha! ha! I am no murderer, ha! ha!" and in the ecstacy of joy I embraced him. It appeared that the wound was slight, but the blow was heavy and felled him to the ground, and in my wild delirious state, as I gazed upon him prostrate I imagined the worst. Noble, generous man; he stepped forward and vindicated me, stating that he, (which he afterwards assured me was the fact) had struck the first blow, and so effectually did he plead for me, that I was liberated, by entering bail for my future good behavior. Future good behavior! I will not look into the future, but guard against the evils of the day!

Let no one boast of his strength, lest he fall. Palaces have crumbled before the power of man. Temples totter in their ruin in every age; cities have been swept from the face of the earth, by causes over which human efforts can have no control. And why not man? Is he not, weak and feeble, prone to err, and are there not times when reason's self bows to the power and influence of the tempter? Let us look more in sorrow than in anger. Let us shed tears over that rugged path which in madness we have trod, and passed in the whirlwind those days and hours which should have been as so many bright specks upon life's journey. Let us pause in this retrospective view, and as we mourn over those days lost, let them be as gone-by dreams, shadows of the past, that have faded and vanished away.

But now I am in my little room again. It looks just as

it did when I left it. But, Oh! what agony had I endured in one night's absence from it? But I won a friend; he who so miraculously escaped the deadly blow is now beside me. There he sits poring over that old copy of Davenant,* to which allusion has been made. He laughs, Oh! how it pleases me to hear his gay laugh, and listen to his remarks, elicited from those grim looking old books, and to know that I possess the means of rendering him what I believe he is in reality—*my true friend!*

LEAF TWENTY-SECOND.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.†

"The World's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd;
And all the errata will appear at th' end."

GRIERSON.

"The World's all title page."—YOUNG.

THE pages of the book of life are more difficult to decipher, than all the hieroglyphics of Egypt. They are written by the mysterious agents of nature, and recorded by

* Sir William Davenant, born at Oxford, in 1605, and supposed by some to have been a natural son of Shakspeare.

† The facts connected with this leaf occurred in New Orleans in the year 1831.

the angel of truth, and he who attempts to read, and penetrate the mysteries of the science, must have a key fashioned from his own observation, and rendered practicable by experience. I do not pretend to a knowledge of all the secrets of the book, nor have I yet obtained the means of doing so, but I am a humble student, and have read a few pages, the result of which I respectfully submit to my readers.

PAGE I.—The Gamester.

"A gamester, the greater master he is in his art, the worse man is he."—Bacon.

The first page of the book of life opens with a view of a gambling house in New Orleans. There is a mixed assemblage of men, on whose distorted features could be read whole volumes of crime and passion. I counted thirty persons, beside those whose business it was to set the gambling machine in operation. The table was covered with money, upon which the excited wretches gazed with nervous earnestness, and as chance, or fraud, perhaps both, operated against them, the deep volcanoes of the soul burst out in wild exclamations, intermingled with oaths and curses. A true picture of hell is a gambling house!

One old man, whose grey hairs hung wildly about his neck, grasped dollar after dollar, as it turned up to his number, and the ghastly smile told how it soothed the anguish of his mind. He won, but there were those who lost; what a picture did their countenances convey of the passions that reigned within. Eyes distended, lips compressed, the nervous tremor all showed that the spirit of gambling was doing its horrid work. One young man there was, who more particularly attracted my attention, for in him I recognized

a fellow boarder. He lost, but his countenance gave no indication of it, he smiled, but the close observer might have discerned a sudden twitch of the lower lip, and nervous action of the arm, which plainly told that all was not calm within. The book of life opened for him dark, and the page was blotted with the tears of an absent parent.

PAGE II.—The Robbery.

"The robber must run, ride, and use all desperate ways of escape; and probably after all, his sin betrays him to the jail, and from thence advances to the gibbet."—South.

It was in a large boarding house, the view from the balcony was beautiful; it opened out upon the Mississippi, whose dark waters rolled along toward the ocean, in all the grandeur and glory of the "Father of Waters." Myriads of steamboats floated along, laden with the riches of the "upper land," and the huge ships freighted for Europe gave goodly evidence, that this indeed was the "Emporium of the West." This page of the book of life opened beautiful and bright, and as I gazed upon it, I wished in my heart that it might be eternal!

While I stood gazing, thoughts carried off on the wings of imagination were rioting in the anticipations of the future:—

"What is thought?
Imagination's vast and shoreless sea,
Which shifting light and darkness play athwart
In rapid change; inscrutable and free,
A mirror where we find forms of all things that be."

A friend approached me, upon whose countenance a shadow of grief rested and hid the sunshine of his heart.

So great a change struck me, and I inquired the cause. "I have been robbed," he replied, "robbed of my watch, and two hundred dollars in cash." At that moment the young man of the gambling house came up, I caught his eye, it quailed beneath my glance—was it guilt?

"Robbed, did you say," taking up the words of my friend—"how very strange; I too lost my watch, a valuable lever, the gift of my mother. We have a thief in the house." I gazed at him intently as he spoke, and calmly observed—"*yes, and a gambler too!*" His face flushed, then grew pale as death, his lips quivered, and he hastily left us.

"Look after that man, Sandford—he rooms with you, does he not?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Mark me, Sandford—that man is the robber!"

"He a robber! why he is the son of a Virginia planter. Why suspect him?"

"Simply because I study the pages of the book of life." The first and second chapter of his eventful career are written and stereotyped on the eternal tablets.

PAGE III.—The Forgery.

"I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me."—Shakspeare.

It was in another city, a vast, populous, commercial city, that I found myself busily engaged, and for a while neglected the book of life. I read men as they appear in the great mass. The pages were filled with trade and traffic, and in the hurry and confusion of my vocation I lost sight of individuality. But a circumstance occurred which brought up

immediately before me, one of the actors on life's stage. Extensive forgeries had been committed, and so ingeniously too, that the rogue had already realized from the brokers upwards of forty thousand dollars. These drafts were purported to have been drawn by a large cotton house in New Orleans, on their agent in New York. When I first heard the circumstance and the name of the firm in the Crescent city, I was struck with the curious coincidence that associated my gambling acquaintance with the forgery. The name by which he was known in that city was Morton, and the drafts I ascertained were made payable to Mortimer. True the similarity in name was not in itself sufficiently striking, but what strengthened my suspicion was the fact, that the gentleman alluded to in the second page as being robbed, was a clerk in the very house by whom the drafts were said to be drawn. Satisfied in my own mind of the truth of my own surmises, I immediately started off to the broker to get a sight of one of the drafts. Just as I reached the corner of the street in which his office was located, who should I meet but the object of my suspicions.—He was followed by a black man carrying a heavy trunk, as soon as he saw me he changed color, and passed rapidly on, with head averted purposely to avoid me. He is guilty, I exclaimed, and has filled the third page of the book of life!

PAGE IV.—The Murder.

"Blood hath been shed ere now, in th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear."—Shakspeare.

It was in a wild part of the state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1837, where the huge mountains rise up almost per-

endicular, and seem as if they were playing hide and seek vith the clouds. I was there for the benefit of my health, is was also some thirty or forty others. We enjoyed our ime almost delightfully, hunting and fishing occupying two-hirds of it. Then we made up parties for sailing, and when he moon poured down its silvery rays upon the water, we sang to the wild notes of music, which gave to the scene a romantic tone, and which found a corresponding chord to vibrate upon in every heart. I shall never forget my visit to the mountains of Pennsylvania. In a place so remote from the infectious vices of a populous city, it was to be expected that the people were virtuous and happy. Nor had there occurred aught to disturb the tranquillity which prevailed there, until the second week after our arrival.

One morning the body of a young girl was found on the bank, or rather the margin of a small stream which washed the base of the mountain, near the town. It was recognized as being the daughter of a poor woman who mangled for the boarders of the hotel. How did this fearful accident occur? was in every mouth. "Ah, here are marks of violence, and evidence of foul play." Suspicion soon rested upon a young man, who had been seen lurking in the neighborhood, and whose sudden disappearance gave rise to the report that he must be the murderer. On her person was found a piece of paper with the words, evidently written in haste, "Meet me at eight—at the usual place," signed M.

The paper I saw, the letter M staggered me; there was something in its appearance that attracted my attention; it seemed to speak. A mysterious feeling crept over me as I gazed, and mentally exclaimed—it is Morton! I turned the piece of paper over, examined it closely, it was evidently written on the back of a letter. "Ah! what do I see"—on a portion of the address, these letters were visible, "timer,"

part of the post mark was on it, and I could plainly decipher —"eans, La."

It required no key, it was plain the letter was post marked New Orleans, and directed to "Mortimer!" Strange: Murder completed the fourth page of the book of life!

PAGE V.—The Execution.

"Good rest,
As wretches have o'er night
That wait for execution in the morn."—Shakspeare.

The fifth page presents a view of the gallows. The scenery around it differed from any that I had ever gazed upon before. On the right rolled the waters of the Susquehanna, on the left arose the blue mountains, covered with the mighty oaks, those old forest trees, whose ages could alone be reckoned by the wood rangers; for they bore the impress of centuries. An immense multitude had assembled to witness the execution of a hardened criminal, one convicted of committing a most horrible murder. It was a fearful sight to gaze upon. The scaffold was erected at a point of the forest known as the cross roads: it was a rude constructed thing, but firm. The clouds were gathering in dark folds above us, but ever and anon the sun would dart forth its rays, and striking the dark shade of the trees gave to that portion of the scene a supernatural appearance of brightness. Around and about the gallows stood the anxious spectators, there was a mingled look of pity and defiance to feeling on each countenance, which gave to the uplifted faces of the thousands, an unearthly if not fiendish expression. At last the culprit ascended the ladder, followed by the hangman; the rope was arranged, a solemn silence reigned among

ıe vast crowd—not a sound was heard—respiration itself 'as *suspended!* The clouds had passed away, a sickly ıy of light shone for a while upon the awful preparations. gain it ceased to shine, the clouds gathered in fearful black- ɜss, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, and a breeze 'hich swelled to a mighty wind, swept down from the ıountain. At that moment the unhappy man raised his ɜad from his heaving breast, and gazed around with a wild ıd maniac stare—I started—the action attracted his atten- ɔn, our eyes met, and the next moment he was launched ıto Eternity! It was Morton! The fifth page of the ɔok of life is completed!

LEAF TWENTY-THIRD.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

I entered a dilapidated dwelling in an obscure street near ıe Schuylkill river, and introduced myself to its inmates y presenting a tract to a female, (in whose arms lay an ıfant) whose haggard face and sunken eyes denoted sick- ess and distress. I inquired of her what was her disease r the occasion of her grief? "Ah, sir," said she, her eyes lling with tears, "I have buried my husband, and my ttle boy, that I fondly loved, took sick, and in two days 'as a corpse; and now I am left with five small children, nd without any means of support." But I found although

poor in this world's good she was rich in possessing the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ; and while we bowed together in prayer and supplication, she rejoiced in knowing that God is too wise to err and too good to be unkind.

I visited another family in the lower section of the city, consisting of a mother and nine children, who had once been in tolerably good circumstances; but, through the treachery of a professed friend and the death of the husband and father, after a protracted illness of six or seven months, had lost their all. And being "strangers in a strange country," they had no friends to assist them, and were consequently thrown upon a cold and unfeeling world to seek a livelihood as they could. When I called upon them, I found one of the oldest daughters apparently at the point of death, and desiring some one to pray with her, feeling that she was unprepared to die. I pointed out to her the sinner's friend, and then knelt beside her bed,—while the mother, who is a christian, and the rest of the family were bathed in tears, and offered her up to God in prayer, and the Lord was pleased to hear and answer, by liberating her captive soul, and she was then and there enabled to praise the Lord for her deliverance. Since that her health has been mending, though she is yet in a very weak and precarious state. Some of the brethren belonging to the board, had heard of this family before I visited them, and after inquiring into their circumstances, and ascertaining they were quite respectable, commenced a subscription and raised twenty-five dollars for them, which, with fifteen dollars given to them by the St. George's Society, has enabled them to open a small millinery shop, and they are now procuring a comfortable living.

I entered a small house in West Kensington where I had learned an individual lay dangerously ill. And, O! brethren!

what a sight did I there behold,—six small children standing around the bed of their dying father, and with sobs and tears saying, "Oh my father, my father is dying." The dying man's head lay over the arm of his wife—his eyes closed, and he gasping for breath, while she was sobbing as though her heart would break, and calling on her husband not to die. I approached the bed and told them I would pray with them. We knelt together, and when I closed my prayer he spoke to me. I asked him if he knew he was dying, he said he did. I then asked him if he felt he was prepared. It was an awful moment, all around were anxiously waiting to hear his reply. He fixed his eyes on me while the death rattle was heard in his throat, and answered: "*No sir! not as I would wish to be,*" and in a few moments breathed his last.

Often do I behold the unhappy victims of intemperance and debauchery who squander their money away and have no regard for their families, their health or reputation, and who, instead of providing for their households, spend their time in indolence, which unnerves the soul, enfeebles the body, and makes the whole man deaf to the calls of duty, loath to set about his business, and willing to give up even the interest of society, virtue and religion. And I find others who, when I converse with them about the necessity of conversion, appear to be entirely ignorant, and see no difference between water Baptism and spiritual regeneration, between the means of grace and grace itself—between the form and the power of godliness. Oh! how unspeakably dangerous is the delusion of those whose hearts and mouths are filled with their own righteousness, rocking themselves to sleep in the cradle of carnal security until eternity discloses to them that they are unprepared."

To many of our readers, these leaves open to them a

new world—the homes of the poor; after perusing these feeling sketches of the Missionary, they cannot but exclaim, "Can such things be!" If they doubt, all that I have to say is, "*read for yourselves.*"

LEAF TWENTY-FOURTH.

GROG SHOPS.

"To understand all the purlieus of this place, and to illustrate the subject, I must venture myself into the haunts."—SPECTATOR.

THE gin-shops of London have afforded abundant materials, not only for the pen, but the pencil of some of the ablest artists of that great city. Yet have we read of them, and traced their destructive influence upon the human system in the admirable productions of Hogarth, without reflecting that in our country, nay in this very city, these dens of infamy exist to an alarming extent. It is not our intention to condemn the laws, nor the law-makers, for admitting them within the pale of the statutes. We shall speak of them as they are, and leave the subject to the consideration of those who have the power, if not the will, to put them down, or at least limit their influence and tendency to do evil.

There are several classes of grog-shops. Some are established for the sole purpose of retailing nothing but liquor, and its attendant evils, tobacco and segars. Others collect the more essential materials of keeping the body and soul

in proper order, so as to be able to consume a larger portion of rum.

These materials consist of bread, cheese, dried beef, onions, tongues, potatoes, &c.; but *liquor* is the mainspring of action to their business. You read in the features of the poor wretch who crawls from his filthy hole to buy gin, a history of crime, of misery, of wo and madness. Emaciated beings are seen standing at the counters, whose habiliments seem as if they were a part of them, knitted as it were to the skin, by filth and age. Their eyes sunken and receding as it were from the light of day, cheeks swollen out, and the superfluous flesh trembling from the motion of delirium tremens. Men borne down by long habits of dissipation gather around these dens of infamy at night, and waste the few pennies they pick up through the day either by stealing or begging, all here parted with, and as their lustreless eyes catch the sight of liquor, they sparkle up like the last flickering of a dying light, to sink again in total darkness.

I have visited not only these dens, but the dwellings of those who live as it were upon rum. I have walked into places, the very appearance of which would have caused others to avoid as pestilential dungeons, or places for cut-throats. I study mankind, not from books, but observation; and I derive knowledge from their actions, their motives, their habits, and conversation.

Drunkenness, when it reaches a certain point, becomes a crime; one step beyond that, insanity. From the first point, man takes his start in iniquity, theft and murder follow, until the gallows, a dungeon, or the madhouse seals his doom for ever!

I have noticed in the most depraved, habitual drunkards a love for their offspring. Amid the wildness of a mother's

thoughts, or maniac screams, she will hug to her breast her wretched child with all the fondness and affection of a tender parent, while the little wretch unconscious of the object, smiles in the bloated face of its mother, and pats with its helpless hand her burning cheek.

One of this class came into a gin shop not long since, whose appearance gave "dreadful note" of her baneful habits, and in a low, plaintive tone of voice, asked for a loaf of bread; a little ragged girl who stood beside her (whose thin, pale face told a tale of wo,) received the loaf, and her eyes opened and rested upon it with a hungry delight, as if *they* could have feasted on it. A pickle was added to the loaf, as also a couple of onions. From under an old, greasy shawl the miserable mother pulled out a little black jug, and slipping it, as if ashamed of the act, across the counter, she asked for two cents worth of gin!! This was her meal—a sorry meal—bread, pickle, and onion, washed down by gin!

LEAF TWENTY-FIFTH.

Some few years ago, the author of this work commenced a series of sketches entitled "*The Adventures of a dollar,*" they were intended to illustrate scenes in real life; as a continuation to the subject of grog shop—he annexes two chapters, which carry out more fully the evil, crime, ruin and death, which in nine cases out of ten find their origin in gin shops, or the brothel.

ıSMODEUS; OR THE ADVENTURES OF A DOLLAR.

CHAPTER I.

"And from that hour, did I, with earnest thought,
Heap knowledge from unbidden mines of lore,
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught,
I cared to learn, but from that secret store,
Wrought link'd armour for my soul before
It might walk forth, to war among mankind.—SHELLEY.

To account for my appearance on this stage of life, would to descend a second time into the bowels of the earth— ı describe the mysterious and to me undefinable devices of r Creator—to make me what I am!—but all this being er, and totally unconnected with the more important sub- :ts upon which I am going to treat, I pass it by—leaving ɜ erudite reader to form his own opinions of my birth— serving, however, that my *composition* was perfectly re and uncontaminated by *alloy*. I found myself in pos- ɜsion of an old man living in South street, whose mode realizing that wealth—which afterwards became the god his idolatry, I confess myself a stranger—he was how- er now rich, and on the evening he first took me out of iron chest, I found myself in a small room filled with ɔney-bags — deeds, bonds, mortgages and other papers all ıding to swell his wealth beyond the power of computa- ɔn. It was nearly ten o'clock — a light breeze passed rough the room and fluttered around the wretched curtains a still more wretched bed—a groan issued from it, which used the wretched miser to start back—his eyes were fixed ɔn the bed—his bony fingers relaxed their hold in which

I was clutched—and I fell at his feet—he stood shivering, completely transfixed with palsied fear, at last — but not without great difficulty, he regained sufficient strength to ask, "Who's there — in the name of Father Abraham— Isaac and Jacob — speak. Who is it that disturbs poor Benjamin?" the curtains of the bed were pushed aside, and the face of a young man peeped from their folds, into the distorted and equally astonished features of the miser! "It is only I, father — your son, ever kind and affectionate eh! father!"

"And how, wretched boy, cam'st thou hither? — speak, renegade, spendthrift, outlaw as you are — how came you here—how in the very?——" "Sanctum—sanctum, father, of your unbounded avarice — money, father, *is here*, and 'twas that brought your son—give it me, father, and your dutiful offspring will go hence." "Ingrate — out of my sight—I know thee not—prodigal—would you add theft to the catalogue of your crimes? — out, I say, or else ——" "I help myself, good dad; time is precious, and not to be wasted in idle discourse."

So saying, he sprung upon the old man, seized him by the throat, and with a strength seemingly beyond his years, he hurled the miser on the bed.

While he lay there struggling with rage, his hopeful son seized two bags of gold, and snatching me up from the floor where I had fallen, was to him but the work of a moment, the next he was running along South street, as if Young and his gang were at his heels. He moved with such rapidity, that it was impossible for me to ascertain his route. At last, however, he stopped at a small neat house in —— street, and giving three taps at the door, it was opened by a beautiful girl apparently about eighteen years of age—there was something peculiarly chaste and modest about the young

creature, which I am sorry to say of one so young, was only "*seeming*." I here could moralize, and point out the folly of taking the human face divine, as the index to the mind — we are too often led astray by an outward appearance, and deceived in beauty, when we thought virtue backed the smile which so fitfully played around the mouth. *Never trust appearances.*

Lord Chesterfield says that he once had his pocket picked by one of the most accomplished *gentlemen* he ever encountered, and the most honest man he ever knew had one of those hang-dog looks which would have convicted him in any court in Christendom, had he been brought up to stand trial for a supposed offence. I myself was on a jury once, when a fellow-juror made his opinions up from the deep-drawn lines of the prisoner's face. I believed him an honest man, and came near starving myself and eleven companions for opinion sake. Now, all this is sheer nonsense or digression, I don't know which, and to tell you the truth, gentle reader, I do not care—for I am writing as much for my own amusement and gratification as yours; consequently we are not beholden to each other at all—and I am at liberty to digress, or moralize just as much as I please, without your concurrence or opinion. Yet erudite and good-natured reader, as we are travelling the same road, let us understand one another better; you must pardon my stepping aside occasionally to moralize, and I will wait a moment or two for you to refresh yourself at every inn we chance to meet.—This being our understanding, I will now turn back and see what has become of the dollar, the miser's son, and the beautiful girl that caused this halt in our interesting journey—Women are ever the source of——but here I go again.

* * * * * * *

As soon as she opened the door, her exclamation was,

"did it succeed!" The shaking together of the money-bags was the answer returned, and she threw her arms around his neck, as a token I presume of her thanks—women have a peculiar way of manifesting joy—in fact, it is a way that has never as yet been known to fail, and I would respectfully suggest to all married women who want a new dress, a set of jewels, or any showy article, to pursue the same course, and I venture ten to one they succeed—experience, that school of reform, taught me this some forty years ago, and I never forgot it, nor never will. We were ushered into a room tastefully decorated, a table in the centre was filled with the most delicious viands, of which they partook.—"Now, Felix, my love, we have obtained the cash, let us indulge in our dreams of grandeur; to-morrow we start to the springs—and then"——

"Not so fast, my Arabella—these two bags contain, it is true, sufficient for that, but I must increase it; I shall take one of these bags, and risk a portion of it at ——. So, farewell, my dear, and hope for the best until I return." He started on his honorable expedition, leaving his young and *amiable* wife (for such she truly was) to let a gallant out of the closet, where he had been for the last two hours. They seated themselves at the table, and made fun of the silly tool who catered for their indulgence. So it is with those educated in the school of vice, and generated by a mode of education as false as it is ruinous. (As I contemplate writing an essay, or delivering a lecture on female education, I shall not trespass on my reader's patience by another digression.) After a short walk, my new master arrived at one of those infernals, *yclept* Hells, which abound, I am sorry to say, in every populous city. The company was large, and composed of sharpers, ruined clerks, who had nearly *ruined* their masters, swindlers, adventurers, and men of desperate

fortunes, encumbered with large families. In a few moments I was placed on the *cloth* — and immediately transferred to a wretched being, apparently in the last stage of poverty; he clutched me in his nervous grasp, and a ghastly smile passed over his haggard features—he continued the game until fortune began to waver—he then wisely departed, followed by a few curses muttered through grinded teeth, by wretches bordering on the verge of madness. I took one last look of the Miser's son: he stood a fixed object of desperation — his under-lip quivered with a nervous excitement—his eyes reeled in their troubled sockets, with seeming insanity, as I was carried off by my new master — I heard a sigh, not loud but deep, escape from his overcharged soul. I thought of his wife — his father — and his prospect of future misery — and I rattled against two or three other dollars in the fulness of my *soul*, to think what mischief we *innocent* creatures can produce — in fact, if I had time to moralize, I could convince the most sceptical, that if we are the source of every *good*, we are at least, the source of *every evil*, and hence may be formed the original sin.

CHAPTER II.

"——— where hopeless anguish poured her groan,
And lonely want retired to die."

My adventures, gentle reader, have nothing to do with causes or effects, or effects and causes. I do not examine the principles or motives of my "masters." They act and speak for themselves. The one into whose hands I fell, as stated in the first chapter of this remarkable history, was a man of desperate fortune; in fact his actions and conduct manifested that morbid state of feeling, which if not madness,

is closely allied to it. The first use to which he appropriated a part of the money was the purchasing of liquor, and to test its quality actually drank off at least a pint. After leaving the gin-shop he started for his home. It was situated in one of our back streets, and a most wretched looking place it appeared to be, in fact the whole neighborhood bore the sad impress of poverty. We found his wife and six ragged children seated at a table which was covered with cold victuals, evidently the fruits of a day's begging; there might be seen the mutilated carcase of a fowl, over whose well lined bones the delicate fingers of some lady had no doubt made rapid strides, while conveying the delicious morsel into her angelic mouth; there was also seen the sad remains of what was once a ham. The bone was there, but the meat had gone the way of all flesh. In the centre of the table were the ruins of an oyster pie, the roof of which had fallen in, and seemed literally "the wreck of matter and the crush" of crust. In fact here was abundance of good substantial provision, to satisfy the most outrageous stomach. In addition, however, to the eatables, there stood that spirit of the still, whose mighty influence levels reason to the dust; its contents were freely distributed among the children, to my very great astonishment. The appearance of the father created some little stir among them; but their attention was soon called to the additional cheer he brought, and their eyes glared maniac-like upon the jug of brandy he placed upon the table. The effects of this soon became apparent. Words succeeded words; recrimination, censure, and abuse followed. What little reason glimmered there a short time before, was now put out, and blows were the arguments used by the parents to restore something like order, but in vain. Such a scene ensued as sets description at defiance. What rendered it more brutal, was the fact of

the daughter, a girl of some sixteen years old, being in the fray, and her blows were directly aimed at her parents. Tired out at last, each separated as if by mutual consent, and fell in groups upon the floor, and all were soon asleep. Such a sleep!*

During the evening, the hopeful daughter whose outrageous intoxication was in part only feigned, arose very quietly, and in a few moments transferred the contents of her father's pockets to herself—and in fifteen minutes after I was changed at the door of a ball room, or rather at the bar of a tavern; beyond which a whole suite of rooms were used for many and nefarious purposes—the house or rather establishment, was celebrated in the annals of roguery as being a receptacle for stolen goods.

The keeper and owner was one of those kind of men who indulged occasionally in the more desperate games of chance. It was upon one of these chance occasions I fell into the hands of a young men of poor though respectable parents, in the country—their whole souls were entirely wrapped up in this, their only son; the aged, anxious mother, read his letters with a mother's joy, and the good old soul would turn her beaming eye on her partner, and speak of her dear William, the pride and ornament of her family. "Ah," she exclaimed, "he is a blessed child, and we can go down to our graves with the consolation of having done our duty—and that our affections have been fully requited."

He was apprenticed at an early age to a merchant in the city, and was always held in high estimation by his employer, and beloved by his only daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen. Her affection became known to him too late—reformation stood on the throw of a *dice*, for to recover and

* A fact

replace five hundred dollars stolen from his employer, he had recourse once more to the gaming table—the consequence was that on the evening he left the room, I was the only solitary companion of the crumbs, thread and stitches of his pocket; he muttered to himself some incoherent words, and hurried along the street as if a troop of fiends were at his heels. The night was dark, the winds whistled, and the tall trees sighed, the watchman had called the hour of twelve—still he walked rapidly on, and in a few minutes he stood on the wharf. The deep waters of the Delaware rolled along, the tall masts of the ships cracked, and the ropes rattled against each other, making a strange and fearful sound. For a moment the wretched young man gazed upwards, his hands were raised toward heaven—his lips moved—thoughts deep and damning rushed up from the deep recesses of his soul, they pictured his crimes—he screamed and with one fearful bound he plunged into the river!

That night—his poor mother, thought of her absent son, and knelt down at her bedside, and in the fulness of her heart prayed for his safety and happiness. My sensations while in the water had nothing of that kind so frequently described by half drowned men—on the contrary, I lay as snug in his empty pocket as if in a trunk upon *terra firma*. The body was not discovered until late in the day, when an old gentleman, owner of nearly fifty houses independent of lots, bank stock, railroad stock, &c. &c., espying a man in the water, immediately brought him ashore, and while sympathising over the unfortunate youth, with tears of pity in his eyes, actually picked his pocket! and walked off to inform the coroner—saying as he trudged along, "I may as well have it as another." This sophistical reasoning has brought many a man to the gallows. This gentleman, however, is

rather too rich for so exalted a station among the children of men. So away I went with my new master. The hypocrisy of this man was great, and I soon found out, that so far from being honest, he had accumulated his money by the most nefarious means. He had a daughter of some sixteen summers old, whose ill-governed mind promised to end in some disgraceful and irredeemable action. She was incessantly teasing her father for money, which she spent in the purchase of indecent and immoral books. Fortunately for me I was saved this mental prostitution, being given to John, the hostler, for some piece of service rendered, the nature of which I was never able to find out. There seemed to be a very friendly, if not a very tender feeling existing between these two, and to such an extent did they carry this romantic passion, that they ran away together, taking me as a matter of course along with them.

I did not stay long with this ill-matched pair—for the ignorance and brutality of John was more than she could bear, and I was given by her to a coachman for conveying her to one of those houses, the refuge of lost virtue, sacrificed at the shrine of passion. The coachman was a jovial fellow, and had a busy day of it, and returned to his employer with twenty-five dollars. But how was I shocked, when this most seeming honest fellow gave him but fifteen, saying "business was dull." That night the ten dollars was spent in a brothel. I could not help moralizing on the wickedness and folly of mankind; here was one who would steal ten or twenty dollars from his employer, and lavish it away in the greatest extravagance.

But I was young and unacquainted with the world, and an old Spanish dollar informed me that he found extravagance for dress, and love of fashion, two of the chief causes of crime. He was a wise dollar, and gave me some curious

hints, and much sage advice. He had once been in the possession of General George Washington. Oh! what a character he gave of that truly great man.—Would that *I* had existed in the days of the Revolution.

LEAF TWENTY-SIXTH.

We devote this leaf to a pleasing subject, one in which we are all interested, so much so, that if we were deprived of the blessing heaven has given us, the world would be a wilderness, and man a *creature*. It is—

WOMAN.

"She's a golden sentence,
Writ by our Maker; which the angels may
Discourse of; only men know how to use;
And none but devils violate."—SHIRLEY.

There is no subject in the world more pleasant to dwell upon than that of woman. The more we contemplate their virtues—their beauties—their patience, and their unchanging love—the more we are convinced that they are something more than earth, and little less than angels.

A history of woman from the earliest ages of the world would embrace all the noble actions and deeds that have graced the pages of the historian, and stand forth in bold

relief from all the rest.—There has no important event occurred, but woman is more or less connected with it. If we turn to the classic pages of Roman history, we find there the most beautiful pictures and delineations of the female character. It is not the chaste Lucretia alone that would attract the attention, nor would it be Valeria, sister of the famed Valerius Poplicolo, or Volumnia, the stern, resolute mother of Coriolanus, who stemmed the torrent of popular fury in Rome, when virtue itself would have been basely sacrificed at the shrine of political fury and blinded ambition; nor would it be the many whose names are handed down to us as the primitive supporters of all republics, and the advocates, as well as the promulgators of every virtue in earth's moral calender; nor would it be the Helen of Troy, or the heroic Antoinette of France; but it would be in all—all —summed up in the one single word—WOMAN! It strikes us that, at the present day woman is not fully appreciated, it seems as if she was treated too much as a plaything, to be thrown idly by.—It was not so in the glorious days of chivalry, when—

> "A lordly knight came o'er the plain,
> With a thousand warriors in his train,"

to lay his trophies at the feet of his lady love. In those truly romantic days women ruled supreme, and their very word would bring a monarch "down from his sumptuous throne" to kiss their lily hands.

Degenerated as we are in many things at the present age, it becomes not us as men, to lessen the claims fond woman has upon us. "Give them," says a learned writer, "power over us, governed by love and affection, and we will shun many of the vices 'flesh is heir to.'" This writer is correct, and the reader will please remember that he does not

mean that spirit of ruling with a rod of iron, or the tongue, which implies the same thing; but it is the exercise of an influence proceeding from a pure heart, warmed by the tendest feelings of love.

Where vice and immorality exist, and men publicly discuss the frailty, as they term it, of the weaker sex, it is not to be expected that young men get a proper idea of the female character, hence their notions are such that they are totally unfit for that holy and pure circle wherein

> "Virtue, at midnight walks as safe within,
> As in the conscious glare of flaming day."

The consequence of which is, they are debarred that very society the best calculated to afford them pleasure and amusement, and while away their precious time among gamblers, drunkards, and the offals of the earth, and go down to their graves unhonored and unsung. A woman's tear on my grave is the only thing I would ask—the marble is an emblem of wealth, the tear of remembrance.

> "Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
> In thee the rays of virtue shine
> More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
> Than any gem that gilds the mine."

Woman is the pivot upon which moves all the actions of man. She is the sun giving light to science, and creating new worlds. The warrior would lose his ambition if it was not for her.—The poet would fall asleep o'er his best sonnet, and sink ultimately into nothingness. The politician would become a pot-house spouter, he would have no incentive to raise his name above the common horde; the praises of men are fulsome, that of women inspiring. The dramatist would cater for the vulgar if woman was absent from the temple of the histrionic muse.

"Her's is a mild and gentle power,
That prospers in affection's hour;
And when the heartliness of friends
Falls like a pestilence, and brings
To hope's own fair imaginings
Its withering breath, then woman lends
Her words of solace; and her smile
Like moonbeams on a ruin'd pile,
Comes with an influence to bless
Where all seem'd drear and comfortless;
And sheds around such holy light,
And makes e'en desolation bright."

Perhaps the most extraordinary instance on record, and one which places the female character in the highest possible point of view, is that of the reformation effected in common prisons by the exercise of their influence alone. When the benevolent Mrs. Fry was first induced to visit Newgate, in the year 1815, the situation of the inmates was such which no language can describe. Nearly three hundred women sent there for every gradation of crime; some untried, and some under sentence of death, were crowded together in two cells—the two wards; and which are now appropriated to the untried alone, and are found quite inadequate to contain even the diminished number. Such was the horrible state of the place that the Governor was reluctant to go amongst them. He persuaded Mrs. Fry to leave her watch in the office, telling her that even his presence would not prevent its being torn from her. In speaking of the place, in a letter to a friend, she says:—"All I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and the abandoned wickedness which every thing bespoke, are quite indescribable." By her own exertions alone, Mrs. Fry succeeded in forming a committee to visit the prisons, composed of twelve ladies, eleven of whom

were members of the society of Friends; to whom the sheriffs and governor delegated every necessary authority for carrying into effect the benevolent plan which they had conceived of restoring the degraded portion of their sex, confined in the walls of Newgate, to the paths of knowledge and of virtue. The delicacy of the female character was not compromised, the moral principle upon which they acted was too pure for malice to touch, and they appeared, while engaged in this truly philanthropic work, as so many angels whose names were registered in heaven, and themselves sent forth to do their Creator's bidding.

We might go on to enumerate instance upon instance, showing the fervor with which females engage in any cause calculated to relieve or benefit mankind, from the poor servant maid Philotes, who saved Rome from destruction, down to the benevolent Mrs. Fry, in her endeavors to save the souls of the poor condemned from a dreaded hereafter, but our space will not permit. The subject so pleasing to us, may be resumed. We conclude with the following incident illustrating the patriotism of woman:—When Pyrrhus laid siege to the city of Leuctra, the women labored with no less assiduity than the men in the formation of a ditch, for the purpose of checking the first attack of the enemy. On the approach of the hostile army, mothers, wives, and virgins, putting their weapons into the hands of their sons, husbands, and lovers, reminded them how sweet it would be to die in the presence of their native city, and in the arms of those to whom they were most dear, in a manner worthy of the ancient glory of Sparta.

NOTE.—Queen Charlotte being informed of the laudable exertions of Mrs. Fry, expressed a wish to see her; and,

in an interview which took place, testified in the most flattering terms the admiration which she felt for her conduct.*

The Grand Jury of the City of London also marked their approbation of Mrs. Fry's meritorious services, in their report to the Court at the Old Bailey, on visiting New Gate the 21st of February, 1818.

LEAF TWENTY-SEVENTH.

In the olden times, they had what is termed the "Mysteries and Moralities," intended to illustrate striking passages in Holy Writ. They are a species of sacred dramas, and many of them contain passages of great poetic beauty. Perhaps there is no other description of writing which can convey to the mind of the reader in a familiar style, the truths of Holy Writ, and the moral ones of earth, better than those of the dramatic, or the dialogue form. The ancients have given us some of their chief philosophical works in the latter, and several of the moderns have imitated them.

* The following Epitaph on H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte, we annex as being not only beautiful, but truly applicable:

"A soul more spotless never claimed a tear;
A heart more tender, open, and sincere;
A hand more ready blessings to bestow;
Belov'd, lamented, and without a foe;
How priz'd in life, say ye who knew her well;
How wept in death a nation's tears may tell."

Blair says: "Dialogue writing may be executed in two ways, either as direct conversation, where none but the speakers appear, which is the method Plato uses; or as the recital of a conversation, where the author himself appears, and gives an account of what passed in discourse, which is the method that Cicero generally follows." In the following sketch the writer has adhered simply to the dialogue, and the dramatic effect is simply produced by the incident, which it is almost useless to say—is an "*ower true tale.*"

THREE ERAS OF A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH, IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovely discovered seated on a splendid sofa, in a room furnished in a style of modern fashion; a book case opened displays a range of elegant bound books. Time, afternoon.

Mrs. Lovely. Was ever woman so happy. O, my dear William, what a delightful thing it is to love and be beloved!

Mr. Lovely. Remember, sweet, we are but two months married; don't you recollect the song, and remember your remarks thereon—

> "Though love is warm awhile,
> Soon it grows cold,
> Absence ———."

Mrs. L. True, my dear; but I intend that we will

'er separate; and as you have quoted a verse, hear ıe—

"Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same,
Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame,
I know not, I ask not—"

But let me skip to the other verse—

"Thou hast called me thy angel, in moments of bliss,"

Mr. L. So I did, and in sincerity, too.

Mrs. L. Let me finish, dear:

"Still thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this;
Thro' the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or *perish* there too."

Mr. L. Moore is a true lover, as well as a poet, but, dear, we must not take fiction for reality. Our loves, ıria, are linked by a stronger chain together than those de up of the shreds and patches of idle romance; it is nded upon mutual esteem, which establishes love in the ırt forever. Yet Kirk White has written some pretty ɜs on romance, beginning, if I remember, with—

"Oh, thou who in my early youth,
When fancy wore the garb of truth,
Where ———."

rget the rest. Give me a kiss, love.

Mrs. L. Remember Ovid's definition of a kiss.

Mr. L. Ovid, my love, was a libertine, and his asso-ɛs were of that kind who disbelieved in the existence of ue.

Mrs. L. There, my love, is affection's kiss. Now, liam, read to me.

Mr. L. What shall I read—the "Invisible Man?"

Mrs. L. No; I hate invisible men.

Mr. L. The "Last Man?" an excellent work by Mrs. Shelley.

Mrs. L. No; I don't like "last men."

Mr. L. "The Unfortunate Man," "The Headsman," or the "Bondsman?"

Mrs. L. My dear you have made choice of men enough, but not one to my liking. Read me some passages from Romeo and Juliet.

Mr. L. By all means. Johnson expresses himself in halfway praise in speaking of this play; he says: "His comic strains are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations." But let me read—ah, here is a beautiful passage:

"She speaks, yet she says nothing."

Mrs. L. Speaks, yet says nothing.

Mr. L. Let me finish—

"What of that—
Her eyes discourse; I will answer them,
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks."

Mrs. L. Has she spoken yet, love?

Mr. L. Not with her tongue, but hear the poet—

"Two of the fairest stars, in all the heaven,
Have some business ———."

Then it must be in the *star* chamber, I suppose.

Mrs. L. William, do read correct.

Mr. L. I am reading correct.

"——— do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres, till they return—"

Mrs. L. Till who returns?

Mr. L. The committee from the star chamber. But to proceed—

"What if her eyes were there."

Mrs. L. Read some other passage.

Mr. L. Ah, I'll begin here—

"He jests, that never felt a wound—
But soft—what light through yonder window
Breaks it ———."

Mrs. L. Light break the window! You are certainly wrong.

Mr. L. Oh, yes—

"The light through yonder window breaks—
It is the east, and Juliet has a son."

Mrs. L. Juliet, the young and childish Juliet, a son?

Mr. L. No; I am wrong:

"And Juliet is the sun!
Arise fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief."

Mrs. L. My love, please lay the book aside; for unless you go regularly through with Romeo and Juliet, I would rather not hear it; and now I remember, refer to Macbeth, the murder scene, and read a portion of it to me; it is in act 2d, scene 2d.

Mr. L.—(*Reads*)—

"That which hath made them drunk,
Hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire."

Mrs. L. Thus spake Lady Macbeth. Now, my dear, are we to understand that she drank the same liquor that the followers of the King drank, or help'd herself out of another bottle.

Mr. L. We are to understand, my dear, that they had a carouse, for in a preceding scene we read—

> "The King's a-bed; he hath been in unusual pleasure,
> And sent forth great largesses."

Which means bounty; it is therefore presumed that Macbeth drank to the king, as he to her, for he sends diamond ring, as a mark of his royal esteem, &c.

Mrs. L. Then she drank, and was bold: no w she urged her husband on to crime.

Mr. L. You place Lady Macbeth in a new light; will read no more. Shall I ring for John to order th riage?

Mrs. L. I would rather walk, my love; the afte is fine, and I think it looks more affectionate for mar wife to be seen together, arm in arm; let us promenac Broadway and return by the Battery; and you know love, you promised to call on Mr. C——, to look at his style piano; and, my dear, you must not forget the har

Mr. L. Forget, my sweet! nothing that is assoc with you or your pleasures; to render you happy is m

ENTER JOHN.

John. Mrs. and Misses Jenkins.

Mr. L. Admit them. They are the kind of peo like.

Mrs. L. Not as fashionable as I would wish, in e other respect clever people.

ENTER MRS. JENKINS AND FOUR MISS JENKINS.—*A G ral Congratulation.*

[*End of First Part—Between First and Second a l of eight years.*]

PART II.

A wretched hut, or hovel in the suburbs of New York— Mrs. Lovely, and two ragged children, the former making shirts for the "Benevolent Society," at ten cents apiece: every thing denoting poverty.

1*st child.* Mother, where is Pa?

Mrs. L. At the ale-house.

1*st child.* What is an ale-house?

Mrs. L. A place where congregate the idle and the dissipated, for the purpose of injuring themselves and ruining their families; an ale-house is the gate to purgatory, through which all must pass who worship at the shrine of Bacchus.

1*st child.* Do they pay toll, mother?

Mrs. L. Ha! ha! toll?—Aye, with their soul's everlasting damnation.

2*d child.* O, here comes papa—he sick, he no stand.

ENTER MR. LOVELY, *(intoxicated.)*

Mr. L. What, no table set yet? no dinner? what are you about, Mrs. Lovely, sitting here all day, doing nothing? damnation! if I put up with it any longer. You are lessening the dignity of my family, Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. L. Who supports the family and its fallen dignities? who puts the bread in their mouths, do you?

Mr. L. How can I? Have I not tried to get a situation [hiccup] time after time?

Mrs. L. No doubt, and the reason why you do not succeed, is because you solicit one when drunk.

Mr. L. Dr-dru-drunk, Mrs. Lovely? This is an insult no man of honor can, or should put up with. You must

make a suitable apology, Mrs. Lovely, or I will throw cup of water into your face, Mrs. Lovely!

Mrs. L. Throw away.

Mr. L. Then take it, madam! [throws the cup of w into her face—children scream, and Mrs. L. seizes a bro stick and drives him out of the house.]

Mrs. L. The brute, the hog, [cries—children join and aid the grand musical concert.]

Mr. L. [outside.]—My dear, let me in.

"Oh let me in this ain night."

Mrs. L. Will you promise to behave yourself?

Mr. L. Yes, and I have a bottle of whiskey.

Mrs. L. That is the golden key which e'en unlocks prison doors, [opens the door.]

ENTER MR. LOVELY.

Mrs. L. Where is the whiskey?

Mr. L. Here, [gives a jug.]

1*st child.* Give me some, mother.

Mrs. L. Wait, let me set the table, [she places the t in the centre of the floor.]

Mr. L. Where did you get this meat?

2*d child.* I got that, father—papa, I mean.

Mr. L. Where did you get it?

2*d child.* From John Brown.

Mr. L. [aside]—My former coachman!

1*st child.* And I got this bread from his wife.

Mrs L. My former nursery maid—hand the bottle t way, [drinks.]

1*st child.* Give me some, mother.

2*d child.* And I too, mother, I likes whiskey.

Mr. L. Do you know, Mrs. Lovely, that I feel q

happy in our present situation. An humble, quiet life is far more preferable to affluence and its attendant evils—there, don't drink too much, Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. L. Yes, it is a kind of love in a cottage. But

"The days are gone when beauty bright,
My heart chain wove,
When my dream of life, from morn till night]
Was love, still love."

Put down the bottle Therese, you have drank enough for a child.

"New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam ———"

Mr. L. Never! the time has passed, the day dreams of *our* life are over,

"So push around the bowl, Mog,
And let us all be merry."

Mrs. L. Here, take it, but by St. Noah, who got drunk on the mount, it is empty—

"I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be.
My heart and lute is all the store
That I can bring to thee."

Mr. L. The devil take your heart and lute; give me the bottle.

Mrs. L.

"Oh breathe not its name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold ———"

Mr. L. Quit your singing, come get more whiskey, I say here, Therese, go, get a quart, Mrs. L.—have you any more?

Mrs. L. Twenty cents for two shirts, I just received; here, Therese, bring the stuff.

(*Exit Therese with bottle.*)

Mrs. L. My dear, come give your loving wife a kiss—ha! ha! a kiss, this reminds me of other days—"long ago betide," ha! ha!

Mr. L. (Sings)

"Dear maid, by every hope of bliss,
By love's first pledge, the virgin kiss,
By heaven and earth I love thee."

Ha! we rode in a carriage once—rolled along Broadway, the envy of half the town, ha?—how times have changed, we are happy now, ho! there—whiskey.

Mrs. L. Be still my duck, do not recall the lingering past; it is e'en now rushing across my brain, and maddens it with recollection. Oh, memory!

Mr. L. (Sings)

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

Mrs. L. (Weeping.) Indeed it does—other days! oh!—oh!—what a curse is in the recollection of them; (*screams*)—misery! misery! misery!

(Sings wildly)

"Oh think not my spirits are always as light
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now,
Nor exp-e-c-t"—(hiccups)—ha! ha! ha!

Mr. L. Go on love, go on; exquisite—beautiful, where is the piano?—give me "Hope too Fled," or "Bonny Sixteen"—or,

"I am wearing away Jean,
Like snow when it thaws Jean,
I am—"

Drunk my dear—what ho! there, Therese, the bottle—"what pleasure in the bottle lies." (Enter Therese.)

"Ah! for a swig of the bottle so juicy"—(drinks.)

Mrs. L. Mr. Lovely, your brutal behaviour will drive me mad; I am mad; there are moments when reason flies its throne, and leaves chaos to govern.

(Sings)

"Here we meet too soon to part."

Mr. L. I—I—am going.

"Tho' love is warm awhile,
Soon it grows cold;
Absence ———"

I—I—Mrs. Lovely, you are drunk—the children are drunk, and I am drunk; Mrs. Lovely that was, and Mrs. Ugly that is, we are all drunk!

Mrs. L. The beast, the wretch,

"Behold in his soft, expressive face
The well known features here I see."

First Child. Papa, sleep, and so will I—my head is giddy; I will lay beside papa.

Mrs. L. What a leveller is whiskey. It is more mighty than ignorance; one sup more, and I—I am prostrate with all the world.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind,
Should auld ———"

(*Attempts to rise, and falls on the body of her husband.*)

[*Scene closes to snoring music.*] *End of Part Second.*

PART III.

A Lapse of Eight Years.

SCENE I.—*The lower room of a wretched house, the rendezvous of what is termed at the north "Wharf Rats."*

Old man. Come here, Bob, chalk down on the door the names of our new lodgers.

Bob. I guess it would be a hard matter to tell the name of the last gem'man; he has got the "dilemers tremeres," as the doctor calls 'em; he talks of nothing but cobwebs and snakes.

Old man. Then mark him down Mr. Mania Potu. Three cents a day for board,* and find his own whiskey. Then there is the woman with her two brats; they pay twelve cents, and find their own rum; the girl is a real devil.

Bob. Yes, she be's a rum 'un, that's the truth on't.

Old man. Now, Bobby, go clear out the rooms, put in fresh straw, and see that no stragglers get in, that's a good boy. [*Exit.*

Bob. First I'll steal a jug o' whiskey for Therese. She will, and must have it, poor soul. [*Exit.*

(*Another room—table, candle, and bottle.*)

Mr. Lovely. (Lying on the straw.) Away, away, fiends, ha! ha! I see you, imps of hell; snakes, scorpions,

* In Philadelphia I know of houses where this wretched class of people congregate. The table is furnished by beggary, and sometimes fifty or sixty miserable, bloated creatures, sit down at once and regale themselves with the offal from the rich man's table!!

away, let me grasp ye; big headed spiders! ha! ha! Roll on ages—roll away years—pass away time—roll on carriages—smash! crack! crack! break! ha! ha! You cannot harm me, I am invulnerable! I am mad! What ropes are these? spiders' webs; ha! ha! Give me some rum, whiskey, water. Howl on, devils, howl, 'till hell echoes back the sound. Where is my children—wife? She is drunk—drunk—ha! ha! ha!

"As she lay, on that day,
In the bay of Biscay O!"

My brain is on fire. Spirit of Alcohol, aid me; press not my brain so?

"Believe me, of all those endearing young charms."

Ha! ha! there goes a devil on a broomstick; holloa, there—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine."

Say, Mother Damnable—

"The world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given."

My lips are parched. Water! water! (A groan from without.) Who's there?—ha! 'tis base echo. (Another groan.) Holloa, there; devil imps, snakes and scorpions; ha! I come, fiends, I come. "Poor Tom's a cold."

[*Exit, with candle in hand.*

Another chamber.—Mrs. Lovely, and her two children, asleep on a bed of straw. Enter Lovely, with candle.

Mr. L. Misery—misery—is this thy tomb, and these thy victims? Rum, what a leveller thou art! Rum is rich—rum is poor; alike they are reduced to one common level.

Begone, snake, I am moralizing; brain be quiet, let me moralize! ha! I moralize? The learned, the wise, the fool and knave are hurled into one common ruin. I like thee, rum. O rum, I love thee, for thou art republican! Let me see; what have we here? bloated faces, jovial followers of Bacchus! "jolly companions every one!" Let us see; a woman. What does the poet say of woman?

> "She is a temple which the Eternal One
> Hath built him to inhabit; who will dare
> To desecrate the dwelling of the Lord!"—WILKIE.

Why rum dare; it will sap the foundation of the faires temple. Here once resided beauty. Gracious heaven! i is my wife and children.

Mrs. L. What voice is that? have you some gin? drink gin, it is more congenial to my health — give me gin.

Boy. It is father; give me whiskey, father.

Therese. Give me a new bonnet.

Mr. L. The ruling passion strong in death. I am mad— I feel it. This light — this straw — I will; life hath no charms.

Mrs. L. Who says that? Life, life, life—rum, rum, rum.

Watchman (outside.)—Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

Mr. L. What a sight! what misery have I brought upon all! Oh, if reason would but hold dominion awhile, I would save them yet! Back, tempter, back; quiet, brain; tremors, mania, avaunt; I—I will die. (Sets the straw on fire.)

Mrs. L. Who speaks? what's this? Fire?—(She springs up, seizes her youngest child, and as she rushes toward the door, sees Mr. Lovely)—Ha! — Is this your work? Save Therese, save her. Are you mad?

Mr. L. Mad! mad!

Watchman (outside)—Fire! fire! fire?—(People rush in and save the wretched inmates.)

SCENE III.—*A mad-house.—Mr. Lovely chained to the floor, in a strait jacket, grasping at unseen things in the air, laboring under mania a potu.*

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. Lovely discovered in the City Hospital, in the female department, clothed neatly, and busily engaged sewing; beside her is seated Therese, pale, emaciated, looking sorrowful. A change has come over them, and its effects progress onward for their reformation.*

NOTE.—Having brought my sketch to a conclusion, it may not be improper to state, that such scenes, however revolting their description may be, are nevertheless true, and not one of the eras referred to for the illustration of my subject, are the mere coinage of the brain, but drawn from the actual scenes which I myself have witnessed. Any one of my readers who has made human nature his study—watched the gradual progress of the love of liquor—traced its onward course—followed the victim to its power, step by step down the ladder, through each and every degree—peeped into the hovel of misery, the work-house, the mad-house, and the prison—cannot but say, alas "such things are!" and precept, example, nay, religion itself, cannot stem the liquid current which sweeps all before it.

There are situations in life, scenes of misery and distress, brought on by dissipation and a moral depravity, with which many of my readers are totally unacquainted. Hence these sketches may seem as *romances*, instead of what they

really are, *sad realities.* We on one occasion asserted through the public press in this city, that at the lowest calculation, "*three thousand persons arose every morning, without having any fixed place of lying down at night!*" A charge so bold, astounding as it did those who never think of the poor, created some excitement. But, fortunately for us, there were those who had made the subject a study; and when the late Mathew Carey endorsed the assertion, there were no longer doubts of the fact. Societies were then formed, having for their object the amelioration of the condition of the poor; but, alas! they did not reach those who most needed aid!

The poor family reduced to the lowest grade of misery and wretchedness, by the vile and frequent use of spirituous liquors, found no favor with those *Benevolent Institutions;* and the writer of this heard one of their most *religious* members say, "*that they had no claim on the sympathy of the righteous,*" and actually added, "*the sins of the fathers should be visited on their children!*" *And this was charity!*

We at that time pointed out the receptacles of the poor outcasts from society and benevolent sympathy; we gave to our sketches "local habitations and a name," such as they were, which, upon examination, proved to be true. In all large cities, hordes of men, women, and children are found, who are incapacitated for labor, in consequence of the love or the *madness for rum.* They are to be found all along our wharves, congregating around and about low groggeries; hundreds are sent forth to beg and steal; and thus our streets are crowded with half-clad, half-grown girls and boys, whose very appearance bespeak a perfect knowledge of life in all its worst features. Rag-pickers, stealers of old iron, lead, &c. are also a numerous class; and at night, with their

small and ill-gotten stores, they are seen in the lower part of our city exchanging them for rum, or a night's lodging. Those who are not so fortunate, select out some old outhouse, or barn near the city; others creep into sheds and decayed rooms of deserted houses; others seek the banks of the Schuylkill, and crawl like hogs under trees and bushes! This is not all—alone—away from the noise of the city, in woods and barns, these wretched creatures howl and shout, in their maddened dreams, and awake, trembling with *delirium tremens*, with just sufficient reason left to guide them to the city, when more rum brightens intellect, to madden it again ere night!——And this is life!

As stated in the second part, there are houses where these wretches are received at three cents a head for a night's lodging—they huddle together in a large room covered over with straw — men, women, and children indiscriminately together, and all raving and shouting in the incipient stage of insanity! *Reader, these things we have seen!* And this is life! Who is there can gaze on its rolling stream, carrying on its bosom millions of human souls, struggling, shouting, and howling in their madness for help, without a shudder? No one. Will you stand: or can you stand, and calmly gaze on these wretches, whirled along as they are by fate, without endeavoring to rescue and aid them? No; you cannot. Then let us remember, in our hours of peace and of happiness, how many of our fellow-creatures are not only destitute of the common necessaries of life, but of hope here — and hereafter! — They are like us mortal, but probably not like us strong!—

Come with us then into the suburbs of our city, let us walk together through the lanes and alleys of Southwark, and portions of the Northern Liberties, let us peep into the dwellings of the poor, and examine into their wants. Do

not ask how, they became so, but endeavor to alleviat and remove the probable cause. Then let us go down int the cellars, and the groggeries, amid the depraved, the house less and the hopeless—there we shall learn a fearful lesson It is here we shall see, how rum will, nay has brough down on a level with the ignorant, the learned and the wise here we will find intellect maddened, ruined. Here the once fine mind becomes a wreck, aye reader, men and women they who were once the pride and admiration of a ball room are here on a par with those, who never lived beyond the precincts of crime and of vice. And this is life!

Societies, and the Missionary it is true have done much Temperance associations have in a manner reformed society but there yet remains much to do. We must provide for the children of those who are yet in the chains of the monster vice, and its attendant, rum! These little creatures whose ears are stunned with curses, and whose little eyes gaze on no other scene but that of crime, they whose little hearts become hardened to the world, and whose minds receive no impression of good; they must not be swept away from this blessed world, with the world's curse upon them, No! It is for us to save them, for salvation is not extinct on earth.

LEAF TWENTY-EIGHTH.

The following tale was written by the author for the purpose of portraying some of the scenes alluded to in the Missionary's notes. As fiction falls far short of reality, it would perhaps be unnecessary to state, that, but little of the former finds place in any of the incidents or sketches introduced in this work.

HENRY MONTFORD, THE DISCARDED.

CHAPTER I.

"Take him hence."—Cymb.

"One more appeal and it is the last: stern necessity compels me to throw myself upon your charity." These words were uttered by Henry Montford, as he cast himself at the feet of his stern father.

"Avaunt! thou viper! thou scourge to my existence: I disown you! Avaunt! I will not listen, nor will I heed your prayers; you have demeaned yourself—disgraced your family—for which I have discarded you, and again proclaim it—you are no longer my son."

"But, father, hear me; she is of respectable parentage—her only fault is poverty."

"That in itself is a crime, in my eyes; and of her virtue I know nothing; though perhaps—"

"Stop, sir; no more; heap upon me insult and contumely,

use language as unbecoming the man as your conduct is unbecoming the parent, but do not, dare not, insult the object of my affection—the wife of my bosom—I will not hear her abused, though thou wert ten times more nearly allied to me."

"Do you beard me, boy! do you brave it thus!—hence, out of my sight; lest I forget that I once loved you; away, sir, nor let me ever see you more. Go beg, steal, starve; do any thing, but never cross this threshold again—away—away!"

This was the last interview between a father and son. Born to a rich inheritance, Henry Montford could have won the fairest, the richest lady in the land; but he selected for his wife the daughter of a poor officer; one who had fought in the days of our revolution, and shed his blood for the sacred cause of LIBERTY! They were poor; poverty is the child of generosity; it is the offspring of charity and good-will toward mankind; then why should it be a curse? The penurious man, who hoards up wealth and becomes, in time, "the observed of all observers," never knows or experiences one glow of that generous feeling which is ever the poor man's companion. It is his sun by day; the pale bright moon of his dream by night; he may feel the cold chill of the winter wind, it is true, as it howls around his peaceful home; not even this can cool the warmth of a noble heart, which not unfrequently beats beneath the garb of poverty. The rich man!—why, I would not change my present state of feeling for the proudest *millionnaire* in the land. *Poverty is not a crime!*

We have said the old veteran was poor; he was also happy, and when he breathed out his last sigh, and blest his weeping children, he left them that—*'twas his all!* No sooner had Henry Montford's father become acquainted with

ıe marriage of his son, than his inflated pride took offence; e worked himself into a passion, and as the reader is already dvised, turned him out of doors. Left destitute, with a oung and interesting wife, without a profession or a trade, e made one more effort to allay his father's anger, and onciliate his affections—the result of which we have already etailed. Hatred—if we dare use the term—deep and last- ıg hatred took possession of his soul: his whole nature nderwent a change; a revulsion of feeling, which astonished imself, resulted in a fixed resolution never to breathe the ame of his father more. The sound of a parent's title was ilenced in his heart.

"I will never forgive him; no—the limb has been fiercely rn from the tree; nature's self cannot restore it; it may ıither, die, and turn to dust, he shall never know the misery ıch a severation has caused me." After his grief had mewhat subsided, the unfortunate young husband thus ldressed his wife:

"We must part, Maria, nay, start not, I will seek my rtune in other climes, and return with it—or poverty again."

"Part! dearest Henry! Oh, say not so! I can work; can sew, do anything; these hands are strong, and I am th able and willing to work. You must not go; you nnot leave me."

"Dearest Maria, listen to me: it is my only chance of oiding utter ruin, and the seeing her I love sink day r day beneath the iron hand of poverty. A friend of mine s a house in the West Indies; it is a branch of a very tensive one in London, he wishes me to go out for the rpose of transacting some business; the issue will pro- bly place me in a situation which may ultimately secure e an independence. You, my dear Maria, will remain ith Mrs. Snyder; 'tis but for a short time, and all will be ell."

"You are my only prop, now, Henry, earth has no other charm—life no attraction; but I will not urge affection's tie to induce you to stay, for that would be ungenerous. Go, my beloved, my prayers shall accompany you, and may they be as a shield to protect you from danger."

The reader must picture a scene too melancholy for the pen to describe. The parting of man and wife, is one of those sorrowful events which can only be felt by those who have experienced the pangs attendant on them. There is a connecting link between two hearts which ere they part must be broken; it is affection's tie severed; it is the sunshine of the heart o'erclouded by woe; it is nature's darkest hour! The spell once dissolved—the link once broken—time may heal, but cannot cure the wound. They parted. * * * * *

'Twas night; the winds had gone down with the sun; the noble vessel lay motionless on the calm bosom of the mighty ocean, and the silvery moon rode gracefully through its crystal home, showering as she passed, her myriads of rays upon the sparkling waters. Henry leaned over the vessel's side, and as the gentle waves rolled silently away, he pictured on each, some event, which, like unto them had rolled away upon the ocean of time, leaving not a trace of their existence behind. But again—there were others which came up like the dreams of memory—how sweet is memory! Associating the past and its affections with the present—they were as by-gone visions, and all, save one, rolled on, glided away, and left him still meditating, that one still lingered on the wave; every curve bore its image; every ray of moonlight rendered it more plain. Again came another and still another; he gazed, and wondered by what magic of the mind, fancy could draw a picture so vivid, even on the surface of the mighty deep. So it was; he saw the

image of his wife reflected from the mirror of creation! He would not have exchanged that mental dream for all the realities of life.

* * * * * *

In the meantime, Maria, left to herself, began to have fears for her husband's safety. She conjured up a thousand imaginary evils and dangers. One other event, not altogether unexpected, recalled her attention from those visionary fears. She became a mother, and as she pressed the little infant to her bosom, she forgot her troubles, for there is, in that moment of ecstasy, whole years, lengthened out, as it were, into ages; for all is forgotten; everything passes away from thought; the mother sees, feels, knows nought on earth but the helpless image of *herself*, clinging to *herself* for that life which ultimately may prove all a burden. What is life? Is it not a knowledge of misery? Perhaps it is something more.

Months passed away, and the boy grew rapidly; everything had gone well; but alas, the cup of joy was about to be dashed from her lips. We have stated that she lived with a Mrs. Snyder, the *good*, the *kind* Mrs. Snyder. But she was a woman of the world; cold-hearted and selfish. She could smile when those around her had money; but that smile would soon disappear if she even suspected that it was likely to take wings and fly away. *Money is not wingless!*

Montford had left his wife but fifty dollars, which he said would last until he made a remittance, and this same Mrs. Snyder promised to await the money, and not even allude to its forthcoming to Mrs. Montford.

"No," said the *good* lady, "I would not distress the angel; do not make yourself unhappy, Mr. Montford, on her account, I will be a mother to her."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Montford was seated in her little room, the boy was rolling and playing on the floor, the whole soul of the mother was in her eyes as they followed his childish gambols, when the door opened somewhat abruptly, and Mrs. Snyder entered; her countenance had been divested of its habitual smile, and an iron like sternness seemed to have taken possession of it.

"Well, madam, how do you do to-day?" Mrs. Snyder, like the generality of hard-hearted females, had a peculiar manner of commencing a quarrel by the rule of politeness. Well, madam, I didn't expect to ask when I ought to have received; but I do think as how it is high time for you to fork out; and do think as how it is time you should have heard from that husband of yours."

The reader cannot be surprised at this address; it is just such an one as is uttered every day by some such other kind lady as Mrs. Snyder. It is human nature.

"Indeed, Mrs. Snyder, you say true—I should have heard from him ere this."

"Yes, madam, and if he does'nt send it, how am I to be paid, eh? answer that."

"Indeed, Mrs. Snyder, I cannot answer—I am afraid my husband has nothing to send me."

"Nothing to send, and in the *Indees* at that! then let me tell you, madam, if you think as how I can keep you and that brat for nothing, you are much mistaken."

At the name of brat, the mother's eyes flashed; but as she turned them toward where he was playing, her countenance immediately changed, and a smile passed over the troubled surface.

"You see I speak plain, madam——"

"Plain, indeed, Mrs. Snyder; but what am I to do?"

"Do—do—why, quit my house, bag and baggage."

"And where am I to go?"

"Go! anywhere; that is your lookout, not mine; I want this room for a boarder, one who has money to pay; yes, ma'am, money to pay; so I hope that you will look out to-morrow, at farthest."

So saying, she hurried out of the room, as if conscious of doing a mean act, and anxious to escape as soon as possible from the contemplation of it. People that are in the wrong generally talk more than those who act rightly. The good man, conscious of the rectitude of his conduct, says no more than is actually necessary; but the bad man commits a wrong, and feeling the iron in his soul, endeavors to lull its pain by incessant action, as if the voice of conscience can be silenced by the clamor of the tongue.

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed Mrs. Montford, "for what am I reserved! Has it come to this—turned out of doors; without a shelter; without a home, and my poor boy; the innocent, prattling boy—what will become of him; see, he smiles; and now in all the playfulness of childhood, he laughs; it is too much!"—and the distressed mother burst into a flood of tears.

At that moment her washer-woman entered, bringing the clothes for the week; seeing Mrs. Montford in tears she was about to return, when the other called her back, and in a few words, told the cause of her distress. "It seems as if heaven has turned against us."

The kind-hearted washer-woman—washer-women are all kind-hearted—sympathized with her in her misfortunes, and bid her cheer up, observing—

"You shall not want for a home; though my house is small, its doors shall never be shut against the unfortunate."

"Heaven, then, has not forsaken us—it was wrong for me to have said so; yes, my good, good lady, I will go with you, and will earn my board by assisting you to wash and iron."

"To-morrow, then, I will come for you; be of good cheer, and hope for better days; keep up your spirits, ma'am, and all will yet go well."

The next day Mrs. Montford took possession of her humble dwelling. What trinkets she had, the gift of her husband, when all around them was brightness and sunshine, now went one by one, to the pawnbrokers, without the most distant prospect of her ever being able to redeem them. Mrs. Jones, her kind protectress, consoled her amid their gloom of poverty, and the innocent prattle of her boy tended to lessen the misery of her situation, and blunt the keen edge of reflection.

The father of Montford, in the meantime, left a prey to the harrowing recollections of the past—tormented and harassed—he plunged into the vortex of dissipation—that certain stream which carries soul and body to their utter ruin. In a very short time, his immense fortune began to dissolve like mountains of snow before a burning sun. His path was now down-hill, and he rushed furiously on. In this state we leave him and return to one whom we left meditating on the deck of a vessel. We will not follow him through the storms and tempests, but land him safely at his destined port.

He immediately called upon the gentlemen to whom he had letters, and by whom he was received with great courtesy, and with much politeness, the characteristic traits of a

well-bred merchant; and I would here remark, *en passant*, why that accomplishment which ought to belong to this class of society, is not, or but seldom, to be found among them. Let that pass.

The object of Henry's journey was made known, and he found, to his great disappointment, that to accomplish it, it was necessary to start immediately for London. Having written to his wife, and receiving further instructions from his employers, he embarked in the next packet for that great city, the metropolis of the world.

This voyage was long, tedious, and somewhat dangerous, yet the prospects held out to him were so flattering, and the pictured dreams of the future so pleasing, that he complained not, though his sufferings were great. He arrived in London. What a sight bursts upon his view—the pent-up world of men looked indeed all that he had read of it. His business detained him some time, and he once more returned to the West Indies, and was received with additional kindness by his employers, who, satisfied with his business habits, made him their agent in Philadelphia, there to reside permanently. With a lightened heart, and a mind at ease, he sprung upon the deck of a homeward bound vessel, and again braved the stormy billows for those he loved.

It was on the 15th March, 1796, when the noble vessel entered the Capes of Delaware, and as the distant steeples of his native city met his enraptured sight, busy fancy pictured his future prospects with his beloved wife in her brightest colors. The barque now glided gently up to the wharf, crowds of people, more or less interested, and idlers had now collected to witness the arrival into port. Henry cast his eyes among the motly groups, not a feature could he distinguish. How time changes the human face—how it loves to scratch the crow-foot marks on the old, and with

peach-ripe hue paint those of the young. Time is selfish—it loves the young—the gay—the blooming; but alas! its love for them is but short, for when he passes in his careless round he leaves a wrinkle on every brow.

There was one form, however, upon which his eyes rested, that seemed to have a sort of fascination about it. There was the outline of a man familiar to him, but the filling up was new—the features were swollen — bloated with liquor—the eyes bloodshot and wandering.

"'Tis my father—but, oh! how changed!"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, before a rope which had been thrown upon the wharf, passed the unfortunate man, and though but a touch, it hurled the victim of intemperance into the current — a cry of horror ran through the crowd, which was, however, speedily subdued by witnessing the heroic act of Henry, who sprang from the deck of the vessel into the river, and succeeded in rescuing the unfortunate man from *immediate* death. He had him conveyed to a public house, and by the proper applications he was restored to life and consciousness. As he opened his eyes, they rested upon his son — his preserver — a shudder like that of death passed over his frame, and for a moment he shaded his eyes with his trembling hands, as if to keep out of sight the form of one he had so deeply wronged. Gradually, however, he recovered a degree of self-possession.

"My son, you are revenged. I have made no will—you are my only child — my heir — it is not all gone — not all gone yet — pardon your father, boy — pardon him ere he die."

"Oh! father don't say die—there are many years of happiness for you yet—say not die!"

"No, no, my son, my days — nay, my hours are numbered—do you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!—I have long since forgiven you!"

A change now came over the wretched man—his features seemed to contract—his swollen cheeks sunk—his eyes grew glassy—and the lips paled at the approach of death—there was a struggle—a heaving of the breast—a contraction of the muscles of the hands—a stiffening of the limbs—it was death, spider-like, enmeshing his victim!

On the following morning, Henry paid the last sad tribute to his father's memory, by shedding tears over his grave. Tears are holy gifts.

The reader must not suppose, that during this time Henry was neglecting those who were as near and dear to him as the object of his present solicitude; on the contrary, he had called at the house of Mrs. Snyder, and found that, that *good* lady had paid the debt of nature, leaving all others unpaid. None knew her family, nor could he obtain any traces of his wife. Almost distracted, he determined to advertise his arrival in the papers, thinking thereby to convey to his wife the fact of his being in the city. In passing through an obscure street, he was startled by the scream of a woman; turning suddenly around to ascertain the cause, he perceived a small boy attempting to get up from where he had fallen, and to avoid the swift approach of a carriage, with two mettled horses, which were dashing furiously up the narrow street. To spring forward and snatch the boy from impending danger, was the work of an instant; a door of a small house being opened, he took the child in, whose screams at the sight of a stranger, soon brought the mother down. Mrs. Jones, who had the child in charge, had fainted in the street, and was just at that moment led in by one of the neighbors. Her joy on seeing the infant safe was unbounded, and she poured her thanks upon Henry, who, to avoid some of them, turned to the mother, to whom he ad-

dressed a few words of condolence and satisfaction, that he was the instrument of preserving her son's life. But she was so taken up with her child, that his words fell soundless on her ear: but, conscious of the impropriety of her conduct, she raised her dark sparkling eyes to him, she had yet to thank, when a wild exclamation of joy again escaped her, and in the next moment, to the astonishment of Mrs. Jones, she was in the arms of—*her husband!*

We will not attempt the inkling of a scene like this.

Henry, upon an examination of his father's affairs, found that out of a princely fortune, there was left the old family mansion, and about twenty-five thousand dollars; sufficient, however, as he said, to render his little family happy, not forgetting the kind Mrs. Jones.

Having now disposed of the few characters in this little drama of real life, we would, in conclusion, wish to make one remark in the way of advice to parents. Always study the happiness of your children; this you will find in the end to be productive of richer fruit, than that which springs from mistaken notions of pride and love of wealth.

LEAF TWENTY-NINTH.

THREE TALES OF SORROW.

ARRANGED FROM THE MS. PAPERS OF A POST OFFICE CLERK LATELY DECEASED.

CHAPTER I.

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

"Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live, or feared to die."

I WAS seated at my desk, the index box was filled with letters, the great southern mail having just arrived. "Are there any letters for me, sir, Henry Middleton?" I glanced my eyes at the applicant; there was something in his voice, look, and manner which for a moment riveted my attention; he appeared by no means annoyed at my scrutiny of his person, no doubt ascribing it to the nature of our situation; he was apparently about twenty-three years of age, eyes dark and penetrating, a shade of melancholy passed over his countenance and withered the sunshine of hope; a mouth of the most marked character conveyed to the observer a knowledge of his; the lower lip firmly compressed and the curl of the upper denoted strong and agitated feeling, and an irritable temperament. Having gathered this much from Henry Middleton's personal appearance, I took out from the box M a handful of letters—

one was addressed to him; the hand-writing was evidently that of a female; he seized it with a nervous grasp, a momentary gleam of hope lighted up his shadowy countenance, and he rushed out of the office. For the first time in my life, I felt a degree of curiosity to know the contents of another's letter; it was a strange and to me a new feeling; in vain I battled with the demon which seemed rising within me; in vain I turned over letter after letter to withdraw my mind from this dangerous focus of thought; it was utterly useless; that night I dreamed of being condemned for breaking open letters entrusted to my charge.

Towards evening on the day following, to my extreme joy, Henry Middleton stood at the little window. "I wish to pay the postage of this letter, sir." Twenty-five cents I informed him was the charge. The letter was in my hand —Middleton had departed. The address, Miss Amelia Templeton, a small seal, with the impression M upon it, was the padlock to my curiosity. I turned the letter over and over. My brain grew giddy with the intensity of desire —I held the epistle up to the light—the paper was coarse and thick—I peeped into the folds—ah! what is that! part of a sentence visible! "Love, Amelia, acknowledges no tie but that of its own creation." What a sentence! In vain I tried to follow it up; not a word beyond this could I make out. Here I was left in the dark—then my imagination completed a volume of surmises. He, Middleton, was endeavoring to pursuade Amelia to elope, or rather follow him hither, and the above line constituted a portion of the argument used by him to effect this object.

Such were my conjectures relating to the affair, derived from such evidence as the reader is now acquainted with.

A month passed over, and my note book contained several incidents of an interesting nature; but the lovers as I con-

cluded them to be, occupied so much of my thoughts, that I could pay but very little attention to the rest. I awaited impatiently the return of the mail which should bring the answer from Amelia. At length it came. To Henry Middleton. I instinctively caught it up. I felt as if I were an interested person, and had a right to see—that is, without breaking the seal—as much of the letter as I could; but Amelia had folded it so carefully, that it defied all attempts to gather any connected sentence. Gracious heavens! What do I see? By turning up a portion of the inner fold with the blade of my knife, I read—

Yours affectionately,

AMELIA SINCLAIR.

It was now certain that Amelia was lost to Henry. She had proved faithless by marrying another. How would he bear up against the thunderbolt aimed direct at his heart? I again endeavored to penetrate further into this letter; another fold was carefully raised; the words—"a parent's curse," "cruel necessity," "your absence," "forced into marriage," burst upon my sight. I had actually worked myself into a fever, and had partly determined to keep the letter from Middleton, feeling assured that its contents would prove a death blow to his hopes. While debating the subject with myself, he appeared at the window. I held the letter in my hand. A tremor of almost conscious guilt passed over me, and if he had watched my countenance he could not have failed to detect something indicative of my crime. I handed him the letter—he gazed upon the well known hand, a smile of joy irradiated his visage; he tore it open, hastily devouring its contents—a sudden and awful change came over his face—the exclamation of "oh God!" escaped him—he raised his right arm, pressing the distended fingers against his forehead, and fell upon the floor in horrid convulsions!

* * * * *

He lay upon the bed of death; his eyes partly closed, and his hands clasped together in convulsive agony. I stood beside him awaiting the result of the paroxysm—some moments relapsed their unnatural collision—he gazed languidly around the room, exclaiming, "Where am I! Who did this?" "One," I replied, "who is willing to serve you." "Oh, then, as you are my friend, burn that fatal letter. While it exists I am wretched. It is the curse of the few short moments I have yet to live. I have read it until each word, nay, each letter seemed as a coal of fire consuming my very heart strings. It is chained to my brain, and each thought I bestow upon it acts as an electric shock to heighten my misery. I essayed to destroy it—but dared not—cannot!"

I took the letter and deliberately burned it; he watched its disappearance with a maddening glare, and when it was entirely turned to ashes he burst into an hysterical laugh, and fell back upon the bed.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that, after the scene at the post office, I caused him to be conveyed to my room, and he had continued in a state of delirium during the whole of that time. On recovering from the hysterical affection caused by the excitement of destroying the letter, he became more calm. "I thank you," he muttered, "I remember it all—and you have been my true friend—heaven will bless you for it—my prayers, they are all I have to offer, shall be breathed for thee and thine."

"Compose yourself," I answered, "think of nothing now but your recovery, and return to friends."

"Friends!—ha, ha, ha! Who talks of friends? Ah, yes, you that are a real one, and never felt the venomed tooth of a smiling hypocrite in your flesh—no—I will

speak—bear with me awhile. Think only! he was my chum at college, the companion of my youth, the friend of my more matured age, and we lived in the hope of ending our days beneath the same roof. But now the broad canopy of heaven cannot shelter both of us alive. One or the other should—must die, and fate accords it to me."

"You distress yourself. Do not speak of these things."

"I speak of them, my dear sir, to drive away the curse of recollection. Left alone to dwell upon them, I would go mad. I will relate to you something of my short, but eventful history. It is simple; there is no romance in it! it is one of those incidents which occur in every life, among men of the world. I was not suited for the world—it has crushed me—Amelia has wounded the heart that loved her. But no more of that. We were cousins destined at an early age by our parents for each other. We grew up in the perfect knowledge of the happiness which awaited us—we were young, we were lovers. There is not a stream, there is not a mountain of our native home, but could tell a tale of our early loves. We have wandered over the one and sat beside the other, when the moon shed her pale and silvery light upon its waters. There nature smiled upon us, and we in return rejoiced that she was so good. Pardon my folly, sir, but those were moments of pure, unalloyed bliss. There came one among us, who, in my dreams and my waking hours of madness, I have cursed. It was Sinclair—my friend—I will not enter further into the details of my history. I will not relate to you the causes which induced me to quit home; suffice it however to say that I was unfortunate. I wrote to Amelia. The fatal answer and the result of it, you are already acquainted with, and it is to your kindness that I am indebted for those few days added to a life of insupportable wretchedness; my nervous

system susceptible of the slightest shock, my mind weakened by the hereditary disease of our family, consumption, could not battle against the accumulation of domestic misfortunes, and a jealous feeling which I harboured of Amelia. I left home—my misery is now complete—my former suspicions have proved true! She is faithless! This, sir, is all—bear with me but a short time, and then I will tell you the rest—I feel myself sinking—listen—oh! God—oh, God—I—I—" he gasped for breath—the muscles of his face worked as if struggling to retain life—his eyes became fixed—his lips muttered sounds, they were unmeaning—I took his hand, it was cold and stiff—I gazed upon his face—Death's seal was set forever!

* * * * *

In the Episcopal church-yard, near C—— street, is to be seen a neat marble slab, with the following inscription:

Sacred

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

HENRY MIDDLETON,

AGED TWENTY-FOUR YEARS.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

"Though grief may blight, or sin deface
Our youth's fair promise, or disgrace
May brand with infamy and shame.

* * * * * * *

A mother, though her heart may break,
From that fond heart will never tear
The child whose last retreat is there."

ELLEN FITZARTHUR.

It was a cold, dreary morning in the month of December, a heavy snow lay upon the ground, and the wind whistled around the north-east corner of the post office; the streets were nearly deserted; none ventured out but those whose business rendered it absolutely necessary. I sat at the window, watching the flakes of snow as they pealed from the roofs of the opposite houses, and scatttered their whitened particles on the pavement beneath.

The southern mail had arrived, and all the business letters were delivered; a drowsy feeling crept over me, and I was just falling into the Lethean lake of forgetfulness—that dreamy portion of our life, without which this paradise, this glorious world, with its riches, and its charms, would be as a howling desert—

"Sleep, sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

But I am digressing. I was awakened from my slumber by a slight touch upon the elbow and a tremulous voice uttering the words, sir! sir!"—"madam!" cried I, starting up—"I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but I wish to know if there are any letters from my son?" Honest creature:—she

looked the picture of distress—the widow of hope as well as kin, her age apparently about fifty, her dress neat but indicating poverty; the hand of time had furrowed her cheek, and left his impress there.

"From your son, madam?" "Yes, sir, my only son, a good, brave boy, and my only dependence; he lives in New Orleans, and sends me my little allowance every month—are there any, sir?" "What is your name!" "Williams, sir, Mary Williams." "Here are two letters, ma'am, for Mary Williams."—"That is me, sir, and that is his handwriting, dear, good boy!—he never will forget his aged mother." "Fifty cents, ma'am?" "Fifty cents! sir, my William always pays for the letters." "In this instance he has failed to do so." "What shall I do?" "I think you said, ma'am, that your son sends you a monthly allowance, so, probably one of these letters contains it." The letter was opened, and as I anticipated, a ten dollar bill was enclosed.

After the departure of the old lady, I began to weave an imaginary tale from the simple incident attending her appearance. Her son was in New Orleans; it was true the season was healthy; the winter there being in point of salubrity the very antipodes of the summer; still an undefined presentiment of a something yet in embryo glided across my brain. I noted down the facts that had already occurred, and in the meantime gathered materials for other tales.

Two months passed away, and a letter remained in the post office for Mrs. Mary Williams. In taking it up, I accidentally noticed the careless manner in which it was folded. The following scraps of sentences were distinct and legible:

"Business very dull—but two dollars a day—sickness—doctor's bill—I never go to the gambling houses—what made you think so?—send money next week."

It was evident from this that William had got into bad company, and although he denied frequenting the gambling houses, those sinks of iniquity, those common sewers for draining from the weak and dissipated their hard earnings, yet I felt assured that he was lost, and his mother left in her old days poor and destitute, relying upon the cold charity of the world for the common means of subsistence. Her brave and noble boy, as she had fondly called him, was now drawn into the vortex of vice, from whose baneful and impetuous influence, the tears, the cries, the agonizing grief of her who doated upon him, to whose existence her whole soul seemed linked, could not rescue him. The spark of filial affection was extinguished, and the love of pleasures, the gratification of passions, dissipation and debauchery had usurped its place. The winter was now passed away with its wrath, storms and tempests with their hail, rain and snow, were rushing down the tide of time, and spring was seen smiling in the dim perspective. It was, I think, in the early part of March, when Mrs. Williams stood at the window. Her whole appearance was changed. I forgot to mention she had previously sent for and received the letter to which I have above alluded. Sickness and sorrow had done their work. Her eyes were sunken, her cheeks more furrowed, and poverty still more strikingly displayed in her person. To her question—"are there any letters for me?"—That powerful monosyllable "No!" was another shock to the poor mother. She stood awhile in silence, the tears rolled down her cheeks, she struggled awhile to refrain her feelings, then fast flowed the sorrowing waters from a heart surcharged with grief. She turned to depart, but faltered, and at length overcome, she sat down upon the steps of the post office and wept aloud.

There is something unnatural in the weeping of the

aged. Youth is the seed time of the harvest and hath its sunshine and clouds. But age is the garnered fruit, the sere and the yellow leaf of all that was beautiful. When age weeps it is for youth, not for itself. I gazed upon the heart-broken woman before me, and thought of her many days and nights of anguish. I thought of all her bright visions of hope and joy, which shone through her son, and lighted the path of her future. They were all vanished, and here she lay in utter darkness and desolation.

I spoke to her—she looked up—I told her if she would leave her address, I would send a letter as soon as it came to her home. "Home!" she exclaimed, "I have none; yes, yes, I have." Reader, it was the poor house!

Week after week elapsed—no letter came for the aged widow. One day I accidentally took up a New Orleans paper; curiosity prompted me to read it more carefully than usual—the paper fell from my hand; my worst apprehensions for Mary Williams were realized.

* * * * * *

I stood at the bedside of the widow. She lay on one of straw, beside which stood a table, containing sundry bottles of medicines, and near to her a bible, upon which were a pair of common steel spectacles, black and rusted with age. She instantly recognised me. "Ah! you have brought me a letter from my dear boy. I knew he would not, could not, desert his poor mother. How is he? where is he?"

* * * * * *

Reader, here I close this sketch; the remembrance of which haunts me still, and the last sigh, the last dying pang of the heart-broken widow will be as the monitor to prompt me to deeds of charity, with a heart alive to the cries of the suffering, and a feeling of joy at their alleviation which I could not have previously experienced.

CHAPTER III.

THE SIREN.

The morning was one in May, the first of the month. All nature was smiling, and putting forth, like the gay daughters of earth, her ever-beauteous charms. I had just returned from a long ramble in the country, and reluctantly seated myself at the window to distribute the thoughts, the opinions, the love, the hatred, the wisdom, and the follies of mankind through the medium of letters!

Passing over several common-place, every-day applicants, I was at last struck with the interesting appearance of a young lady, who could not have attained the age of eighteen. There was, however, a certain expression of the countenance, a lurking devil—if I may use the expression—in her eye, denoting alike ungovernable passions, and a reckless disregard of the consequences attending their gratification. The study of human nature for years, and a close observer of all its wire-workings, *and mappings of the face*, which my position had a tendency to improve, have made me conversant with many of those signs which the bad passions of the human heart cannot keep in its deep recess, but send forth as warnings to the young and unwary, to shun them as they would a pestilence. She gave her name as Caroline Somerville. There were fourteen letters to her address, the postage of which amounted to nearly three dollars. Her correspondence seemed to embrace the four quarters of the globe: for amongst them were two ship letters, one from Bordeaux, the other from a small town in Scotland. I immediately set her down as one of our best female *customers.*

I think it was on the third day from her first applic at the office, that I noticed in her hand writing a not dressed to a merchant of the city, a man of family, an puted a model of his sex, and a pattern for husbands. excited an unusual sensation within me. What could have to do with Middleton? There was nothing in mon between them. His situation in life, his moral racter, and standing in society, were all opposed to the supposition of such a thing. In the mean time, by usual method I deciphered the following words: "Pa the freedom"—"Love has no bounds"—"No. 26, Ga street"—"alone, seven o'clock"—"drop a note"—t were all I could make out, but they were sufficient. character and plots of the Siren were no longer a subje doubt. I knew her as well from these unconnected tences, as if her whole history had been written out b me. She was, in the literal sense of the word, *a fe seducer*. The next question that presented itself t mind was—Would Middleton pay any attention to That he would not, admitted scarcely a shadow of dc he might probably reply to her note, but only to refuse, remonstrate with her upon the folly and imprudence, i guilt, of her conduct.

I handed him the letter myself; he remarked imm ately that it was not one of business. The seal was ken, and the letter was read with an eagerness that surp me. He placed it carefully in his pocket book, an parted.

Towards evening, Caroline received through me, a swer from Mr. Middleton, in which, as I discovered promised to meet her. From that period there ca change over his dream of life; I could not but mark wasted form and haggard looks, which others would attri

to different causes. I possessed the key to unlock the truth, but *that* formed no part of my *vocation*.

Weeks, nay months, elapsed, and I was only reminded of this circumstance by the daily appearance of Middleton. The few short months were as years upon the calendar of his face, while the curse of memory was dragging him with an iron grasp to an early tomb. One day he observed to me in a manner evidently intended to convey to me the request more as a matter of business than otherwise, to deliver his letters to no person but himself: remember, he repeated, to *no one*, if you please, sir. I promised to follow his instructions strictly. He had his reasons, and I knew it.

As I had anticipated, his wife, a lovely woman, in the fulness of life's bloom, rich in accomplishments, the *observed* of all *observers*, called at the office; I could detect, beneath the bland smile, the canker worm of domestic sorrow; the seeds of misery were sown, the harvest was ripening. Are there any letters here for Mr. Middleton? If I detest any thing in the world, it is the telling of a white lie; it soon leads to a black one. I replied that there were, but orders had been given to deliver them to no person but himself. Orders, sir?—did he leave such orders? He did, madam. She struggled with passion—it was, however, in vain. The words "perjured villain" escaped her, and she left the office.

I could now imagine their domestic scenes; conscious guilt on the one side, injured and insulted innocence on the other. But even this was doomed to have an end.

A report ran through the city, that a murder had been committed at No. 26, Gaskell street. Good heavens! The dwelling of Caroline! I hurried to the scene of blood, and there lay the dead body of Middleton, and beside him, in

the custody of two officers, his murderer—a youthful paramour of this modern Jezebel.

He forfeited his life upon the gallows, and Caroline Somerville died of mania a potu in the almshouse.

What became of the wife of the unfortunate Middleton? the reader may inquire. Do you see that little red frame house which stands alone—that one with the neat little garden connected with it? There resides Mrs. Middleton, the once happy wife, together with her four small children; to maintain them, she takes in washing. Yes, reader, such, alas! is her destiny.

The tide of public opinion rolls from crime, even while it carries upon its bosom many a bark freighted with the unhallowed cargo, and involves many an innocent victim in its reckless and overwhelming course. She is now alone in the world, with none to sympathize, none to alleviate her anguish. Her little ones are the peopled world in which she moves; beyond that, all is *chaos*.

LEAF THIRTIETH.

MANY years ago, which will remind our readers of "once upon a time," there was a truly good man, a philanthropist, one who like many good men of the present day, went about doing good. His visits were not to the residents of the outside of a prison, but to those who were inside. He

was the Lord's messenger on earth, a missionary of the heart, one who had deeply studied all the workings of poor human nature, its struggles, its temptations — its downfall. He had in his capacity visited many prisons, and became acquainted with men, and their fearful histories — histories which if given, as told in the deep dark cells of the penitentiary, would make the young heart quake and tremble, like the startled fawn.

Some incidents this good man told the writer of this book, one of which made a fearful impression on his mind, more particularly as the chief of the robbers, a murderer, was hanged, and he stood beneath the gallows, and witnessed that *fearful end*, of a wicked man. The interest of those who escaped naturally increased; and years passed away, and silence and doubt rested on their fate.

From the MSS. of this old missionary, the following legend was written; and as it developes the mystery of crime, in a manner identified with the mysteries of life, it is given as one of the dark leaves of our book.

THE MURDERER'S DOOM, OR EIGHT PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE.

PAGE I.—The Locality.

On the great national road between Brownsville, Pennsylvania, and Cumberland, Maryland, the traveller passes over two mountains, known as the Big and Little Savage. Except in the beauty of the scenery, which is of a wild and picturesque character, there are no other features in these "savage" hills, than that which belongs to the nature

of the soil, and the giant-like formation of its rocks trees.

Prior, however, to the march of improvement, and enterprise of the people, which have thrown over hill, mo tain, and valley, roads, canals, and telegraphic modes communication, this portion of our country presented qui a different aspect to what it does at the present day. Th deep valleys, high towering mountains, whose summits pla hide and seek with the clouds, and interminable forests, the resort of the wild deer and bear, gave to it all those characteristic features which render the American forests in point of sublimity and grandeur, equal, if not superior to those of other countries. We might probably interest our readers in a description of the wilds of the West: but, as the pen is but a poor substitute for the pencil, and both fall so immeasurably short in sketching the reality, that we will be excused the task of attempting to paint that which is so far beyond the reach of art. On the extreme height of what is called the Little Savage, stood in the year 1829 a rude log hut; this was before the road, (which now winds its way around the base, and up the sides of the mountain, like a huge serpent,) was made. Then it was a wilderness, yet a wilderness of gardens—for up the hill side and down the deep valleys, the violet and the wild forest rose bloomed in their pride of beauty, and shed their perfume on the perfumed air: the birds at morn awoke the slumbering insects of the wood, and with their happy notes made all things musical; the bee on the rose, hummed in *sweet* concert with the choir; and when at night their more tired throats and plaintive strains were heard, they sounded as requiems of departing day. Much of the wild character of the scenery still remains; but perhaps the most remarkable, apart from the natural attractions of these mountains, is that of the *skeleton*

of a man, which to this day can be seen on a projecting rock, overhanging a small stream which meanders through the deep valleys, and loses itself in the waters of the romantic Monongahela. For seventeen years and upwards, has that skeleton rested upon the rock. It has become a part and portion of it; in fact, it looks as if the sculptor had chiseled it out of the main body of the stone, and left it there as a specimen of his art! There is a fearful history connected with these bones—one which has thrown a charm, as of fear, over and around their immediate vicinity. It is indeed a wild and fearful spot—blasted oaks surround it; the tendril vines which were wont, in their pride, to cling so fondly to their stately lords, the oaks, now crawl away, clinging to the earth as if in dread. The wild flowers bloom no longer there, and the gaunt wolf whose den was beneath the rock, howls afar off! The vultures, too, have long since deserted the place—the flesh of their victim is gone, and the spirit of the table-rock no longer spreads his *human banquet there!* Yes: high up on that lone rock, bleached by the storm and the tempest, and baked in seventeen summer suns, hardened even unto the consistency of the stone itself, are to be seen the bones of one whose name no longer dwells in the memory of man! It has passed away—*for the tomb of crime is oblivion!*

PAGE II.—The Old Man—Danger.

Our story commences on a beautiful evening in the month of June, 1830, in the log hut already alluded to; at the door of which sat, on this occasion, an aged man and two young girls. The man's age was probably sixty; and although his head was silvered o'er with the "messengers

of time," yet the cheerful look and well built frame told a life of temperance and of health. The eldest of the girls was not more than eighteen, and the youngest twelve; they were both beautiful, possessing all the attractions of youth, with its healthful glow and bloom. These are the attributes of innocence and truth, around which virtue delights to linger, and "sheds its halo there." The present, to them, was all bright — the future all sunshine. In that wild lone spot, the paradise of the mountain, could an action or a thought beyond truth exist? Alas! are there not poisonous insects in the choicest plants? What spot is there on the habitable globe that has escaped the pestilence of vice? It goes forth as if on the wings of the storm and tempest; it careers o'er the earth, and blights the Edens of the world! The human heart, like the fabulous flower of the East, nurses a serpent, which passion warms into life, and whose sting is death!—Beware, my fair readers, of the indulgence of a thought which is not allied to virtue.

The old man's hand rested on the head of his eldest child — his grandchild—for these two lovely creatures were the daughters of the old man's first-born—*his* only child;—she died bequeathing them to his charge.

"Ida — listen to me — I promised thy mother to watch over thee, and I will do it — listen — I speak but for your good. Nay, droop not."

"Speak, dearest Grandfather, I will obey thee, and have I not?"

"There spoke my own dear child—in thee Ida. She lives again for me."

"What would you, Grandfather?"

"Ida, *that man* has been seen near our hut; it is a lone, wild spot, and he can have no business or cause to linger in its vicinity. It bodes no good to thee Ida, and to me—but

atter—I am too old to act the champion; but I am yet guardian, your father—listen to me Ida—*avoid that* , there is danger in him." As the old man spoke, a blush, whose crimson hue was not the tint of conscious cence, passed over the cheek of Ida. She looked up ever, and replied,

'I *have* avoided him, father, indeed I have."

Promise me, Ida—nay swear, that from this time forth will not see nor speak with him—nay, frown not, I ak as one having the right so to do. I can read this , I can trace in the dim perspective a career of crime, he past appears to have been one of guilt. Nay, in my ams I see him crossing my path, and before him on the en sward dark shadows pass crimsoned with blood. ughter, I tell thee, dreams are the forerunners of events in lives, they come as *shadows*, but remain with us, *reali-*. Ida, will you swear?"

'Dear father, do not propose an oath, why should Ida ar? would you doubt her truth? No, no, do not pro- e an oath, we are happy, and where virtue is, crime not come."

True, my child, I am a foolish old man; but why is man here—here amid the deep forests—has he told , child?"

He said, he came to hunt the deer, and had left his panions at the foot of the mountain."

I like him not, men's faces are the maps of the human t; those who study them, and trace their lines, can read r inmost recesses. I left the city years ago, because the ped world told of hidden crimes. The gibbet was ted in public places, and the whipping post was the f ornament of our pleasure grounds. A moral pestilence abroad, and the air was heavy with curses. I came

here, I purchased this piece of ground; 'twas here thy mother died—you, my dear children, have been my only companions for many years. Here, amid the wild romantic beauties of nature, all has been sunshine, all happiness. Hark! do you hear the lone whip-poor-will, as he wings his flight down the valley, are such sounds heard in a city? no! And see the last rays of the sun, how beautifully they gild that long lane lined with forest trees, it looks like the pathway of heaven; but the air grows chilly, come in, my children, the creatures of night are abroad, and the woods are musical. *We should* be happy, my children."

"And are we not happy, Grandfather?"

"My heart does not beat in unison with nature, I feel a depression of spirits; there is danger somewhere—perhaps to your poor old Grandfather."

* * * Our readers can readily imagine a scene such as we have described; if they have never been on the mountain, or witnessed the sun's gliding down o'er hill and valley, or listened to the night breeze as it comes up from the gloom of the forest, bearing on its bosom the music of birds, insects, and beasts, they can imagine and picture something of the sublimity and beauty of mountain scenery, if the admiration of nature has been alone excited by reading. Books are the pictures of the world! Then as night comes on, a portion of its stillness pervades the earth, the tall trees lose their shape and form, and mingle with the objects of darkness. The forest seems a dark mass, and the strange sounds which come from it add to its solemnity and gloom. The breeze sweeps along hissing through the long grass, and æolian like conveys its strange sounds afar off in strains of unwritten music. Suddenly there comes a calm. The moon rises up in the distance, its silver rays are poured down upon the earth in a liquid flood of light—the breeze

is lulled to sleep—a holy silence rests o'er all earth—fitting welcome to its vestal queen. The voices of earth are hushed, the music of the spheres alone are heard. The moon arose higher and higher, and as it peered over the tops of the forest trees, the dark form of a man was seen upon the green in the shade of an old oak. His eyes were fixed upon the house. All was still, not a sound was heard. Hark! the opening of a door, a female form appears— he gazes cautiously around, a motion is made, so slight as not to be heard, and the door is closed, the little space between it and the gate is passed—the watch dog growled. The wolf is abroad!

The figure of the man now moved, his step was like that of the panther, slow, cautious, and hesitating. He stopped near the little gate leading into the garden, where perfumed flowers planted by *her* hand looked fading in the silvery light of the moon. He gazed on that little pasture, how lovely, how like the Eden of old, so beautifully painted by an inspired pencil. There never was an Eden without a serpent. Perfection only exists, when like the sculptured marble, virtue heeds not the approach of the tempter. The stately oak, though its base be the home of serpents, spreads forth its branches, and thrives in its purity and strength regardless of the enemy so near it, as if embedded in roses, *for the fangs of the serpent touch not its roots.* At the gate stood the man, against whom Ida was warned. The moonlight came down upon his face—had the old man read it correctly? For a moment the eye of that man quailed, for it rested on a holy and a calm scene; in that half averted gaze, the boy spoke to the man; it seemed as if it called up other days, and mirrored the past to his view. He thought of the times passed away, fled, gone forever; he remembered his boyhood's home, and memory peopled the

scene with living forms—but then came manhood's vision, and its dark cloud obscured that of boyhood—he clutched his hands together, gnashed his teeth, and felt, and looked the fiend again. *The map of his heart was again upon his face.* "It is past," he muttered, "the dream of childhood comes too late, my destiny on earth must be accomplished." Ida and the stranger met, *the oath had not been administered!*

PAGE III.—Crimes.

The year 1831, was remarkable in the annals of crime, for a system of robberies, the operations of which extended to almost every part of our country. A regular organization of men was established, portions of whom were stationed in the mountain passes, and like the brigands of Italy laid every wayfarer under contribution. The effect of this system was felt not only in the commercial, but in nearly all the social relations of life. Robberies became numerous and frequent, and as they were carried on with a chivalric spirit, a degree of romance was thrown around them which we regret to say found favor with the public. Our readers, at least many of them, remember what a degree of interest was manifested for the fate of Porter the mail robber, and the extraordinary exertions made to save him from an ignominious death. Nay, to such an extent was this unreasonable feeling carried, that a most deserving and meritorious manager of a theatre lost his life in his exertions to obtain, not only all the information in relation to the robbery, but a correct view of the scene where it occurred.* So changed however is the

* Mr. Samuel Chapman, lessee of the Walnut Street Theatre. He died in 1830, his death was occasioned by a fall from a horse, while

system of swindling at the present day, that men who exercise the greatest amount of cunning, or talent, it does not matter which, in accomplishing their ends, are considered *smart* and looked upon as being worthy the confidence of the people for almost any office, which it is in their power to bestow. Progressive as we are in every branch of art, and becoming every day more intellectual, the minds of men expand with their increase of knowledge, and thus every thing, *even unto crime*, is done upon the most gigantic scale. The strength of will is kept equipoise with the vigor of intellect. Cheating has become a science, and around which the aristocracy of law has thrown its most dangerous influence. As much as these things are to be lamented, the remedy is to be found in impartial legislation, and when the exercise of Justice is in accordance with the march of improvement, evident in all departments, it is to be hoped that no distinction will be made between the swindler dressed in silk, and the rogue in rags. But we digress, let us proceed with another Page.

PAGE IV.—The Robber's Cave.

On the borders of a small stream which washes the base of the Little Savage Mountain, surrounded by a cluster of old oak trees forming as it were a barrier, is to be seen even to this day, the mouth of a cave. The opening is through the solid rock, whether formed by the hand of man, or caused by some convulsion of nature, has so far defied the

sketching the locality of Porter's daring robbery of the mail at Turner's lane. The piece was produced, but in one week afterwards, Mr. Chapman was buried in Ronaldson's Cemetery, and a neat monument, erected by his friends to his memory, still remains a tribute of their esteem, and his well known worth and character as a man—a gentleman, and an artist.

ingenious observations of the naturalists to tell. There are, however, strong evidences of its having been widened by the use of modern means, but as the interior does not bear any such proofs the conclusion is that man has improved what nature's self made. Passing through the entrance, which is several feet in length, you reach a wide space, a kind of saloon extending some fifty feet right and left, another passage way beyond, leads you into a room of an oblong shape, the sides of this room are rugged rocks, some of which project out some several feet, forming as it were seats, or rather benches so arranged, as if made so expressly, and yet the whole formation is nature's sole work! Alongside of this room is a smaller one, and what strikes the beholder upon entering it with the most astonishment, is the almost perfect resemblance of a bed, hewn as it were out of a solid piece of rock; the most striking peculiarity is, that it has the bolster and pillows, and which are so *arranged* that at a small distance it would be difficult to discover the illusion. Much of this phenomena of nature still remains, and when the writer of this visited it, some ten years ago, the "rock bed" was pretty much in appearance as we have attempted to describe it here. Let us now convey our readers into this cave, it presents somewhat a different appearance from what it did when idle curiosity prompted our visit to it.

It was night, dark clouds were rolling away down the mountain's side, and mocking in their whirling career the glimpses of the pale moon. The air was heavy, and electric fires shot along the heavens, and the distant roar of thunder told an approaching storm. Different, however, were things inside of the cave. A large lamp was suspended from the roof of the first room we have described, the light from this lamp illuminated the passage way, and displayed the whole of the interior. In this chamber were several

fine horses, already saddled, also a small four-wheeled carriage somewhat resembling the more modern *carry-all.* On the wall were suspended several finished rifles, pistols, hunting-flasks, game bags, &c., &c., along the wall, on the eastern side were several rude beds, and a table in the centre, extended nearly the whole distance of the left wing of the room, upon which were the remains of a recent feast. Not a living creature, in the shape of man, woman, or child, was visible—the tread, and occasional neigh of the horses alone disturbed the silence which reigned within, this silence however was but momentary, for from the small chamber came the sounds of voices, and from the high tones, it appeared as if the parties were much excited. As much of the interest of our pages is identified with the *chief* of these men, into the room on this occasion we now introduce our readers. The sight was one well calculated to enlist the attention of the observer. At the head of a table sat a man whose age could not be more than thirty years, his manners were those of a gentleman, and his style of dress after the most approved fashion. His features were well formed, hair black and curling round his ears, eyes sparkling, but restless, denoting doubt and dark suspicion, if not conscious guilt. The eyes are sometimes the windows of the heart, they are at least the medium through which crime is frequently seen to look out on the broad earth. He held in his hand a glass, and was standing up, as were some fifteen others,—his companions. "Now, boys," he exclaimed, "let us drink to the memory of *Porter, the mail robber.*" The toast was responded to by all—*save one*—the silence of this man was marked by the chief, but not noticed at the time, when they were all seated, and the glasses replenished, the chief spoke :—

"How comes it, Garson; that you refused to drink the

sentiment I gave, it was to the memory of one who while living was the boldest of us all, and died without peeching. Was he not the best amongst us?"

"If he was, captain," replied Garson, "then are we bad enough—Porter has his deserts."

"Ha! would you say so of me?—for know—listen, men—and thou, white-headed villain as you are, that I was with him—it was I who escaped—"

"You are—"

"I am Ponteet*—aye, and I left him to his fate, with that white-livered coward, Wilson—I fled, and while you were rusticating here, I, under an assumed name, ventured with Porter to rob the mail."

The company looked surprised—Garson was silent.

"Speak, Garson—let not the dead mar the festive board, speak!"

"Why should I speak, *would* it not be of the *dead;* aye, not him alone—no, no, but of one other.—He is gone now, let it pass."

"I will not let it pass—speak, I command!"

"Learn then, that he was the seducer of my child, my Marian, she sleeps yonder—aye, in the robber's burying ground. You all know the story, but not of her undoer."

"Bah! man, this is all folly, we owe no respect to virtue, all things with us are in common—we are a social community."

"True, true, but, yet she was *my child.*"

"Aye! you lay a stress on, 'my child,' as much as to say, she was too good for us—the girl in yonder room is not *your child*, yet her fate is Marian's."

"And mark me, captain, her seducer's fate will be even worse than that of Porter."

* Originally spelt Poteet.

"Ha! ah!—a prophet—a prophet," was the general exclamation.

"Silence men,—I hear the signal—no more of this nonsense—to business, and while you are preparing I will visit my rose of the Little Savage."

PAGE V.—REPENTANCE.

On the stone bed already described, but now completely covered with bear skins, and curiously wrought coverlets, at the foot of it stood a small table upon which were the requisites for the toilet, in fact the chamber presented, if not a cheerful, at least a very comfortable appearance. On this bed lay Ida, but O, how changed; the glow of virtuous health had disappeared from the cheeks, conscious guilt mantled on her still lovely face, and the bitter smile told that repentance *came too late.* "Yes," she murmured, "it is all over now, and I have broken the old man's heart—I too will die, yes, I have the means, but I will not use them now—hark, he comes—the man I loved, the man I hate, aye with a deep and bitter hatred, he approaches."

"So, my fair one, you droop in my cage, eh! Well, I will clip your wings and then you may go forth—the garden of your grandfather may again revive the roses which once bloomed upon your cheeks—nay, girl, you are free now—but mark me well, you are now aware who I am, and of what I am capable of doing—these hands are not free from blood—breathe but a word, utter but a syllable, and you die. There is danger in my path, and every thing that stands in the way of my safety, must be removed, do you hear; girl?"

"I swear never to betray your secret, or the secrets of his cave."

"Good;—there lies your path, and if you are not too proud, there is gold for you."

"Keep your gold, sir, we know each other now, but mark me, man of crime, Ida Somers can remember, if she dare not revenge."

"Ah! do you threaten?—But she is gone." The villain and the base seducer stood alone in that little chamber.

PAGE VI.—The Vision.

The existence of such a band as we have described was calculated to carry terror through that portion of the country, and even reaching beyond Pittsburg, and extending down the Ohio river. Merchants visiting the east for the purchase of goods went in companies, and fully armed, frequent were the encounters they had with portions of the gang. The secret of the cave was kept, for well Ponteet knew that Ida would not betray them, *her life depended on her silence.* He also knew that the very morning after the disappearance of Ida the old man vacated his mountain home, and left it with his youngest grand-child; with this knowledge he felt perfectly secure in liberating Ida, and she had sworn not to betray them. Strange that a bandit should put so much faith in the oath of an injured woman.

* * * * * *

On the very evening of the day that Ida left the cave, an old man borne down with sorrow, and wearisomeness, accompanied by a lovely young girl arrived at a lone inn, on the road leading direct to Cumberland. Their appearance attracted the attention of the few persons residing in the vicinity of the public house, and much curiosity was excited to know who they were, and from whence they came. But

grief has no tongue, though expressive, and the good folks who would have listened to their tale of wo read in the looks of the aged man and his youthful companion a history of human life. What is life but true history—the pages are numbered, the index written, and its chapters divided. The great book is open, and the characters move on and play their respective parts and carry out each chapter, in accordance with the text.

The old man looked forward to the end of his journey with a sigh; he had pictured life's close on the mountain-top: he had even selected out the old oak tree beneath whose branches he wished to be laid, and then he would say to his children:—"You can plant flowers on my grave." Alas! the flowers are dead now; they withered when Ida left them!

The morning after their arrival at the inn, the old man arose somewhat refreshed, and calling for his grand-daughter, he bid her get ready for their journey; having breakfasted, and bid their kind host farewell, they set forth.

"Grandfather, dear Grandfather—"

"Well, my child?"

"You are going the wrong way; that is the road we came."

"I know it, my dear child—I know it—bear with an old man's actions. We will return to our mountain home. I had a dream last night; "it is my destiny—and I must obey"—"Yes," muttering to himself—"I must avenge her wrongs—the hand of heaven points out the way, and I will follow its directions."

On—on they went—the old man seemed to have renewed vigor; he hurried on—and Mary, for that was her name, and we are not aware of having given it before—trudged gaily on at his side, for the idea of going home had a most pleasing effect upon her.

"Listen, my child — come closer — I dreamt last night that Ida had returned to our hut. I saw her in my dream enter the lone chamber. I witnessed her tears—and even heard her words — for it seemed in my dream as if she missed us from the house, and wept; she laid down on the bed — then the door opened, a man entered — I heard distinctly—yes, it rings in my ears yet, a scream—the man rushed from the house, holding aloft a bloody dagger. Ida is dead — weep for her, my child — your sister is murdered!"

The old man wept, for he saw the tears on the cheek of his only companion now in the wide world. The tears of youth are like dew-drops — they nourish where they fall, but those of the aged are distillations of a broken heart—they fall like snow-flakes on a shattered tomb.

"Dear Grandfather — this is but a dream; dreams are the effect of grief and sorrow, as they are of joy."

"Not always, Mary; sometimes, I have no doubt, they are the mere visions of the past, retrospective shadows: but yet, my child, they may be the presages of the future. Dreams are not, cannot be alone the coinage of the brain: for thoughts and ideas, although silenced, are still there; they may take forms and shapes, and dream too—all, however, is mystery, but a mystery which time sooner or later will unravel. But come, child, walk faster; we must reach home before nightfall."

On — on they went — age and youth — the past and the future, were jogging on in sorrow. At last they reached the foot of the Little Savage: up — up, they toiled — the lone hut was in sight — the little gate was passed — they entered: all was silent; they passed into the sleeping room—Ida's room; she was there, apparently asleep. The old man gazed — his limbs trembled; he approached the bed ——

"Yes," he exclaimed, "it is blood — she sleeps — aye, ie sleeps in death—and that man—the man I saw in my eam — was her murderer! Mary, kneel with me and ay: your sister is dead."

PAGE VII.—Grief of Age.

After the events related in the last page, a sternness, ıounting almost to savageness, took possession of the old an; to Mary, however, he was kind and gentle: but his ıtures, when he did not address her, were iron. His veins relled, and seemed as if they were bursting; he was try- g to conquer—self! The grave of Ida was dug beneath e tree the old man had in the days of his happiness, lected out as the spot for his own. Roses bloomed on it: d there the old man knelt — did he pray? Yes, for her ıo lay beneath the green sod: but there — yes, while on nded knee, the old man took an oath—it was a dreadful e—a fearful resolve for an old grey-headed man—but it ıs uttered and recorded, either *for* or against *him*, in that ɔk whose pages are only to be examined when the last mp sounds, and the graves give up their dead.—*It is the ɔk of fate.*

A few days after the funeral ceremony, the old man put house in order, and taking Mary into the little room, he ced in her hands a letter addressed to a gentleman in iladelphia. "This, my child, you deliver in accordance to direction; and this, for yourself, only to be opened after death. I am going on a journey, dear child, and in the an time you remain with Mrs. Jones—shut up the house, e the small box with you—here is the key—in it you will l money; and when you hear of my death, open the letter

addressed to you—read it carefully—then go to Philadelphia—find out the gentleman whose name is on the envelope—in him you will find an—uncle! We parted many years ago as enemies—I have asked his pardon for what I did years ago. He has readily granted it; he is now a popular preacher, and will receive you with all kindness and affection, for he is a good man. No words, my child; destiny for a time divides us!—Heaven bless you—farewell!"

"Dear Grandfather, do not leave me; what will become of me when you are gone?"

"Fear nothing, my child; Mrs. Jones will call for you in the morning. Heaven bless you—heaven bless you."

——"Yes," murmured the old man, after he reached his chamber, "it is done—I will leave the house; but let me read it once more. Poor Ida, she must have written it after receiving the fatal blow; let me read it again—'Near the six oaks—the pointed rock, near the river—sixteen paces from its bank—a door concealed—a cave—robbers—Porteet, my murderer; worse than that—pity me, Grandfather—poor Mary—heaven bless you all—I am now dying—I, I was young—and he a villain—pardon—pardon.'—Yes, my child, I have pardoned—O! villain, villain!—The cave—robbers—strange forms in the forest—the numerous robberies—ah! he is near me!"

PAGE VIII.—The Skeleton Rock.

——The wolf, as he prowled along the base of the Little Savage mountains, avoided the six oaks, which the reader will remember stood near the robber's cave. Apart from the dreaded cave and its mysterious inmates, the wolf had an-

ther cause of alarm—for nightly, near and around the spot, a dark figure was seen, whose silent tread and stealthy motion alarmed even the fiercest of the forest animals. That dark figure stood beneath the shade of the six oaks—the wind whistled drearily and lonely there—no other sound was heard. He glanced out from his shadowed position into the clear light of the moon.—"It cannot be," he exclaimed, "for six nights have I watched here; and —— hark! what sounds are those—"

At that moment the secret door of the cave opened, the glare of light from the lamp already alluded to fell directly among the trees, making a silvery pathway far into the forest—and there, in the double light of moon and lamp, to the surprise of several men who emerged from the cave, stood the form of a man!—The moment he was aware of being seen, he turned and fled—"Silence, men—close the door, secure well the entrance—I will pursue the spy"—keeping his eye on the retreating figure, whose exertions were feeble, for he was old. Finding that he was pursued, he made directly to the table-rock, alluded to in our first page—its sides were rugged—but, as the old man reached it, he made a bound, and having secured a resting-place, he soon reached the top. It was an entire flat surface of some sixty feet square, with a few stinted trees clinging to its sides, forming as it were a border to a picture frame—*the subject was not yet imagined by the artist.* As the old man stood up, the moonlight displayed his full and yet vigorous form, he dashed aside an old cloak, clutched a peculiar shaped knife, and awaited his approaching enemy—*one of the figures of the painting was already sketched:* "Oh!" he exclaimed, "that it may prove her seducer!" As he spoke, a portion of the branches of a tree were rudely thrust aside, and a man sprang upon the rock; and there.

face to face, stood the pursued and the pursuer. *Another figure of the painting was sketched.*

"Ah! art thou the spy?" exclaimed the robber.

"Spy!—Yes, I am; and for six nights have I watched for thee; now, villain, this platform—your grave, or mine!"

"Old man, I will not strike as I meditated—your white hairs protect you."

"No such excuse have you, base villain—I dare strike." So saying, the old man struck Ponteet full in the face with his open hand: "That," he cried, "for my wrongs—and this for Ida's—"

Quick as thought, and before his astonished victim could prepare for defence, his desperate enemy had him by the throat. "Pray—man of blood—pray; I would not murder soul and body;" dragged to the rock by the almost superhuman strength of the old man, Ponteet crouched, trembling as it were at his feet. The old man's hat had fallen off—his white hairs were streaming in the air—his left hand clutched the throat of Ponteet, and in his right he held the knife alluded to. *The design of the picture was made.* The robber thus taken by surprise, and his most daring part cowed, he gazed upon the dilated form of the avenger in fear and awe. "Pray, man of blood—pray—you shall have time: soul and body should not perish at one blow. Hark! I hear your comrades—be quick!" Voices were now heard, as if approaching the scene of strife.

"Speak not—or I strike. Pray, I say—one word on heaven, and I will——"

The wretched man having now somewhat recovered, and hearing the voices of his companions, made a desperate effort, and succeeded in gaining his feet. "Ah! you would murder me, hoary headed villain, but I will foil you." So saying, he drew from his breast a knife, and aimed a deadly

ow at the old man—shouting, at the same time, to the full xtent of his voice: "Help—help—murder——." *The nterest of the subject of the picture increases.* The blow was warded off, and the knife of the avenger was instantly buried deep in the shoulder of his victim; the wound, although bad, was not a fatal one. In vain did Ponteet cry for help—it approached slowly up the mountain top—in vain he struggled to gain the least advantage: but his every motion was watched, and guarded against. "Now," thundered the old man, "Your doom is sealed. Pray, I say—pray; call on heaven to forgive!—Hark! your friends approach!—Pray—ah—they come!" At that moment, the heads of two or three men were seen above the table-rock: "It is too late—soul and body—soul and body—my oath—my oath"—one more struggle—one groan—and Ponteet—was dead! The old man threw down the bloody knife—gave one look on the ghastly form, as it lay there in the broad moonlight—he drew a long breath—heaved a sigh—one of sorrow and despair—raised his hands, supplicating toward heaven—and then disappeared down the opposite side of the rock, and his dark form was soon lost in the darker shades of the forest.

When the followers of Ponteet reached the rock, they found him dead—and as they listened, they heard the retreating footsteps of the—avenger! From some cause or another, the body of the murdered man was left where the deed was committed. Shortly after this event, the band dispersed, and the tomb of Ponteet (*whose real name was Meason*), became the home of the vulture. Years passed away: the mouldering flesh and clothes of the dead man fell from his bones, and were eaten by the "obscene birds" of night, or washed away by the storms and tempests of

many days. But the skeleton still remains, and to this day attracts the notice of the curious traveller.

* * * * *

More years have passed away—the scene has been forgotten — the events long since ceased to occupy public attention. * * * *

In the Arch street burying-ground, where repose the bones of "Benjamin Franklin, and Deborah his wife," a neat grave-stone is still to be seen, which tells the stranger beneath it lies the remains of "ROBERT SOMERS, AGED 79, who departed this life January 1st, 1839: Erected to his memory by MARY."

THUS ENDS THE EIGHTH PAGE

OF

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

LEAF THIRTY-FIRST.

PART I.—PRAYER.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

PRAYER is intuitive. It is a part and portion of our very existence; born with us it becomes the partner of our studies, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. The world, I mean the sinful portion of it, may

mock the man of prayer, laugh at what it terms his monkish notions, and superstitious fears, yet even these, the mockers, and scorners of prayer, and of all things holy, even while the smile of contempt quivers on their lips, inwardly pray for the very act they are doing. Prayer is intuitive.—In my observations on mankind, I have heard and seen such. Yes! in the deep, dark cell of the condemned criminal, whose heart long ere his incarceration resisted the influence of his better angel, prayer which lies nestled within it like a dove, panting for an opportunity to be heard, yes, even such a one, I have seen on the hard, damp floor, with bended knees, praying in darkness, and in silence for mercy and grace! All men, and all nations pray. The blasphemer and the atheist in their heart question the efficacy of prayer. That heart, yea, even the doubting heart, asks the question—"Is there a God?" and all things around and without answer—"Yea," and this is the prayer of the atheist —his very doubts are prayers!

What are the modes of prayer? I answer, the heart's impulse; in its woes what system does our nature teach but that which is intuitive with us—the seeds of prayer are planted in the soul, and they spring up and blossom in their time and place. The tendrils of church form may for a time obstruct their progress, but the hand of Deity never plants a seed in a barren soil—'tis there, and there it exists while the life he gave with it animates the soil. Prayer dies out with life, and life's last breath exhales itself in prayer.

To the Bible I refer as the book of books, it teaches but one mode of prayer, and to but one power—there is not a passage in it but if properly and truly read, but what conveys to the student lessons of truth, and brings him nearer, and nearer to his God.—It is the loadstone of the heart—

the morning star of glory, and like the lighthouse to the mariner, guides the wandering soul to its eternal home: for "The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble."

All men and all nations pray, the bible teaches us not only to pray, but to use it as our shield and buckler "in the day of trouble"—it tells us "always to pray, and not to faint."

The drunkard in his madness and crime wildly prays to Bacchus, the weak and the indolent to Hercules, the poet to the stars, the lover to Venus, the soldier to Mars, and the Christian to his God!

The Indian is excused for his mode of prayer, for their Manitto is our God! and those tribes who worship flowing waters, rippling rills, and the rising sun, and kneel to blasted oaks, have an intuitive idea or notion of some more powerful being beyond even these, the gods of their worship. The heathens believing in a plurality of gods, and in Muses presiding over the different arts and sciences, very naturally requested their aid in their undertakings. Having them as models of excellent versification and imagery, succeeding poets, living under a very different system of religion, have nevertheless copied their manners and opinions, and invoked their deities.

How different is the prayer of Dr. Johnson, before he sat down to write the Rambler, by which he intended to instruct, as well as to amuse mankind. Here is no appeal to the muses, no direct address to the "hallowed nine"—he begins:—"Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labor is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech thee, that in this my undertaking, thy holy spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation

both of myself, and others; grant this, O, Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

If Homer, Horace, and Virgil, believed in the existence of muses, and implored their aid in their writings, shall not Christians, believing that it is from GOD alone, that "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," implore HIS aid? Certainly.

PART II.—THE REPENTANT FATHER.

"Even heaven is won by repentance."

An old man lay on a sick bed, his glassy eyes rested on some object in the distant part of the room, and were fixed as if death had curtained them in night. Not a sound broke the stillness of that chamber, save the deep breathing of the suffering man, and the almost imperceptible action of an old woman, as she removed a portion of the window drapery to keep out the light of a glorious setting sun. The old man however, had observed the movement, and raising his head he spoke, though in a feeble voice:—"Put back the drapery, Sarah, let the light come in—it may, perhaps, be the last that I shall ever gaze upon in this world:—there, that will do. Oh! how beautiful it glows, how rich those colors which now gild yon mountain tops, and I can almost hear the music of the spheres as they chant their requiems of another day. Yes, days go out with light, and so does life. Hand me that drink, Sarah—ah! it is refreshing, but what can restore life to the oak upon whose bark the merciless axe has fallen."

"Be calm, sir, you have many, many days to live yet, and happy ones."

"Happy, happy, Sarah, never, never again on this earth, life itself is misery—memory a hell, for it recalls the past."

"These are sad thoughts, and as you dwell upon them they torment you the more."

"I cannot drown memory, I cannot help thinking."

"It is not too late, sir—your son lives—in that thought there should be joy."

"Aye, my boy—banished—cursed—and by me, and for what—pride and ambition—yes, I have driven him from his home, with a father's malediction—I have done more, that curse hath rested upon him, blighted his youth—young hopes, and all the prospects of a great future. It has driven him to ruin, and disgrace. In my hours of health, and wild dreams of ambition I looked forward to his advancement, he opposed me, and I disowned him—and heaven has disowned me!"*

"But, sir, he may yet live, and you can forgive."

"Forgive—forgive—aye, on bended knees—oh! Sarah, say that he lives—say that he thinks of him whom he once called father. But he is not the only one I have offended—when I look there—there, up through the brightness of the world—I see dark and frowning clouds—the sky becomes o'ercast—the thunder rolls—the lightnings flash—the sun so bright and beautiful, seems to set in mist and vapor—the storm comes up—hark! Sarah, how the wind whistles, and howls around the house—the fiends of the elements are abroad and it is I—I who am accused—not my son—no—not him—Sarah, close the shutters, the tempest rages fiercely."

"Listen, sir—there is no storm, no tempest, do not rave thus, be calm—all without is calm."

"Aye, and all within tempest," muttered the wretched man as he drew the coverlet over his head.†

* Micah, vii. 18. † James, v. 13.

"You must not yield thus to your fears, but be a man—a Christian."

"A Christian, what is that?"

"One who acknowledges the goodness of God and the mercy of our Saviour. Here is the bible, sir, shall I read it to you, sir?"

"What would you, Sarah?"

"I would repeat words which were uttered in other times, and in other days, which brought everlasting life to those who heard them, spoken as they were by the chosen men of God."

"Sarah—that heart that is seared by the iron touch of sin cannot be healed—it is destiny to suffer—and it is mine."

"Man—man—listen!

> 'Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy
> Vows unto the Most High:
> And call upon me in thy day of trouble; I will
> Deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'"

"Ah! repeat that Sarah—repeat it—then close the shutters, put out the light and leave me. I will commune alone, and thus in my hour of trouble call upon him, I have so offended, Repeat it, Sarah!"

"Listen, sir, 'call upon me in thy day of trouble.'"

"Amen!" The windows were closed, all was still, and the man of sorrow was alone with his God!*

PART III.—The Accursed One.

> "Thou look'st a very statue of surprise,
> As if a lightning blast had dried thee up,
> And had not left the moisture for a tear."

Reader, cast your eyes on this picture—see how the man of many sorrows bows down to the tempest and the

* Ps. ix. 9.

storm of woes which the world hath heaped upon him. He seems lost to all hope and the great future. That is the son on whom the curse of a father rests—both suffer, for both have sinned, the one for the crime committed, and the other, that he rests under the fearful ban of a curse!

Time and misfortune have been busy with him, the fond partner of his bosom stands beside him, and endeavors to console his hours of grief, for poverty, and misery, those weird sisters on life's blasted hearth, have seared his heart, and conjured up spectres to madden the brain and make life a greater curse; in his hours of wretchedness he forgets his God, and the death of hope leaves no mourner in his heart, it is all dark and drear. But like an angel woman appears, like heaven's messenger she stands beside him and points with a christian's confidence to heaven.

"Nay—nay dearest," he exclaims, averting his head, "it is all over with me, the clouds and tempests of an angry Providence have passed over this heart, and crushed it forever. Poverty is accursed, the snow flakes as they wanton through the freezing air—the wind as it whistles, and rushes past the palaces of the rich, finds here a resting place. I will not live, mocking life and fearing death. No, let me die—die as I am, accursed of man, an outcast from heaven."

"Be calm, my husband, let us hope!"

"Hope! what is it? a meteoric glare on our night of gloom and wretchedness, an icicle that melts even in the ray in which it glitters. No, my love, life is ended—this heart will, nay must break."

"O, Edward, how can you speak thus—how can you so calmly talk of death when all around is life, and the same sun shines on us all!"

"Yes, but how! are its rays as mellow, and as calm, and as bright upon our misery as they are upon the mansions,

and costly furniture of the rich? No, they only mock us!"

"Edward, this is profane, it is mocking religion."

"Religion! what is it? a creed, a thing for the rich man—it is nought to the poor."

"Shame, shame, but this does not come from your heart, that heart is only soured, not sealed against conviction, Edward, you have appealed to man, you have yet to appeal to heaven!"

"To heaven, would you have me pray—for I have prayed, and all have forsaken, all shunned me, but—but you."

"I am your wife—a true wife never forsakes her husband, no, not even in his hours of crime and guilt, but you are not guilty, you, Edward, are only unfortunate."

"And would you have me pray?"

"Prayer is the key to unlock the gates of heaven."

"Say you so—do you believe in the efficacy of prayer?"

"Yes, for listen what the Psalmist says:

'Call upon me in the day of trouble.'"

"Think you—think you, that he would hear a sinful man's prayer?"*

"The good have no need to pray."

"My sins were disobedience, and ingratitude, disobedience to a parent, and ingratitude to those whom I should have loved and respected. You have reformed me, but, but—I have not prayed since a father's curse followed me from the home of my youth. Do you think, dear wife, that the Lord would hear us, in this our hour of misery?"

"Listen!"

"I cried unto the Lord with my voice and he heard me out of the Holy hill."

* Matt. vii. 7.

"Anna, let us kneel together—my offence was not sinful, I could not marry her."

"And you wedded me against a father's wishes, and it is for me you suffer."

"No, no—kneel beside me, and let us 'call upon him in the day of trouble.' "

They knelt down—and long, deep, and fervent was that prayer. Hark! a knock—a voice. The door was opened and———

PART IV.—Contrition.

"On Thee they wait, on Thee depend."

Again we conduct the reader to the chamber of the sick man. His pale sunken cheek, and wandering eye told the gazer that but a few short moments yet remained of his wretched existence.

"Richard," he muttered, "where have you been for the last twenty-four hours? Am I to die alone? Richard, did that letter go safe?"

"Yes, sir, it did."

"Then, why don't he come?—I thought he was dead. Well—well, I turned him out of my house—the home of his childhood—a spot most dear, as it ever should be, to youth; I turned him away from all the associations of his boyhood—I—I—Yes! I drove him from his mother's grave—and I, I cursed him—him, my boy! Shut the window, Richard; the pale light of the setting sun is too pure to shine upon my expiring rays. Shut it out; let me go out of the world in darkness and gloom—it is fit I should—and yet, Richard, come nearer. I have prayed—aye, Sarah advised me to prayer—I did—and I felt relieved—I prayed

for my boy—all seemed to have been granted me, except that—and I have dreamt too—Richard, you saw him, did you, my poor heart-broken, sinless boy, whose father cursed him?"

"I did see him, sir."

"Richard, give me me your hand; that accounts for your long absence. Well, what did you say? Speak, Richard—"

"I told him how you suffered, and how sick you were."

"Well—"

"He, sir, had been praying—praying beside his young and beautiful wife. Just as I entered the room, they rose up from their knees, and tears were trickling down their cheeks."

"Poor souls—poor souls—and all this is my work. So *they* will not come—well—well!"

"You wrong him, sir—he will come—she will come."

"Will come, my much wronged boy, my heir—my—O—Richard, this is joy—joy—I will live, Richard—yes, I will live—a few hours longer—joy will give me strength—"

"Be calm, sir—he is—"

"Speak, Richard—"

"Here."

"Father—" exclaimed Edward, rushing in—"pardon—pardon!"

"Pardon! you ask that from me? No, Edward, it is for the son to pardon the father. Oh! my child, I have suffered for my cruel and unnatural conduct! The pale image of your mother has haunted me nightly; and though no voice uttered the bitter words of the past, yet were those looks, presented to me in dreams, daggers to my soul; and then again, I have seen you in frightful poverty struggling, an outcast and a wanderer. Heavenly Father, how have I offended thee!"

"Oh! my dear father, do not talk thus; all is forgotten—all forgiven! Let us pray, my father—I prayed last night—I know now, that prayer is the angel of mercy!"

"And I prayed last night—and my heart was relieved. Now I am content—kneel, my boy—and let us ask forgiveness of Him who alone has the power to grant it."

The son knelt down by the bedside of his dying father, and in a prayer which came up from the silent, though pure sources of the heart, he called upon that being whose outstretched arms reach the furthermost corners of the earth, for aid and comfort to a repentant sinner. The eyes of the dying man brightened up: a son—an ill-used son—was praying for him. That appeal to the throne of mercy, offered up in the lone chamber, had its effect; the eyes of the parent became still: they wandered and rolled no more in a sea of fear and of doubt; all was calm—a smile passed over his pallid features—he grasped the hand of his boy, and uttered feebly the words: "Bless you! bless you!" Thus a good man's prayer will from the deepest dungeons of grief climb to heaven's height, and bring a blessing down.

"Bless you, my child; bless you! I leave you rich—rich; use it well—use it, my son, like a Christian. You are married—Heaven bless your bride. Ah! what angel is that? Nearer, my daughter—indeed, Edward, she is beautiful. Can you, daughter, forgive me?"

"Oh! sir, speak not of forgiveness—we are all happy now—prayer has made us so."

"True: in prayer there is hope. Richard, open that window, let the light of the setting sun shine on me now—I could not bear it before—it was too pure, too holy. Ah! how refreshing is that breeze! See the long streaks of light pouring down yon mountain; my life will pass away with

them—we will go down into the darkness of the grave together. Farewell, my children—your hands—the light goes out—I—I—"

"Father! dear father!"

The old man essayed to speak—but the words died with him—life and light went out together. All was dark.

LEAF THIRTY-SECOND.

"DARK DAYS OF PHILADELPHIA."

A TALE OF THE YELLOW FEVER OF 1793.

THE PAST—AN EPISODE.

THE past! The very word conjures up a buried world, cities, towns and villages, lakes and rivers, old school-houses, old churches, old grave-yards, familiar forms, and tales of blood and strife. Grave-yards—mouldering tombs—these tell tales of the past, point us back to dates, and, although their pencilled marks are dimmed with age, still, like the old Mortality of Walter Scott's creation, the gray-headed sexton revives them by a word. Breathe but the past, and the charnel houses yield up their inmates—they step out upon the greensward and point their skeleton fingers to each and every page in their histories. Touch the tomb of the murderer, the man of unrepented crimes, uncancelled deeds, and they glide past you in a sea of blood!

The very appearance of this form conjures up the gallows—old Potter's field—the grave. The old, the young, the grave and gay—the patriot—sage—all—all obey that magic word, the PAST, and bow submissive to its power. Yet is there another, and perhaps a more potent magician, of whom we shall let another speak for us. A writer of the present age, one whose works have created a sensation in both hemispheres, says:—"It is one of the noblest privileges of the historian, that monarch of the past, that, when he takes a survey of his dominions, he has only to touch the ruins and dead bodies with his pen, in order to rebuild the palaces and resuscitate the men. At his voice, like to that of Deity, the dry bones re-unite, the living flesh again covers them, brilliant dresses again clothe them; and in that immense Jehoshaphat, where the children of three thousand years are collected, his own caprice alone regulates his choice, and he has only to announce the names of those he requires, to behold them start forth from their tombs, remove the folds of their grave clothes with their own hands, and answer, like Lazarus to our blessed Saviour, 'Here am I, Lord! what dost thou want with me?' It is true that it requires a firm step to descend to the depths of history, a commanding voice to interrogate the phantoms, and an unshaking hand to write what they dictate. *The dead often possess terrible secrets, that the grave-diggers have closed up with them in their tombs.*"

The talented author alludes here to the history of nations, monarchs, kings, rulers, lords and knights, the great men of the past! We take a humbler range, and call up spirits from the grave-yards of our own native land. Yet are the few characters introduced into our story of as much importance in their relative positions on each with their fellow men, as if they were the mightiest of the mighty.

CHAPTER I.

"———— Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deal of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind."—SHAKSPEARE.

Our story opens in a dark, filthy cellar of a house situated in Pine street, a few doors above Second. A barber occupied the dwelling part, the basement of which was rented to a man by the name of Giles. A description of this man's appearance is deemed necessary, as it may in some measure prepare the minds of our readers for those scenes in which he is destined to play a conspicuous part. Giles was a man whose age the close observer would set down at fifty-five, the casual one at about forty. He was thick set, broad across the shoulders, with a neck not unlike that of a bull's. His head was covered with thick, black, wiry hair, and seemed poised upon his shoulders, resembling somewhat a huge cannon-ball placed on the misshapen form of a dwarf. His strength must have been enormous, as every active muscle was, in proportion to those of other men, immense, presenting to the eye more of a distorted than a natural appearance. His features were the very reverse of handsome, and yet not what might be termed ugly; courage was strongly depicted on every lineament, and gave an expression, if not manly, at least indicative of great personal resolution. His teeth were large, regular, and purely white, and, contrasted with his dark visage, showed to much advantage. Such was Giles.

The cellar on this evening was rendered somewhat more comfortable, from the fact that its rough inmate had made up a fire, the light of which, reflecting on the wall, gave to

its viscous reality the appearance of crystallization. The furniture was in perfect keeping with the place and the owner. An old table, a cot bed, two chairs, and several articles used for culinary purposes, comprised the paraphernalia of the domestic arrangements, while all bespoke the poverty, if not the crime, of the occupant. Crime and wretchedness are almost synonymous.

As he sat by the fire, his looks were fixed on the wall, and it was evident his thoughts were far beyond the scene or the object upon which his eyes seemed fixed. Occasionally his hands grasped the back of the chair, the convulsive motion of which caused the wood to crack, while the nervous action of the muscles of the face told that a dreadful struggle was going on between present thoughts and past deeds. "Yes," he muttered, "I am a doomed man—hell has fixed its everlasting seal on my soul; for I cannot pray—I have tried it: in the dead hour of night I have knelt down, but the past—the past came over me in clouds of darkness—I could not pray! Yet I should like to know if my daughter still lives. Ten years have passed away—aye, ten long years—since I have been a vagabond and a wanderer on the face of the earth! Yet have I enjoyed life—I have had my revenge on the world, ha! ha!" and the wild laugh of the desperate man sounded fearfully in that lone place. "Hark! some one knocks! Who's there?" A voice from the outside answered, "A friend!"

"Aye," muttered Giles, as unfastening the door, "such a friend as the devil sends; come in."

The door opened, and there entered a young man dressed in the extreme of fashion. His manner was that of a man who had seen and mixed much with the world. In his hand he twirled a small, highly polished stick, with a beautifully carved head of a fox, made of solid gold.

"Ah, Giles!" he exclaimed, "my boy, alone eh! So much the better; but what are you doing with fire in the month of September? Are you cold?"

"No; but the cellar is damp, and I made it to dry the walls. Sit down."

"Thanks, Giles, I am tired, and I witnessed some sad scenes as I came along. By the way, Giles, take a smell of this: it is the celebrated 'Thieves' Vinegar,' a sure antidote to the disease."

"I want no antidote. Listen! I hear the approach of the dead cart——"

"Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!"

"That cry sounds fearful. But to business. You say you want my services?"

"I do, Giles; you have lived too long in poverty, old boy; I will enrich you—the times will enrich you. Keep an eye to the city—the fever is driving all before it. Why not take advantage of the public calamity and put money in thy purse!"

"I intend to do so. Just as you came in, I inwardly took an oath to plunder, nay——"

"Murder—eh, Giles?" significantly asked his companion.

"Perhaps," was Giles' laconic reply.

"Easily done, old boy. You can do it *professionally.* Apply to the committee to be received as a nurse, and I can give you a few lessons which may prove of some advantage. An extra glass of cold water, a table spoonful more of castor oil than the doctor's prescription calls for, will soon settle the affairs of life and death. This is called murder by the rule of Physics."

"You cannot learn me that—*I have practised it elsewhere!*"

"Good! Then, Giles, you are my man; and to lessen

the distance between us which education, manners and address make, and to place us more upon an equality, it is necessary that you should know who I am; at least more than you do at present."

"I do know you."

"Ah! you do! Well, who and what am I?"

"A bad son of a rich man."

"Ha! ha! Good! But, Giles, you were never more mistaken in all your life. I was born in the poorhouse, brought up in the workhouse, and educated in a prison."

Giles stared at the man before him, gave a low chuckle, and exclaimed in a somewhat harsh manner—

"Who are you, then?"

"Robinson, the bank robber, for whose apprehension there is a reward offered of five hundred dollars!"

At this announcement, Giles arose suddenly to his feet, his eyes were riveted on the slight form of the man before him, his fingers opened, and his arms involuntarily moved, as if about to grasp at something.

"What's the matter, Giles? You appear agitated. Put down those giant arms of yours, that look is somewhat savage. Nay, stay where you are. The door is secure enough—*I do not want to escape!*"

"Ha!—escape—you. Boy, if I thought you were Robinson, I would take you by the nape of the neck and lead you to the Mayor's office like a lamb to be slaughtered. Don't trifle with Dick Giles, boy."

"Well, my fine fellow, if such are your intentions toward Robinson, our conference ends. The task I had for you to do was an easy one, the payment for which would not be quite so heavy as the reward offered by the Directors of the Pennsylvania Bank for my person; and yet, Giles, stout and bull-like as you are, you could not win it."

"And you persist in saying that you are——"

"Hush, Giles, repeat not the name—walls, they say, ave ears; therefore, I will not persist; the fact is, perhaps, was to blame in confessing it."

"Then, young man, upon your own confession, I appre-end you as Robinson, the bank robber."

"Good! This looks well! But, my dear friend, I have ere a little the advantage of you. In the first place, do ou see this? One motion, one step to approach me, and will blow your brains out. Secondly, Giles, if I were isposed to turn informer, I would denounce you, my good iles, as a—*murderer!* Nay, start not—it is nothing—a ere word—murder professionally, you know; but yet, hen I reflect, that little affair of yours was somewhat out of the regular order—a sort of——"

"Hold, sir, hold! If you are Robinson, I am——"

"Yes, yes, I know—Wilson—Dick Wilson, the murderer of his wife! But now to business. Do not droop, Giles. By the way, Giles is a good name—a rural, innocent name; I like it."

* * * * * * *

Their conference was long, and evidently of a very exciting character, for occasionally Giles would exclaim—"She is so young, so innocent—and then her adopted mother is so kind—I cannot—indeed I cannot." The result, however, was that Giles pledged himself to do a deed which was to sink him still lower in iniquity. There are crimes of such a character which make those generally called great ones appear small, as the performance of some juvenile act dwells upon the mind, and growing into consequence, forms, as it were, an era in life, which is only effaced by some more manly one, totally eclipsing the other by its magnitude and greatness.

CHAPTER II.

"———— 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."—SHAKSPEARE.

Our readers are already aware, from what has been said, that the time of our story was during the yellow fever in the year 1793—a period to which many still living can refer with feelings of deep and sorrowful emotion. It has been a question, and one of some doubt, whether this fearful epidemic was imported from the West Indies, or whether it did not originate in the city from local causes or the influence of a tropical season, which in the excitement at the time were overlooked. The general impression was, however, that it was brought amongst us from the West India Islands, where, long before it had appeared here, it raged to a fearful extent. The latter conclusion, therefore, in the absence of other proof, was a very reasonable one. A vessel left Cape Françoise in July, bound for Philadelphia, having on board six or seven persons sick of the fever. Two other vessels arrived at the same time, infected with the effluvia of the sick and dead, and which came freely to our wharves, and particularly to that very one where the disorder first made its appearance. As these facts were fully authenticated and named in the report of the committee, there can be no longer a doubt of its foreign origin.

The health of the city of Philadelphia, from its foundation as one, up to this period, was such that no alarm was created in the public mind, even after several persons

had died, under circumstances which led to some public notice of the fact. But when the death of Peter Aston, on he 19th of August, after a few days' illness, was followed by that of Mrs. Lemaigre and Thomas Miller, universal terror spread over the city, and the awful intelligence went forth that the yellow fever was in their midst. It would be impossible to describe the consternation which followed this announcement. The Mayor's first official notice of the existence of the fever was on the 22d of August, 1793. If the city had been an unhealthy one, and subject, like some of our Southern ones, to periodical epidemics, the excitement which followed would not have been so great. Scenes of great distress ensued. Houses were closed; the streets were crowded with wagons, carts and carriages, conveying whole families and their furniture into the country. All along the Ridge Road, extending as far as Norristown, encampments were seen of families who were unable to find shelter in dwellings, as many of the country people refused them admittance, although large sums were offered. In many instances, barns and other out-houses were rented to the fugitives. Here were seen several families in one barn, all huddled together—children, palsied age—and the robust found, however, the salubrious air of the country, though inhaled through the open windows of barn, far preferable to the tainted atmosphere of an infected city. Many of these families having ample means, soon rendered their country abode far more comfortable by erecting temporary dwellings; but the poor in the city were compelled to remain, and the few that did leave found themselves even worse off in the country than they would have been at home, though death was staring them in the face. every place, on every spot of this beauteous earth, poverty falls as a blight: even the human heart chills at its

approach, and the doors of the rich are closed against it. Poverty is also an epidemic!

Many of the houses that were closed in town contained their inmates, who, having laid in a store of provisions, imagined themselves safe. This plan, if properly pursued, might have proved effectual; but, alas! they neglected the means, the most important, that of breaking off entirely a communication from the street. At every sound some window would be raised, and a faint voice ask the news of the day; hence, when the dead-cart passed, from many of these closed houses dark forms would issue, carrying some one who had fallen a victim to their curiosity. Business of all kinds was dull; many of the stores were entirely closed, and those that remained open presented a gloomy and tradeless appearance. The manufacturing establishments were also closed, the men discharged, who returned at night to their poor dwellings, to find death and starvation awaiting them at the threshold. All those indications of trade which opened the season so prosperous were gone; the rank grass was coming up in the streets, and stagnated water engendered the obnoxious reptiles.* The number of deaths now gradually increased: in fact, the number was truly alarming. Nurses could not be had for love or money; coffin-makers were at work night and day; and the fearful cry of "Bring out your dead!" struck terror to the stoutest heart. The hospitals were soon filled, temporary ones erected, and old out-houses rented for that purpose. Rickett's Circus, situated in Chesnut street, above Sixth, was hired by the committee; but its being in the heart of the city, much opposition was

* Matthew Clarkson, Esq., the Mayor of the city, issued most peremptory orders to have the streets properly cleaned and purified by the scavengers, and all the filth immediately hauled away. These orders were frequently repeated.

made against it. At one time, there were seven persons carried hither, and laid in the ring on the saw-dust; no one came near them; nurses were not to be procured on the instant, and these poor wretches were left to die. One of them became delirious, and crawled out on the commons, where he died. The alms-house, at the breaking out of the fever, was full, and the managers, apprehensive of spreading the disorder among its inmates, refused to admit those afflicted. Bush Hill hospital was also crowded, but all the patients there were down with yellow fever. Here death was busy at work — no one to attend — no one to render assistance but the few who were placed there at the commencement of the disease. The barn and all the out-houses were used, as also a large frame house which stood at a short distance from the main building. Here the coffins were placed, and the *dead stored*, until they could be interred.

Among those who volunteered their medical services were Dr. Deveze, a respectable French physician, and Dr. Benjamin Duffield, of Philadelphia. Other private citizens tendered their services to act as managers to superintend the hospital. The most important, and at that time, in point of wealth and influence, the most prominent, was STEPHEN GIRARD, whose offer to superintend the interior department was gratefully acknowledged and immediately accepted. The example was followed by others; among whom was Mr. Peter Helm, a native of Pennsylvania, and at the time a member of the sick committee. Mr. Helm took charge of the exterior department.

The condition of the hospital at the time these two distinguished citizens assumed their duties was truly deplorable. "It exhibited," says a writer of that period, "as wretched a picture of human misery as ever existed. A profligate,

abandoned set of wretches, acted as nurses and attendants, (hardly any of good character could at that time be procured,) rioted on the provisions and comforts prepared for the sick, who were left almost entirely destitute of every assistance. The sick, the dying and the dead were indiscriminately mingled together." Such was the state of the Bush Hill hospital on the 16th of September 1793. A general dread of the place prevailed: it was, in fact, a great *human slaughter-house*, where numerous victims were immolated at the altar of riot and intemperance. Many patients, while on their way to it, escaped from the conveyance, and were afterwards found dead in the woods. One instance we will mention, on the authority of a writer at that period: "A poor man was found lying sick on the way-side; his cries for water were distressing. At length, an old woman brought a pitcher full, and not daring to approach him, she laid it at a distance, desiring him to crawl to it, which he did. After lying there about forty-eight hours, he died, and the body lay in a state of putrefaction for some time, until the neighbors hired two black butchers to bury him, for which they were compelled to pay the enormous sum of twenty-four dollars! They dug a pit to windward, then with a fork hooked a rope about his neck, dragged him into it, and standing at as great a distance as possible, cast earth into the pit to cover him."

Reports, much to the prejudice of Bush Hill Hospital, many of them, (as stated above,) justly, too, reached the city in somewhat exaggerated form however, and the opposition of the sick to be taken there not unfrequently resulted in loss of life. But under the judicious management of Stephen Girard and Peter Helm, it soon assumed a different appearance; careful nurses were employed, and the strictest attention paid to their comforts. The impression which had

en made upon the already excited minds of the public, of s being a little better than a slaughter-house, wore off, and was soon ascertained that there was no other place in the nmediate vicinity of the city where the sick were more ared for than at Bush Hill. Stephen Girard personally ttended to the sick; he not only encouraged them, but dministered their medicine, and we are told that he was equently seen to wipe the sweat off their brows, and perorm many offices of kindness, which nothing could render olerable but the exalted motives that impelled him to this eroic conduct.*

The city about this stage of the disease, presented a trange appearance. Tobacco smoke being regarded as a preventive, men, women, and children had almost constantly a cigar in their mouths. Others chewed garlic, some kept t in their pockets, others in their shoes. Huge iron pots, filled with pitch, were kept constantly burning in front of a few houses, while others sprinkled vinegar freely around their front doors. Quacks sold all kinds of preventives. Some again, relying on the efficacy of gunpowder came near blowing their houses up by using it too freely. Many of the coffee-houses were closed; a few of the low groggeries were open, and the immense quantity of liquor sold induced their keepers to remain until they themselves were swept away with all their customers!

It is to be lamented that there is no regular published account of the history of the yellow fever of '93. The

* "Information is received from Stephen Girard and Peter Helm, the managers of the Hospital at Bush Hill, that the Hospital is now fully furnished with officers and attendants, except a few nurses; that the necessary arrangements are made; that the sick are amply supplied with the necessary supplies and accommodations, and that the business is so far matured as to afford every assistance necessary in such a Hosptail."—*Extracts from the Minutes.*

ate Matthew Carey printed a small pamphlet containing some facts, but it is by no means a full and correct statement of the events of that dreadful year. As our story will illustrate some of the scenes which occurred, we will not detain our readers with the relation of those officially handed down to us?*

CHAPTER III.

"Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear."—BYRON.
"Love calls for love."—YOUNG.

There stood, at the period of our story, a small frame house in Sixth street, near Spruce. It was inhabited by an old man and his daughter. Mary was in her eighteenth year, perfect in form as in features. She was the idol of her father, as she was the admiration of all the young men in the neighborhood. Her mind assimilated with her person; her education, although limited, was not thrown away, for, like seed sown on a rich soil, it had taken root and became consummate in its growth. It was whispered abroad that old Simons, the miser, as he was called, was rich, and hence his daughter's charms increased in proportion to the estimate of his wealth. On the evening we beg leave to introduce him to our readers he was seated at a table on which stood a strong iron box, from which he was counting out pieces of gold, and piling them in little heaps on the table. The windows were closed, and the rain pattered against the shutters of the old house.

"Yes, muttered the miser, yes, all safe, they would rob

* During this dreadful year, it is estimated that over five thousand persons died of the yellow fever.

me, yes, that smooth faced chap with a fox-headed cane, who pretends to want money on interest, has some design, and then Giles, the Hospital nurse, what does he mean by calling here. No matter, it is all Mary's, she gets it all, gold, silver, and jewels, and I, in my grave a poor wretch without a guinea, ha! ha! I'll take it along, what will she do with all this gold—Hark! what sounds are those?" A dull heavy sound was heard in the street, announcing the approach of a lumbering wagon, then came up from the pavement, immediately beneath the window—a voice crying "Bring out your dead." "Ah! there they go—no matter—let me see," and the old miser continued counting—"Thirteen, Fourteen"—"Bring out your dead"—the voice was dying away in the distance—"Fifteen, sixteen, let me see, ten times sixteen is one hundred and sixty, five times one hundred and sixty, is eight hundred, then multiplied by five is four thousand; good, all in gold—then in the North American Bank, let me see, three thousand five hundred and sixty-two dollars, making seven thousand five hundred and sixty-two dollars—good, then this silver, these jewels, yes! yes! all right.

"Ha! ha! Mary little thinks that she is an heiress. Too much money for a girl, and then that William, he will have it all if they wed. No! no! I will take it with me. Yes—all, all must go down to the grave with me. I feel cold and chilly here, and since yesterday I have had severe pains in my head; pulse, let me feel it, quick time—skin feels hot. Can I be getting the fever? No! no! old men never die of fever. Mary, Mary, I say." Scarcely had the name escaped him before Mary appeared at the door, and by her side the young man alluded to as William. "Why don't you come when I call, and there comes your lover, your shadow; what do you want here, sir?"

William, who seemed to know the humors of the old man, came forward, and, taking his hand, said with a smile —"To see you and Mary. But your hand is hot, my dear sir; you are not well. Shall I go for Dr. Dodge?"

"Dr. Dodge, he physics you with calomel; no, not him."

"Dr. Duffield, then?"

"No, he is a slaughter-house doctor; bring me Dr. Carson, he will bleed me to death, an easier one than the other—then send for a man called Giles, he has promised to nurse me for nothing. Mrs. Brown knows where he lives, as he has kindly provided for her adopted daughter. Giles is a rough man, though a good one, and he wants no pay." The old man became very weak; his head fell heavily on his breast. William raised him up and placed him gently on the bed, then hastened away to procure medical advice.

Mary bathed her father's temples with cold water, he gradually recovered, but still his senses seemed to wander. Occasionally, Mary caught his eye resting on the iron box; she walked towards it, her father nodded his head. She raised it up, he smiled—she placed it, not without some difficulty, however, in a secret hole in the wall; his eyes watched her every motion, and when she replaced a stone in the wall he heaved a sigh, and sank back on the bed. His gold was safe! In a few minutes William returned with Dr. Carson. The Doctor was one of those who considered bleeding the only sure remedy for the complaint, and it is a fact which the records of that period clearly show that in the generality of cases he was successful.

The doctor, after examining his patient, shook his head administered some slight medicine, and leaving instruction, with Mary, he retired. William and Mary stood by the bedside of the old man; unconsciously their hands met, and

almost as unconsciously became clasped together; tears were streaming down both their cheeks:—Love is a mysterious passion; the pressure of her lover's hand, the state of her father's health, the loneliness of her situation, all combined to cause the tears to flow. But why did William weep? Tears are sympathetic. Mesmerism was not then known. The long night they watched at the old man's bedside—the solemn stillness that reigned around was occasionally broken by the dread voices in the street, crying, "bring out your dead!"

"Our dead!" sobbed Mary.

"Our dead!" sighed William.

Just as the streaks of daylight poured into the little room, Dr. Carson made his appearance. He ordered another kind of medicine, shook his head, and hurried off, observing, "the old man has no blood to spare." Hope went out of the door with him, and again poor Mary wept. William's business now called him away, and he felt somewhat relieved when he met at the door the man Giles, who had so kindly promised to nurse the old man for *nothing!*

Giles entered the room, and immediately commenced his duties as nurse; observing Mary weeping, and judging from her appearance that she had not slept all night, he kindly advised her to lay down.

"I said, Miss, that I would nurse the old man; and when Giles says he will do a thing, that thing is done. You know, Miss, I promised to get Jane a good place, didn't I do it? She is in clover now; a good house, good home, good friends,—'dead, I hope,'" he muttered to himself, "and then her shame is over."

"I am glad, sir, you provided for poor Jane; she was a schoolmate of mine, a sweet dear girl, and so fond of Mrs. Brown."

"Yes, yes, but Mrs. Brown, you know, is not her mother."

"No: she was an orphan, and was taken care of by Mrs. Brown. Her father and mother are both dead."

"Aye, poor thing, poor thing. Did you ever learn her proper name, eh, Miss Mary?"

"Oh yes, I know her history. Her name is Jane Wilson."

"What! Speak again. No, no, no. Silence. Silence—on your life!"

Mary started back—the old man on the bed raised himself up, muttered a few words, and fell back again exhausted. Giles stood transfixed: his form became erect, his eyes sparkled, a nervous tremor shook his powerful frame: "Speak, girl, speak; did you say her name was Wilson?"

"Yes, sir, her father, it was said, in a moment of passion, killed her mother, and then fled."

"Gracious heavens! it is my own child. I have dragged her to ruin and infamy—to death—O villain, villain!—but he shall pay for it—dearly, dearly—girl—I cannot nurse your father: better as it is—for I had a motive even in so doing; look to your father's gold: there are those who would have it. Give me your hand, girl: nay, start not; God bless you, God bless you." So saying, he imprinted a kiss on the hand of Mary, and then rushed wildly out of the house. That night, the next, and the next, William and Mary watched alone.

CHAPTER IV.

" Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us!
A bloodhound staunch, she tracks our rapid step."—OLD PLAY.

" ——— All was still,
Life was no more."—PERCIVAL.

We must now go back some few days to the one following the interview between Robinson and Giles. It is in the house of Mrs. Brown we now introduce our readers. This lady, as stated by Mary, had adopted Jane, Wilson's daughter, shortly after the event had occurred which caused him to quit the country, and to which he had now returned, under an assumed name. Mrs. Brown had up to this period escaped the fever, and she was induced, at the repeated suggestions of Giles, to offer herself as a nurse to the patients at the Bush Hill hospital. Giles had become acquainted with Mrs. Brown a short time before the breaking out of the epidemic, and he had no knowledge of the existence or the fate of his child. To him both Mrs. Brown and Jane were as nothing; but Giles had an object in view in forming certain acquaintances — he was a vampyre on society, and it mattered little to him whether the subject was young or old, so that he attained the object aimed at. In many cases, however, Giles acted for others; and it was a remarkable trait in his character, that he would labor as hard for his employer as he would for himself. Hence Giles was an ever ready tool for a bigger and a greater villain than himself.

"Well, Mrs. Brown," exclaimed Giles, entering the room quite familiarly, "have you thought of my plan? Jane will find a good home with Mrs. Compton, and you

will have a chance of making money at Bush Hill, that is, if you are not too scrupulous, eh, Mrs. Brown, do you understand?"

"No, indeed, Giles, I do not understand, but as you were saying about Jane, perhaps it were better. You say you know the lady?"

"Know her! Just as well as I know myself."

"Well—then the dear child can go, and I will immediately call on Mr. Girard at the Hospital."

Giles accompanied Jane, not to the house of Mrs. Compton, but to that of Robinson. He chuckled as the poor timid girl entered that den of infamy, and receiving his hire —the pay of a pimp—the wretched man left the house, careless of the fate of one he was bound by every tie to protect.

* * * * * *

No sooner had Giles heard from the lips of Mary that Jane was his daughter than he rushed out, as we have already stated, in a state of excitement bordering on insanity. He dashed along the streets, as if he were laboring under the delirium of the fever. Passengers in the street stepped out of his way, and gazed after him, shaking their heads, and applying a smelling bottle to their nose, one of the numerous quack preventives of the day, as if infection followed his wake. Giles scarcely knew what route he was taking, nor did his consciousness return until he found himself in front of Rickett's Circus, already alluded to. As he reached the spot, he found the building surrounded by a fierce mob, from whose threats and manner he learned that their intention was to burn it down, in consequence of the committee having appropriated it for the use of the sick. Giles stopped and mingled with the crowd; his brutal and savage nature gloried in scenes of strife, he therefore shouted out

in a loud voice, "down with the slaughter-house, down with the slaughter-house."

A mob joined, and in a few moments the building would have been fired if an officer had not made his appearance, and stated that all the sick and dead had been removed except one body, and that was in such a state of putrefaction the attendants refused to touch it. There stood the cart, there the mob—an idea struck Giles; wild and savage as it was, he followed it up. Pushing away those who impeded his progress, he rushed into the building, and seizing the body, the condition of which was truly horrible, he flung it over his shoulder, and dashing through the crowd which scattered in every direction, he threw the body in the cart, gave a shout of triumph, and rushing past the astonished spectators, was soon lost sight of.* On! on! he went—the pavement seemed as if it were sliding from beneath his feet—the air seemed heated to intensity—he felt his brain maddening! Yet on! on! he went. At last he reached the dwelling of Robinson—he burst open the front door—he ascended the stairs—up, up to the third story! One of the gang stood at the door—her door!—he dashed him to the floor—then opening it wildly rushed in! His eyes became fixed—his limbs stiffened—he gave a wild scream and fell prostrate! *Jane was a corpse!*

CHAPTER V.

"The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave—
The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm.—YOUNG.

Some there are still living who remember old Sebastian Ale. Poor fellow! his eccentricity was one of the chief

* A fact.

causes of his death! Sebastian had been for several years deprived of the sense of smelling, and fancied he could not take the disorder, and therefore pursued his vocation without fear or dread. Old Potter's Field was the scene of Sebastian's operations; night and day he was at his post. Sebastian had just finished a new grave; it was for a young, beauteous, blighted flower; he had thrown aside his spade and seated himself beneath the branches of an old tree. The moon shone bright, a gentle breeze came sweeping over the fields, and, although it bore the vapors from the city and those from the scarcely filled up graves, which not unfrequently extended some distance from the Field, they passed Sebastian unheeded—the scent of the rose and the vapor of the graves were alike to him. Sebastian gazed into the grave at his feet; then casting his eyes upwards, fixed them on the silvery moon as it was gliding calmly on through the heavens. The old man muttered—"I feel lonesome here; yet there are those near me, scarcely cold in their coffins; a little care, and they might have been saved. Yes, I am certain I heard a noise in old Smith's coffin; and a groan, or something like it, came up from the grave when the earth fell in it. Could it have been? No, no, he was dead—*all are dead who lie in the ground!* Hark! what sounds are those? 'Tis nothing but the dead carts and the voices of the watchmen of the night! I feel lonesome here, and that man Giles keeps me waiting. A bad fellow is that Giles, and the more I look at him, the more I am convinced it is— Ah, Giles, is that you? Put down your load. Why, man, did you carry it yourself? A neat coffin, by my faith! Was she so beautiful, Giles?"

"She was my daughter."

"Ah, then, she must have been so?" and Sebastian laughed.

"No mockery, old man; let us put the coffin into its last home; and remember Sebastian, have this stone placed at its head—I would know it hereafter."

"You may not live—"

"Live!—man, I tell you I will live—must live—other lives must go before that of Dick Giles."

"Would it not be better to say Dick Wilson? ha! ha! ha!"

In an instant, Giles had Sebastian by the throat.

"Villain! would you betray me?"

"Take away your hand, Dick—I am not a man to betray an old playmate: but remove your hand, or mayhap I will have to dig another grave."

"There—there—forgive me, Sebastian; I knew you, but I had thought Time's rough hand had so changed me that I could not be recognized. No matter, betray me if you like; yet I am not so guilty as the world imagines."

"Let it rest, Giles—you have suffered—I too have had my share, and that poor girl—"

"Say no more; in—in with it; there—there goes the last of my name and race!"

The coffin was lowered; Giles cast one look at it, took Sebastian's hand, pressed it hard, and then rushed madly away.

"Go thy ways, Dick—you are safe for me!"

So he was, for two days afterward Sebastian Ale was dead!

The cause of his death, as related by a writer of the day, was this:—"*Sebastian Ale, an old grave-digger, who had long lost the sense of smelling, fancied he could not take the disorder, and followed his business without apprehension. A husband and his wife, who lay sick together, wished to be interred in the same grave. Their deaths happened within a few days of each other. When the latter of the two was to be buried,* Sebastian was em-

ployed to dig open the other's grave. He struck upon and broke the coffin, and in stooping down, inhaled the deadly vapor. He was immediately taken sick, and in a day or two died."

The next night there stood beneath the same oak in Potter's Field, William and Mary. At their feet was a new-made grave, beside it a coffin—it contained the body of old Mr. Simmons, the miser. He died grasping in the air for his money, and pointing toward the secret hole in the wall. He went down into the grave without his gold. Would not the knowledge of its loss in another world be punishment enough? His daughter wept at the grave; William's tears also mingled with hers. They wept together as they did at his bedside. Youth loves to weep—tears are the offspring of affection and truth. Death blights earth's fruit, the choice fruit; blossoms escape not, nor the tender violet; for every thing that exists on earth, animate and inanimate, is full of life—man and beast are not the only ones so blest. The oak and the sapling die; all that is lovely, all that is hideous, all that is young alike must die; and for this, those two young hearts were sad. Such is life!

CHAPTER VI.

"——— ——— Then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease."—THOMSON.

Four days—four dark and gloomy days—have passed. The epidemic is still raging, the screams of the dying are heard, and maniac forms are seen at the windows, and with outstretched arms cry aloud for help,* while the dread cry

* Such scenes were frequently witnessed.

of "Bring out your dead!" resounds fearfully through the streets. On the fourth night after the events we have described, two men were seen standing opposite the house of the miser: a feeble light glimmered in the second story, and the form of an old woman was seen occasionally to pass to and fro before the window.

"Did you say, Giles, that you saw nothing of an iron box or book on the table?"

"I saw nothing of the sort; he said he had no money."

"Fool, I tell you he has upwards of three thousand dollars in the house, in gold and jewels."

"Three thousand dollars!" muttered Giles: "a fortune!"

"Aye, and we must have it."

Giles looked up: the moonlight fell full upon Robinson's face; a smile of triumph was there, as he repeated, "We must have it, Giles."

"What do you intend doing?"

"To remove the girl."

"Where to?"

"Bush-Hill."

"Gracious heavens!" no; she will die there."

"No doubt, no doubt; now, quick—here comes the coach I have engaged for the purpose. I have arranged it all. The girl is delirious with fever—her lover is absent—so, to business."

The coach approached; the driver drew up to the door, at a signal from Robinson. They entered the house, and a few moments afterwards Mary was on her way to the hospital at Bush Hill.

"Now, my old woman, here is your pay; we will close up the house, and the key will be left at the Mayor's office."

The old nurse, thinking all right, left the house to the two

men, who instantly began a search, the result of which was so unsatisfactory, that Robinson heaped curses on the old man, and then with his companion in guilt left the house, forgetting, however, to lock the door behind them.

William Cooper, the lover of Mary, was a clerk in the sheriff's office. That very day, owing to the utter prostration of business and the closing of all the public offices, the clerks were dismissed. Left now to himself, William, who had engaged a nurse for Mary, proceeded immediately to the house to see the object of his dearest affection, more particularly anxious in consequence of her being down with the fever. As he passed along Eighth street, he noticed the door of a house open, the owner of which and the occupant was also a clerk in the same office with himself. He had been absent several days, and it was feared he had fallen a victim to the disorder. Struck with the most fearful apprehensions that all was not right, he entered the house exactly at the same hour Robinson had taken the same liberty of walking into Simmons'. William ascended the stairs. There, in one of the upper rooms, to his horror, he found the young man and his wife lying dead on the bed, and between them was their little child, an infant, sucking at the mother's breast!*

Shocked at the sight, he gently removed the child to another bed, and giving it some water to drink, and securing it from danger of falling, he went out, and procuring two coffins and the proper assistance, the unfortunate couple were shortly afterwards placed in one grave. Having secured the doors, and taking the child in his arms, he soon reached the miser's house. Another surprise now awaited him; the door was open and the key in the lock. It seemed to him as if the dread of death had made all men honest. So it

* A fact. This incident is mentioned in Mr. Carey's pamphlet.

should: but such is not always the case. Passing through the small entry, he ascended the stairway, and entering the room where in the morning he had left Mary, he found it empty! The house was deserted. Having laid his little charge on the bed, he in vain endeavored to account for this most extraordinary disappearance. Dead she could not be; for when he left her, the disease was conquered, and Dr. Carson pronounced her out of danger. Then the nurse—might she not have neglected her? Then came those fearful images of the brain, conjured up by doubt and suspicion. Presently he heard footsteps on the lower floor; they ascended, and to his delight the old nurse entered the room. All was explained; but, alas! how unsatisfactory! That there was some error or villainy at the bottom of the whole proceeding, he felt assured, but the great difficulty was to find it out. Mrs. Jones, the nurse, had returned to the house for the purpose of getting a bundle she had left. William insisted upon her staying, and taking charge of the house and the infant. "I will pay, madam, full nurse wages. Now, dear Mrs. Jones, make this your home; take this purse—nay, do not refuse." Mrs. Jones, a lone widow—widows are always lonely—had no regular home. She accepted the offer the more readily, from the fact that she was far too timid to act in the capacity of a hospital nurse. William, having seen the child provided for, sallied forth to trace, if possible, the present abode and situation of Mary. His thoughts for a moment wandered to Giles; but Mary had informed William of the scene that had occurred between them, and he soon dismissed a thought injurious to him. In this case, he scarcely did that wretched man more than justice; for up to the moment of Robinson's removing Mary, he was entirely ignorant of his intention: and his tacit obedience to the orders of Robinson, was more from a *habit to obey others*, than exercise a will of his own.

CHAPTER VII.

"———————— A good nurse
In death's strife, oft wins the battle."—ANON.

We have already stated that, under the management of Stephen Girard and Peter Helm, the hospital at Bush Hill was ably conducted; every department was in keeping. One large room in the house (which contained at the time we speak of fourteen rooms), was allotted to the matron and assistants under her: eleven rooms and two entries were appropriated to the sick. Those who were in a low state were in one room, and another was set apart for the dying. The men and women were kept in distinct rooms, and attended by nurses of their own sex. It was into one of these latter rooms, over which Mrs. Brown had charge, that Mary was conveyed. The attendants had her gently laid upon a bed, and every attention paid her which the case and nature of her attack required. The doctor was every moment expected — it was his last visit for the night; and the kind nurse assured Mary that Dr. Duffield would do all in his power to restore her. While speaking, the good doctor, accompanied by Mrs. Brown, entered the room. They were followed by a short, stout man, plainly attired, features regular, but at times assuming somewhat of a harsh expression. There was nothing in his general appearance calculated to excite the attention of the observer, nor would that appearance leave any impression upon the mind, unless the loss of an eye, or a palpable imperfection affecting the sight, should have attracted the attention of the observer. There was, however, in the manner and air of this man a something which was calculated to command attention, if not respect. He glanced his eye around the room, which seemed

to take in its whole vast space; a smile passed over his stern features, which for a moment revealed the whole heart; benevolence beamed forth in that smile. He muttered something in French; then, turning to Mrs. Brown, observed—

"Madame Brown, you and de good Saville* are excellent nurses. Ah, *Mon Dieu*, if all were so, how much better would dese poor tings be?"

"We do our best, sir."

"You do more, madame. Take some of this snuff. Tobacco, they say, in any shape, is good antidote, you call him, eh, doctor?"

"No use, Mr. Girard; tobacco will no more keep away the disease, than will that vile trash called 'Thieves' Vinegar.' The fact is, the disease can be inhaled through an inch board."

"By gar, doctor, but dat one strong smell, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Mrs. Brown, where is the young girl who has just arrived?"

"Here, doctor," replied one of the assistant nurses.

The doctor approached the bed; Mrs. Brown, who had not yet seen Mary, followed. An exclamation from her immediately attracted the attention of the doctor and his party.

"Do you know this young girl, Mrs. Brown?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes, sir; it is old Mr. Simmons' daughter."

"Alas! he is dead, and she is——"

"His only child."

"Ah, is dis Mademoiselle Simmons? I knew de old man—he very close, love de dollar. Ah, doctor, we all worship at that shrine, eh?"

* *Mrs.* Saville, chief matron.

"Having your word for it, Mr. Girard, I need no better evidence of the truth."

"Ha! ha! doctor, pardon, you are severe; yet I love money, even for its uses."

"And for the alleviation of your fellow-creatures. If I were to inform the Committee how much you expended——"

"Hush, doctor—this is *entres nous;* but let us do something for de poor orphan. They have but few friends, doctor, in this world."

[Girard here alluded to Mary; but the words uttered then under circumstances so peculiar, surrounded by the dead and dying, have since been carried out to an extent even beyond the limits of charity, if we may be permitted to use the expression.]

The doctor, after examining Mary's case, remarked to Mrs. Brown that, by good nursing and proper care, Mary would be well in a day or two. "There are no dangerous symptoms: in fact the fever is broken; and there are no indications of a relapse from the nature of her conveyance here. If, however, Mrs. Brown, she should have any qualm or retching, you will administer immediately one of these powders. I will be here early in the morning."

Mary was delighted to see Mrs. Brown, and much of the fear and dread she had of the hospital was dispelled at the sight of that truly good woman. As Girard bid her good night, he whispered in her ear, "Remember, girl, in Stephen Girard you will always find a true friend; be of good heart."

While these scenes were passing in the female department, one of a very different character had just transpired in one of the rooms appropriated to the males. Although not immediately connected with our story, it is, nevertheless, identified with the history of Bush Hill Hospital. We shall devote a chapter to it.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Who can take death's portrait true?"—YOUNG.

The reader must imagine to himself a long room, on each side of which, extending the whole length, is a range of single beds, on each one of which lay extended a victim to the prevailing epidemic, suffering all the agony of mental and physical pain. Let him also imagine, and in so doing we are not asking too much, the effect the disease has upon the various individuals, according to their different constitutions, or the peculiar nature of the attack of the fever. One in the last gasp of death throws up those dark particles resembling coffee grounds, indicative of mortification and its result, *black vomit!* His eyes became fixed, senses gone, the hands clasped, limbs writhing in all the agony of expiring nature. Another raves, tearing off the bed clothes, and violently attacking the keeper or attendant, endeavors to reach the open window. Another rolls off the bed, dragging the clothes along with him, and dies ere the nurses reach him. Let the reader picture such scenes, and he will form a tolerable idea of a sick room in yellow fever time?*

On one of the beds near the centre of the room lay a man in the last stage of the disease. The officiating physician had just informed him *there was no hope.* Death was quietly doing its work. The man resigned himself to his fate. His pains and suffering were at an end—*mortification had ensued.*† On the bed, immediately opposite the one described, lay another: he had just been brought in from a house in Water street, near Chestnut. His case was also

* The writer does not exaggerate—*he speaks from sorrowful experience.*

† *When mortification* takes place all pain ceases.

considered desperate. In a sick-room—and who has not experienced the agonizing feelings and sufferings of one?—there are objects upon which the eye rests in those moments of "fitful dreams," when pain permits reason to roam at will, and which calls up the past and the pleasing associations of early boyhood—when health and strength went with us through green fields and by meandering brooks hand in hand. Then, too, when hope shone brightly before us and made the future all sunshine. There is a dreamy luxury even in the dark hours of a sick room. [The writer of this, during the prevalence of a severe epidemic in a neighboring city, believes that his life was spared by a *musical box*. He was alone, among strangers, and around him were the dead and the dying; dark forms and faces passed his couch, and the careless action of the physican in his mechanical round told of a heart as cold and as callous as his climate was warm. The mind could dwell on nothing present; with me it was all the past—all future; one effort—my case was helpless—piles of ice were around my head,* and in my hand I held the cup, the bitter cup, the last prescription of the doctor. I removed the ice from my head—I laid the cup on the table, and drawing out from beneath the bed a musical box, I wound it up. Softly it spoke; its low tones swept along gently; then came a louder strain, and the beautiful air of "Lady Barbara" brought peace to my mind. The past, the present and the future seemed all mine. I changed the air—O, how cheering that one was! It brought to my view the distant home; the smile, the laugh, the fireside, all were before me bright and beautiful. "Home, Sweet Home," lulled me to sleep. I had a long, refreshing slumber, and in three days afterwards

* In all southern countries, fever patients are plenteously supplied with ice.

I was out. Would I part with that box? No! Reader, [pardon this little episode.] The nature of the case of one of these men, to whom we particularly allude, permitted him to indulge in this last dream on life's shoal; for its light was going out, and the shadowy outline of the great future was pencilled before him. His eyes wandered around the room; at that moment, the man opposite to him turned on his bed; their eyes, though nearly closed in death, met, lustreless as they were, dimmed by the waters of oblivion which were rushing up from the hidden founts of the earth. The recognition was mutual; a half-uttered exclamation of surprise, the outstretched arms, which fell back again powerless at their side, the words "William, is that you?" "James, is it possible?" were followed by a moment of death-like silence. Years had passed away since last they had parted—parted in a foreign land—and now, where did they meet? In the house of death! "Oh, God! My brother, is it not dreadful to meet thus? Reach me your hand. One grasp—one pressure—I—I—" uttering this, he fell back. The other could not speak—he had not yet tutored himself to die. It had not been told him that his days were numbered. The shock, however, was too much for him. He stretched out his hand, as it were, mechanically: his brother witnessed the motion, desperate even in death; he raised himself up, and by a superhuman effort he arose from his bed, and tottered across the small space dividing them. He caught the feverish hand of his brother, (for they were brothers,) kissed his quivering lips, which were about closing for ever—he essayed to speak—the words died away—his strength failed—the last effort of expiring nature was made. His brother turned around for the purpose of regaining his own bed—one look—one step—he laid down, and in a few moments the two brothers were *dead!*

CHAPTER IX.

"Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turrets woos the whistling breeze."—ROGERS.

The beautiful situation of the Hospital at Bush Hill, surrounded by trees of various kinds, from the aged oak to the perfumed tree of China, gave to it, even in its day of gloom, an appearance at once rural and pleasing to the eye. William stood on one of those numerable rising mounds which surround the hospital, and to the beauty and picturesque appearance lend an additional charm. He fixed his eyes upon the windows, and, as the lights flitted past, he tried to trace in the outline of many a form the image of his Mary. Screams and groans came forth, and the quietness of that spot was now disturbed by the ravings of the sick and dying.

William then thought of Mary's situation. "Oh," he exclaimed, "if I could but see her, hear her! Hark! what sounds are those?" He listened; then came upon the ear the heavy sound of the hammer and its hollow echo! they were closing the coffins in the dead-house! His heart sickened—the atmosphere seemed filled with pestilential vapors—the very air was inoculated—Death was on the breeze of night! We have stated elsewhere, that, at a short distance from the main building, stood a frame, used as a coffin warehouse, where the dead were carried. It was from this place the sounds proceeded, and William shuddered, for in the pale moonlight he saw the attendants conveying the dead bodies to their last resting place but one—*the grave.* "I may bribe some one of the workmen to admit me. This suspense is horrible." Having made up his mind, he ap-

proached the spot; he gained the pathway, when he observed two men leave the hospital, who came directly toward him. Stepping aside in the shade of a tree, he hoped to avoid them; but he was mistaken; the voice of one demanding "Who goes there?" caused him to return, and he stood immediately before them. The moon shed its rays down through the avenue of trees, rendering it as light almost as day. The features of each were, therefore, perfectly visible.

"Aha, Master William, what you do here, eh? Dis is no place for young men whose pulse is not feverish, eh, Doctor?"

"He may have an object——"

"Ah, or gratify dare—'*Je ne sais quoi*,' ha! ha! ha! What say you, Doctor?"

"Rather venturesome—the very air is heavy with the effluvia from the dead house; and the exhaled odor from half filled graves is not quite as pleasant as that which proceeds from these Chinese trees. Young man, nature's very self is here inoculated with disease; the green leaves of yon trees have changed color; the birds no longer warble here; man, dying man, only seeks this place."

"I admit, sir, the truth of what you say; but no idle curiosity brought me here, and here I will remain until daylight; then, perhaps, I can learn something of her."

"*Mon Dieu!* de young man's mad. Of whom do you speak, eh?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Girard, but I must not name her here."

"Eh! I smell de rat, as you say in dis country. You speak of old Simmon's daughter, eh?"

"I do—it is of her I would speak."

"Den come along with us. Dis is Dr. Duffield; he will tell you that the young lady is safe."

"Yes, young man, the young lady will recover; she is now in the hands of Mrs. Brown."

"Mrs. Brown! Then, indeed, is she safe."

"And to-morrow morning you shall see her. Love, Doctor, is a passion stronger than the dread of death, eh!"

"In this case it is," replied the Doctor.

"In all cases the love of our fellow creatures should govern our actions," modestly was observed by William.

"Mr. Girard, the boy has you there! Although it is not exactly the same kind of love, yet can it lay claim to the same origin—*affection!*"

"Well, well, let us on; young man, accompany us, and let this night's adventure be a *souvenir* for you; memory sometimes will repay the loss of time in retrospective wanderings. *Nous verrons.*"

"Umph!" muttered the Doctor, "the old man has grown romantic."

CHAPTER X.

"So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood."—MILTON.

Three days have passed away, still death rides fearfully on over the doomed city! Three dark, gloomy days have glided past, and the work of death goes on. Old Potter's Field is enriched with human flesh. Grave diggers worked on and slept not. Fearful epoch! Death and the grave are

playing a dreadful game—the stake, human life. *The grave is the winner!*

Let us pass by these scenes; let us go down into the dark, gloomy, dirty cellar of Giles—or, rather, as old Sebastian called him, Dick Wilson. Giles is not alone. On his rough bed, writhing in the agonies of death, is seen the once gay and fashionable form of Robinson. He is in pain, and Giles mocks him with a hellish smile. The dying man's eyes are fixed upon his companion, who, seated on a small stool a short distance from his victim, eyes him with malicious satisfaction.

"How do you feel, Captain, my boy?" he inquired.

"Wretch, you are murdering me."

"No, Captain, not murdering—I am somewhat of a careless nurse, and if I give you *a glass of water* too much, or an extra dose of calomel or oil, it is, you know, a professional error, ha! ha! ha! The extra glass you have taken!"

"Villain! I will cry for help."

"Do, and the dead-cart will stop at the door. Scream, Captain—Giles is a professional nurse—ha! ha! ha!"

"Dick, you do not mean to murder me—will you allow me to die?"

"No, certainly not; here is the oil, there the calomel, ha! ha! ha!"

"Villain! murderer! Dear Giles, I am not so sick—you shall have thousands of dollars—call Dr. Carson; he can cure me: I am not so bad, I am sure."

"Captain, you mistake, you cannot recover."

"What motive have you, Dick, in treating me so?"

"Motive!" screamed forth Giles, kicking the stool to the farthest end of the room—"What motive? Listen: That girl—that young, innocent girl—a child—that Jane whom I—I decoyed to your den of infamy—she was ruined,

she was mocked, she was scorned, and left alone for days and nights, crying out for help—you laughed, you shouted in triumph, and then she died."

"Well, what of that? I could not nurse her."

"No, but you could ruin her."

"Others died."

"True! Will you take the oil, Captain?"

"Monster!"

"Well, listen, Captain, to the monster's story. That little girl, whose wrongs must be revenged—mark me, revenged!—was as pure as angels when she entered that house. She was taken there to die—I have brought you here for the same purpose."

"Would you murder me for a simple girl?"

"No, certainly not. Had you decoyed all the youth and beauty in town to your house, and kept them there to die, I should have said nothing, if—if that one had escaped."

"What interest had you in her fate more than that of others?"

"*She was my daughter!*"

"Father of Mercies!"

"Aye! pray—pray for your soul's salvation. Now, ask me if I will spare your life? Death is on your brow, man; man, your career on earth has run out."

"Will you not endeavor to save me, Giles?"

"Remember Jane!"

"Will you not hand me those powders?"

"Remember Jane!"

"One effort, Giles and I—I may live."

"You might, but that effort——"

"Is made, Giles!"

As he spoke, Robinson drew a pistol from beneath the bed-clothes, and with a sure aim, before Giles could prevent

it, fired. The ball struck him fairly; he fell back, but recovering himself, he made a desperate attempt to reach the bed—his limbs faltered—the eyes of the two men met, a fiendish smile lit up the death-like features of Robinson; Giles caught hold of the bed-clothes to save himself from falling—his eyes glared in savage wildness—his victim laughed the laugh of a dying maniac—it was one of hate and scorn—while a yell, as of a demon, escaped from Giles. Life was going out—they gasped for breath to give expression to the direful feelings of their hearts—a deep voice came up from the street, "Bring out your dead!" "Bring out your dead!" For a moment their wandering eyes met; again they were turned toward the window, as if to catch the meaning of the words uttered; one effort, and Giles had now reached within a few feet of Robinson; his fingers were distended and his teeth gnashed—it was the moment of life and death to both; he stood erect; his right arm was raised, and then he fell to the floor a stiffened corpse. Robinson raised himself up—he looked down—he attempted to laugh, but death refused him the gratification of this his last wish on earth. "Bring out your dead!" "Bring out your dead!" and ere those two bodies were cold, both were consigned to one grave. Giles slept beside his daughter and her seducer. "*The dead often possess terrible secrets, that the grave-diggers have closed up with them in their tombs.*"

CHAPTER XI.

"Let's not unman each other, pair at once—
All farewells should be sudden, when forever."—BYRON.

Mary recovered, and the kind, and almost paternal, interest taken in her welfare by Stephen Girard, soon restored

her once more to her humble, though peaceful home. Shortly after, she had the satisfaction of presenting to her husband the little iron box, containing money and jewels to the amount of over four thousand dollars, which, added to a large balance in the Bank of North America, rendered her an object of interest beyond all those personal and mental accomplishments which first won the heart of WILLIAM COOPER. * * * * *

In the year 1829, the writer of this had the pleasure of taking a cup of tea with the family of Captain William Moore. Moore was, and *is, for he still lives*, as fine a fellow as ever sailed before the mast. The family of my friend consisted of himself, wife, and his wife's father and mother; at least so they were recognized, for she was an adopted child, and most dearly did they love her, and as truly was that love returned. She was at that period a most beautiful woman, and her death in a foreign land, in 1831, spread a gloom over the declining years of her parents, which not even the kindness of Moore (for he was to them all that a son should be), could remove. They are gone long since, and to this day, as regular as the Sabbath returns, does William Moore visit their tombs in old St. Paul's church-yard. 'Twas but a few Sundays ago *we* stood beside their earthly homes, and the tears—aye, the tears of a brave and good heart fell on the clear white marble. He thought of one far away, whose bones were mouldering on heathen ground. But I am digressing.

On the evening alluded to above, old Mr. Cooper amused us with many a pleasing anecdote, and then would he change from the lively to the sad, and recite some of the distressing scenes which occurred in '93. In the evening, Stephen Girard called, and the pleasure of that hour was enhanced in listening to his conversation. It is a fact not

generally known, that Stephen Girard, at the social fireside, or before a bottle of sparkling wine, was a very different person from what he was on 'Change. He could tell a story with a *gusto* that was charming. His *naive* manner, to which was added the French idiom and a total "*abandon*" to the subject, was not only highly amusing, but interesting. One of his stories, the "*Massacre of St. Domingo*," will be remembered by many of his old friends, and which has since appeared in one of our periodicals, most highly colored, by one of our best writers. When Stephen Girard prepared to depart, he stood for a moment at the door. He raised his hat; we all arose: "Captain Moore," said he, and his voice faltered, "your vessel sails to-morrow at high water; good night." The door closed, and we sat down gazing at each other in astonishment. *From that voyage Mrs. Moore returned not.* And here endeth the

DARK DAYS OF PHILADELPHIA.

LEAF THIRTY-THIRD.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

"All nature's full of thee: The summer bower
Respondeth to the songster's morning lay;
The bee his concert keeps from flower to flower,
As forth he sallies on his honied way;
Brook calls to brook, as down the hills they stray;
The isles resound with song, from shore to shore,
Whilst viewless minstrels on the wings that play,
Consorted streams in liquid measure pour,
To thunder's deep-ton'd voice, or ocean's sullen roar"

THERE is music in the hum of the industrious bee, as it wantons from flower to flower—music so sweet and harmonious, that it seems as it were the lullaby to the thousand meaner insects whose couches are made among the roses over which the bee rules with undoubted sway.

There is music in the grove—music of the richest kind—strains of sweet melody are heard from a thousand tuneful throats, and the delicious warble gives, to the otherwise silent spot, a fairy-like charm which is calculated to call our thoughts from the grosser scenes of life, to higher and nobler themes. Here—

"Through all the woods is heard the charming noise
Of chirping birds."

'Tis here the poetry of heaven is truly expressed.

There is music in the breeze at eventide, as it passes Æolian-like o'er the face of the earth. There is music on the wind, as it rushes wildly down the mountain, and sweeps across the vale. There is music in the loud roar of the

storm, as it swells up and mingles with the louder notes of the sky breathed forth in thunder. There is music in the ocean's moan—fearful music—it comes upon the soul like a ripple of evil on the lake of mind, stirring up fears which, while it frights and appals, subdues and conquers. The music of the mighty deep, is the mysterious workings of Deity; like the harp touched by fairy fingers—we listen and gaze on the mighty instrument, breathing its wild melody, while no visible hand calls it forth.

There is music in the gentle stream as it meanders, murmuring along through wood and wild. There is music in the mountain torrent, as it rushes down the steep; harsh and unharmonious as it is, there are inducements to linger near and revel in its sounds, and as they die away, and melt as it were, in the distance, leave a delicious feeling on the soul, which accompanies the recollection to render it even more pleasing. There is music in the air! myriads of unseen minstrels tune their varied instruments, and fill all space with heavenly sounds. Romance, in its wildest dreams, never conceived any thing half so mysterious as this—the reality surpasses the imagery. The tongue cannot express the music of the air—man is lost in the bare contemplation of it. Who can write the language of Deity? who paint His glory? who criticise His poetry? Earth His music-stand! the elements and their creatures His instruments!

There is music in the lone cricket, as it chirps in the chimney-corner. To me, this is of all others the most pleasing music; my ways, my habits, my temperament are dark and sombre. I like to sit by the fire-side, "with good old folks, and hear them tell the dismal tales of times long past."

It is here, and only here, we realize true happiness, and

sum up life's toils, its troubles and vexations, while the lone minstrel chirps in concert, and echoes as it were our very thoughts. Connected with the cricket is the following little incident: it is said to have occurred, and is actually attested by persons now living.

An old gentleman had for twenty years or more noticed that at a particular hour of the night, a cricket (and it is believed the same one), came out from a cranny in the chimney-corner, and seating itself on a piece of projecting brick, and after chirping away for some length of time, retired. Its habits were regular, its time limited: there was not, nor had there been, any change in this lone minstrel for the space of time named above. One night it did not appear: the old gentleman missed it, spoke of it, and became unhappy; all the next day he was low-spirited, and seemingly much worried; night came, but not the minstrel of the chimney-corner. The old gentleman, it appeared, had associated this mysterious and regular musician, with his own existence; and so strongly was this opinion impressed upon his mind, that the moment its loss was fully established, he foretold his own death, which, strange as it may seem, actually took place within three days of the disappearance of the cricket. On removing an old hat of the deceased, which for some time had hung against the wall in the same room, the cricket, supposed to be the same, fell out—*dead!*

We might swell out this article with similar superstitions, more or less connected with the minstrel of the chimney-corner. In all ages, crickets have been looked upon as ominous creatures: and one of the earliest nursery lessons, the writer of this remembers, was—"*do not harm a cricket;*" the why or wherefore never accompanied the admonition. Their music always reminds me of the good *old ballads;* with the former, we associate all those dear and

to be remembered days, when seated around the blazing
h, we have listened to the legends of other times, com-
orated in verse, although not unlike the Barbara Allen
, were, nevertheless, relished with as much *gout* as if
en by Walter Scott himself. With the latter, similar
iations arise, but of a more decided, yet more tender
ıcter; the ballads of our infancy are the tales of youth-
fection, the music of the cricket the tales of our gran-
s. The chords of the one may be broken, the sounds
die away, and be remembered only "as such things
:" but the other lives in our memory, when all that
brighter and fairer shall have passed away.

)TE.—Connected with the simple plant Podophyllum,
d Mandrake,] is the following beautiful allegorical
d; we say allegorical, although the very formation of
imple plant gives it the means of producing sounds,
h its botanical classification fully explains. It is said
eathe forth, at certain times, the most plaintive sounds
nelancholy moans, indicative as of pain, or suffering.
also said to utter, as it were, a wild scream or shriek,
ely torn from its bed. We mention this merely for the
: beauty of the legend, as possessing no proof of its
g any foundation in truth.

LEAF THIRTY-FOURTH.

NOTE.—[Reasons which it would be deemed improper to state, or give publicly, induced the author to change the scene of the following Tale from Philadelphia to London; one at least will fully appreciate the motives of the writer, and whose good opinion is worth all the honor authorship can confer.]

THE WILL, OR VILLAINY PUNISHED.

CHAPTER I.

"Life is a fair, nay, charming form,
Of nameless grace and tempting sweets;
But disappointment is the worm
That cankers every bud she meets."—NEALE.

"Twas on a dark, cold, cheerless night in the month of December, that a man was seen to enter one of those mean wooden buildings which destroy much of the beauty and elegance of that portion of London known as the West end. Having closed the door, a task seemingly of little trouble, he drew a chair to the fire, and without saluting the inmates, consisting of an elderly female and two children, a boy and girl, commenced the task of collecting the coals together, over which he held his skeleton hands for a few seconds, assuming the attitude of one who had somewhat severely felt the "pelting of the pitiless storm."

"Well William," exclaimed the woman, "did you see him?"

"Did I see him? yes! curse him, curse him."

"William, do not talk thus."

"Talk thus! how would you have me talk? was I not their slave—their drudge; and what is my return? turned out like an old dog to starve; well, well, let it pass."

"Father, dear father, be advised, you are excited now," observed the son, a fine youth of some twelve years of age.

"True, my boy, excited I am, but have I not cause, was I not spurned from his door—laughed at—hooted at by his menials, whom he cowardly urged on?"

"Father, would I had been there!" and the fire of indignation glowed in the countenance of the boy as he spoke.

"But, William, you expected such a reception?"

"I did, wife, but not such a one—not such a one."

"But, father, you will go there no more, will you?"

"Yes, once more—once more—" these words were uttered in a slow determined tone of voice; "then let the proud nabob look to himself. Fool, fool that I have been, to let years pass away as the idle wind, without one effort. But they say he is dead—perhaps not, perhaps not—to-morrow I'll begin; he must, if living, be found."

"Of whom are you speaking, William?" inquired his wife.

"Of one deeply, foully wronged—of one defrauded of his rightful estates."

"You speak of young Marlowe?"

"I do."

"They say he left the country and died in foreign parts."

"True, I could not have found him, unless in the cold grave, miles away from his ancestral halls. Alas! the poor fellow's bones are mouldering to dust, while a base trespasser—but no more of this. I will tell you, wife, how I fared at the hall. While I was knocking at the door I heard

loud peals of laughter echoing from room to room, and the busy tread of many feet, told that he had a large company. The servant, as he opened the door, looked at me and sneered at my threadbare habiliments: 'What do you want?' he asked, surly enough. 'I should like to see Mr. Marlowe for a moment—tell him it is on urgent business.' Whether it was the melancholy tone of my voice, or a spark of good feeling happened to light up the fellow's heart at that particular moment, I know not, but he ushered me into the front room, used as an office. Well, I awaited his coming—he came—'Ho, ho, it is you, ah ha! what brings you here, pauper, eh?' 'Poverty,' Mr. Marlowe, extreme poverty, a starving family induces me once more to call upon you, I have lived in your family,' said I, 'for thirty years, and it seems to me, Mr. Marlowe, that since the death of your brother, fate itself has transpired against me and mine.' 'Well, and what claim have you on me!' 'No claim beyond that of poverty and your humanity!' 'I have nothing to do with poverty, and you know I despise its votaries.' As he uttered this, a loud laugh from an adjoining room told us that the sentence was overheard and applauded by his satellites. He then followed up the success of this ungenerous expression by mocking me and our poverty, gritted his tiger teeth together, and 'wondered why his foolish dead brother had not left me something.' I observed, that 'he did leave me as much as he did him, but to circumstances alone was he indebted for all that he now possessed.' The will, you know, was *supposed* to have been lost at the fire which occurred on the evening of the day of the burial. The nephew died, as is supposed, and the brother, being the next kin, in the absence of the will inherits the estate. 'Circumstances, what do you mean, slave—beggar—out of *my house!* Holloa there,' and shouting furiously he soon

collected a band of ruffians around him, whom he ordered 'to toss me in a blanket.'"

"Father, did they dare——"

"Dare—yes, they dared—but the sight of this knife kept them at bay until I was safe in the street. The veil is now rent asunder, hope is dead, and but for this one act the existence of *that* which will damn him, would have still remained a secret."

"Of what do you speak, William?"

"Nothing—nothing—" he leaned his head upon his hands and remained in that posture some time, then rising and gazing around as one just awakened from a dream, asked if there was nothing in the house to eat.

"Alas, William!——"

"Gracious heavens, are we to starve—starve in the metropolis of the world? we must eat; I—I have not tasted food to-day!"

"We were expecting you, father, but here is a shilling I got for carrying a trunk for a gentleman up to the hotel, he gave it me and requested me to call in the morning, as he would have another job, that will be another shilling."

"A shilling, that will do—go, my son, and with it procure bread, the poor man's food!"

The wind whistled around the old tenement, the doors, partly unhinged, creaked and rattled; the cheerless fire burned lower and lower, and haggard poverty sat scowling on every brow. The scene, indeed, was wretched enough.

"The needy man who has known better days,
One whom distress has spited at the world,
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
Lift up their heads, and wonder who could do them."—HOME.

CHAPTER II.

" The Hope, in dreams, of a happier hour,
That alights on mercy's brow,
Springs out of the silv'ry almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough.—MOORE

The morning after the events narrated above, was even worse than the preceding one, the streets were almost impassable, the snow was now yielding gradually to a cold rain, which rendered the walking disagreeable and even dangerous. Many there were who wrapped their cloaks around them and hurried along regardless of the storm, knowing that a comfortable fire, a good breakfast, and a smiling face awaited their coming. Others, again, who having no such inducements to hurry them on, lingered by the way, as if haste would bring them too soon to misery and wretchedness. Many of the latter class had passed the night in hovels and out-houses, with scarce sufficient clothing to keep life in their attenuated bodies. The early light of day aroused them from broken slumbers, and they emerged into the streets in the vain hope of picking up enough pence to procure them a loaf of bread.

The poor are not choice in their tastes, neither are they in their tasks. Some few half frozen men and boys had assembled around the London Hotel, awaiting the passengers from the morning coach. Alas! they looked in vain, and their expectations, like all our hopes predicated on worldly things, were disappointed—*the coach took no passengers that morning from the hotel.*

Among the greedy, or rather the hungry expectants, was the boy already introduced to our readers; his eyes were *fixed upon* the doorway leading to the great hall, and he

watched every countenance with an anxiety equalled only by the many that surrounded him. Presently a young man appeared, who cast his eyes over the motley group as if looking for some one. This point he seemed to have gained, for he instantly beckoned with his finger, when like an arrow from the bow, the boy shot from the *quivering* crowd, and in a moment stood at his side.

"Well, my little fellow, I see you are punctual."

"Yes sir."

"Now take this trunk, it is not heavy, and carry it to No. 6 Butler street. Do you know where Butler street is?"

"Yes sir."

"There await my coming."

"Yes sir."

The boy shouldered the trunk and marched off triumphantly.

As the young man was in the act of re-entering the door, an ill-featured, ill-favored man, one of the job seekers, sided up to him and clapping his finger to his nose, very significantly asked:

"Does the gem'en know the boy?"

The answer was—"No."

A low chuckle followed, as much as to say—"What a flat."

"Why, you don't suppose the boy will steal it?" he asked.

"I only axed sir for information."

"Then, sir, for your information let me tell you that although I never saw that boy before yesterday, I would trust him with uncounted gold, if I had it."

"Well, the gem'en knows best, I only acted as a friend to the gem'en, I hope no offence."

"No offence, my good man, here is sixpence for you; although your motive was jealousy, no doubt poverty urged you on." The man's eyes glistened, he grasped the money,

tears streamed down his care-worn cheeks, and pulling an old cap over his eyes he hurried rapidly away.

The stranger having settled his bill, called a carriage, and giving the driver the necessary directions drove swiftly down the street. We leave him for the present, and follow the boy with the trunk.

Butler street might have been called an alley with far more propriety; it was one of those little narrow streets which are run up in a city, by men who fancy every inch of ground sufficiently large to build a house upon. Illiberal and narrow minded men, in my opinion, should have nothing to do with the planning or building of a city. If William Penn had been one of this class, the city of Philadelphia would have been a perfect *economy*—every inch of ground would have been measured with a strict eye to pounds, shillings and pence. As it is, however, Philadelphia presents to the view of the stranger a city laid out on the most liberal plan, and health and cleanliness are the consequences of the foresight and genius of its great founder.

No. 6 Butler street was a three story brick house, built upon a fourteen foot lot, in the third story of which, a very respectable old lady told him to place the trunk. On his arrival there, he was struck with the neatness of the room, and the air of simplicity and cleanliness which pervaded it. There was nothing useless in it, and the only thing which seemed out of place, was the old leathern trunk the boy placed in its centre, under the immediate direction of the old lady, who had waddled up the narrow stairway after him.

"Well, my lad, where is the gentleman?"

"I left him at the hotel."

"With his wife?"

"I saw no woman, ma'am."

"*I suppose* he left her at the vessel. You can go now *my lad.*"

"He told me to await his coming."

"Then stay in the kitchen, and as it is a cold raw morning, a cup of coffee would do you no harm."

"No, indeed, ma'am, nor a piece of bread neither."

"Well, my fine boy, you shall have both," and the old lady was as good as her word.

CHAPTER III.

"——'Twas she,
His heart's pure planet—shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set."—MOORE.

"Well, Amelia, here we are, just as poor as when we left six years ago. They all deem me dead. In fact I know no one save my uncle. You know my dear that I left Scotland immediately upon hearing of my uncle's illness, and I arrived just in time to see the home of my boyhood burnt to the ground, and to learn that the will, if there was one, was destroyed with all the papers of the deceased."

"Your uncle then came in as next heir?"

"Yes, and enjoys what I once had reason to think would have been mine. 'Tis over now, we are once more in London; but where is our boy?"

"He just left the room."

"Ah, Amelia, that dear boy is all our care now; but what am I to do? We have but ten pounds in the world; my India speculations, like my literary ones, have all proved ruinous. Well—let us hope for the best!"

"But you will see your uncle, wont you?"

"Yes—to be repulsed—insulted; but I will see him, and appeal once more to his humanity."

"At all events, Charles, do not let us despair; this is a populous city, and something may turn up to our advantage yet."

"With you, dearest Amelia, and little Edward, I can and will defy the world yet. If I fail at my uncle's, my next essay will be to the manager of the theatre. I feel satisfied that my play of "*The Ruffian Father*" will take, and if it should, two hundred pounds at least will be ours."

"My dear Charles you are too sanguine; the play I own is good, characters well drawn, plot excellent, but may not our judgments be warped? Prejudice may have called up beauties which probably do not exist, save in our imagination—every parent, Charles, imagines his children the best, it may so prove with your play."

"It may be so, Amelia, but do not, I pray you, destroy the sweet delusion I have fallen into, that successful authorship will give both fame and gold. Now farewell dearest, I go to my nabob uncle—pray for a good reception."

"So saying, the light hearted husband left the house.

Charles Marlowe married for love while at school in Scotland, where his uncle, the nabob, as he was called, had sent him at early age; his father having died, leaving his infant son to his brother's care. The old fellow, not over fond of young children, had him placed out at nurse, and when he arrived at an age which he deemed a proper one, had him sent to school, and lest he should prove troublesome, he selected one in Scotland. From that time up to a few days prior to his death, he seldom or never thought of him. He however signified to the lawyer his wish to have him sent for, which being done, he turned over on his bed—heaved a bitter sigh, and died. Charles arrived as already stated. Where he expected to find wealth—*he found* poverty; an opportunity offering to join a com-

pany of speculators for the East Indies, he embarked with his young wife. After an absence of six years they returned rich in health, and good spirits, but wretchedly poor in pocket.

It was not alone the simple fact of James Marlowe's enjoying what would seem to be his right, namely, the estates of his deceased brother, that rendered him so obnoxious to his nephew, and old William Saunders, but it was the arrogant over bearing and insulting manners which accompanied his accession to wealth. He turned off all the old servants of his brother, imprisoned tenants who were some little in arrears for rent, in fact he stopped at nothing which was calculated to render him notoriously bad, and cowardly despised. It was supposed, and whispered somewhat freely about, that the fire which occured so opportunely was more the effect of design than of accident. He kept open house, his society was courted by those who had been *courted* to their ruin, nor was he choice in his company; men and women of unlaced reputations, were freely admitted to his table—his wife——. It was a remark of one somewhat conversant with the world, "that the least said is the soonest mended." In the hope that silence which is tantamount to nothing, will mend this lady's ways, for she is still liviug, we will proceed with our tale.

James Marlowe was seated in his library in company with a celebrated boxer, who had just returned from America, and was recounting to his patron the manner and mode he pursued for the purpose of beating the Yankees into subjection, and finally to make them acknowledge his prowess in the noble art of self-defence! His other companions were a fencing master and a quack doctor. In the midst of the boxer's high wrought description of his last battle a knock came to the door. "Oh! ha," exclaimed Marlowe, "that is Cypher, we now can have our rubber." The servant entered

and announced a young gentleman—"Admit him." The door was thrown open and Charles Marlowe stood before his uncle.

"What brings you here, fellow, eh! come to beg, eh? I don't know you, sir—know no one, but my friends."

"My visit, sir, will be short—the object of it I shall not state—I did, however, expect a somewhat different reception, but as your situation is somewhat evident, I may step in at more fitting time."

"Eh! what do you mean by situation? You don't mean to say—beggar as you are—you don't mean to say that I am drunk, eh! Is not this impudence, gentlemen?"

The boxer protested it was a knock-down argument, and words were useless. The Fencer deemed it a home thrust, and the quack doctor thought it a bitter pill to swallow.

"I can but repeat my words, your conduct has but one excuse, and that is intoxication."

"Drunk—dare you say I'm drunk—stand back, Mr. Smasher," addressing the Boxer, "this is a family quarrel."

"No, sir—it is mine—the gentleman has reflected on me, on all of us—permit me, Mr. Marlowe, to pull his nose in a gentlemanly manner."

Charles had approached the door, and was in the act of leaving the room, when the remark of the Boxer caused him to turn quickly round, which action brought him face to face with the bully.

"Did you say, sir, that you would pull my nose?"

"Most assuredly, sir; I shall extend the punishment no further, I assure you, but your nose must be pulled!"

"Yes, Nephey, let him do it quietly, for your nose must be pulled; and perhaps there is not in all London a man that will do it so neatly as my friend Smasher."

The whole scene was so ludicrous, that Charles could *scarcely refrain* from laughing outright; but when the Boxer

actually made the attempt to seize his nose, the blood mounted up to his face, his eyes flashed fire, his whole soul was in arms, though not "eager for the fray;" he threw back his head to avoid the indignity, and quick as thought, struck the brute a severe blow in the face; he staggered back against the table, where his two companions sat, the table yielded to the force, and amid the crash of glass, and the loss of wine, Charles vanished.

CHAPTER IV.

"Father, here is a two shilling piece the stranger gave me; it will buy food enough for us to-day."

"Yes, my son, but what shall we do for to-morrow? I have tried in vain to procure work, but beyond the few sixpences picked up at hotels, nothing as yet offers. We are miserable, my son, and the prospect for your father looks gloomy enough, yet must we have patience; providence surely will not let us starve, when not a sparrow falls to the ground without its special care."

"Where is mother, father?"

"She has gone out with your little sister, to see if it be possible to get a place for her."

"A place for my sister? Oh, father, has it indeed come to this—my poor sister Cecilia, the delicate, patient, suffering Cecilia out at place—it cannot be, father; it must not be."

"What can we do—let her starve?"

"No, father, not starve, all will be well yet; do not let Cecilia go out to service; promise this, father, and I will do more, bring more, and be a better boy than ever."

"Dear boy, we will try to avoid the cruel necessity; I do promise, and let us put our trust in Heaven and—"

"The stranger who has already been so kind to me."

* * * * * * *

James Marlowe had by the next morning somewhat recovered from the previous evening's debauch, and reflected as much as a man of his nature could reflect, upon the circumstances which had occurred and ended so disastrous to himself and friends. What the result of these reflections would have been, is left in total darkness, as he was disturbed in his cogitations by the sudden entrance of a servant announcing "Old William."

"Admit him. I owe that reprobate something for the allusion made on his last visit here. Admit him, I say: what are you gaping at, eh? This man, it is true, was an old and for what I know, a faithful servant to my foolish brother, and he knows upon what a tenure I hold these estates; if that will should be in existence, my chance of holding them is small indeed. Well, old boy, how do you do"—was his exclamation, as William entered. Marlowe had a peculiar way of addressing those with whom he intended to deal harshly; there was a degree of low familiarity about it, which to a refined mind was revolting. "Well, old boy, you will come to see me, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. Marlowe, but do not think it is for the purpose of again soliciting your charity; I would rather beg, nay starve, sooner than ask you for a loaf of bread."

"Well, what is your business? urgent, no doubt, when money has nothing to do with it. Let us have it."

"Are we alone, Mr. Marlowe? for I have that to tell you, which no other ear should hear."

"We are alone, there is no one within call, but I am *armed, sir—see*;" suddenly opening his breast, he significantly pointed to a dagger.

"This display, Mr. Marlowe, is unnecessary, my fighting days are over, and I am not an assassin; the words I have to say will prove daggers enough."

"What mean you?"

"Listen—you remember the day your brother Walter died—the day he was buried; you also remember the conversation *we* had, after the funeral, in relation to his will, which was to *have* been opened on the day following; you remember what I told you then, that he had left all his property to his nephew, and the will was in a private drawer of the old book-case, known only to me."

"I remember."

"Need I repeat the conversation we had, in relation to that will?"

"No—it is unnecessary—go on."

"That night the house was burnt down, and its contents were destroyed."

"Ha! ha! ha! that was a lucky fire, on the ashes of which I arose, Phœnix-like, a wealthy man. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, the nephew came, found all desolate, the home of his fathers a heap of ashes: he found you the heir, and me as it were on the bed of death, from the injuries received in attempting to allay the flames. *You* turned him off, as you have me: he left the country, and it is said, died; now listen—"

"Before you proceed further, Saunders, there is one point I wish to make clear, and if it be of any advantage to you, use it; that nephew lives, and was here yesterday."

"Charles Marlowe living, and in London, merciful Providence! Charles living! look to it, sir—my turn has now arrived for revenge, and the injured shall be righted, and the guilty made to tremble!"

"Out with your secret, old man."

"No—there is no secret now—you have anticipated all I had to say; you have told me that which stops my mouth, but has opened my heart. I thank you, sir."

"Stop—you don't go—you leave not this room, unless the business be told that brought you here; tell it, or I'll drag it from you piece by piece!"

"Never!"

"Then meet your doom!"

"Hold! Marlowe! You just now boasted of being armed—see, I too am prepared—and you will find, that although an old man, my arm is as strong as your own—come on! life or death on the issue!"

The old man had drawn a knife from his bosom, and placing himself in a position of bold defiance, kept the foiled usurper at bay. "Ha! ha! I have you now! tremble, wretch! for the worst is yet to come!" So saying, he left the room, leaving the owner perfectly stupified with fear and astonishment.

When Saunders reached home, his poor, desolate home, the first question he asked his wife was, "have you a place for Cecilia?"

"No, William, and I have called upon, at least, twenty families."

"I am glad of it—glad of it—I have one for her, one for you, for us all—ha! ha! ha!"

"What! has Marlowe relented?"

"Relented, ha! ha! No, indeed! it is for *me* to relent. Why wife, what do you think? Young Charles Marlowe is alive!"

"Alive!"

"Aye, and in London at this moment!"

"Well, how will that benefit us? He, no doubt, is as *poor as* we are—his uncle will not give him a shilling."

"No, but I will! Ha! ha!"

"Why, William, are you crazed?"

"Well, wife, I believe my senses are wandering, nor do I think I will recover them, till I find Charles."

"Father, did you say he had just arrived?" asked the son.

"Yes."

"Then, father, as sure as I stand here, the strange gentleman is Mr. Marlowe."

"Ah, but are there not thousands of strangers going and coming, every day, from this great metropolis? No, it cannot be. What sort of looking man is he?"

The boy described him, as near as he could, to his father, the result of which was, that they both sallied out for the purpose of being in some way satisfied upon the subject, as the old man said he could not close his eyes until he had ascertained his place of abode.

CHAPTER V.

"Well, my dear, all our hopes are blasted: the visit to my uncle sets that matter beyond the possibility of a doubt, and the ambiguous language of the manager of the theatre, leaves me but little to hope in that quarter. What do you think, love, the very moment I stepped into his study, he had just finished reading a play which he said had lain among the numerous MSS. of the theatre for several years, and he remembered the poor author who brought it to the then manager to read, and begged him to buy it, as he was actually in want of food. 'I have just read it, sir,' says he to me, 'and it is a most splendid production, and I intend

to produce it immediately, after which we will talk about yours.' "*

"Well, Charles, you have little to expect from the manager of a theatre; you know, as well as I can tell you, that an author, now-a-days, must have interest with the press; this once obtained, the public are flattered into the belief that the production is one of merit, and as that very press is silent upon its merits, the general opinion is, that it is beyond criticism, nor will the censors of public opinion permit a third person to step between them and their literary *toady:* hence it is, that an unknown author has no chance of success, and his piece is permitted to moulder on the shelf, while 'trashy nonsense from some pot companion,' is applauded to the echo."

"You are right, my dear, perfectly right; and I have been a dunce to hope for success without calling in the aid of that great literary lever, the public press. It is not, however, alone the dramatic author who feels the want of a 'friend at court:' the humble poet, who toils in his lonely garret from sunrise till sunset, for a few shillings, and whose effusions are merely purchased to fill up odd columns, is never heard of, dreamt of, or spoken of—his life is one continued scene of mental strife, and physical pain; the only pleasure he feels, is when some bright thought gleams across his distracted brain, and lights up the darkness within. In after-years, his writings are noticed by some genius of the age, whose word is a bond to the million, and thus the memory of the dead bard, the poor attic student, who dined upon a crust of bread, is commemorated by sonnets, and his

* The piece alluded to, was the comedy of the "Honey Moon," found as herein stated, and played with success and profit to the manager, long after the death of the poor author, who at the time would have sold it for five pounds ! !

productions extolled from one end of the universe to the other; he *starved* while living, and *lived* when dead!"

"Such reasoning, my dear husband, will, I am convinced, cure you of this folly; leave off these visionary dreams, and turn your atttention to—some one knocks, dear." Charles opened the door, and the little errand-boy appeared.

"Beg pardon, sir, ma'am, but father's below, and wants to speak to you, sir."

"Well, my little fellow, call him up."

"Yes, sir, here he is." The fact is, Saunders had followed his son, and was standing outside the door.

"You will pardon me, sir, I have but one question to ask, and that may seem an impertinent one."

"Speak out, sir; there is nothing impertinent in the asking civil questions, and I feel assured that the father of this intelligent boy, here, did not come this long distance willingly to insult a total stranger. Walter, be still there"—this was addressed to his son, who was busily engaged in one corner of the room, in the noisy sports of childhood.

"Walter—Walter—is that boy's name Walter Marlowe?"

"It is."

"Joy, joy, joy!" and to the astonishment of all, Saunders jumped up, seized the boy, and danced around the room with him, who, being equally delighted, though from a different cause, seemed to enjoy the sport, and made as much noise as his rough playmate.

"Is your father crazy, boy?"

"No, sir, not that I knows on, but he acts so."

"Why did you bring him here?"

"He brought himself, sir, and fetch'd me along."

"He certainly behaves very strangely—look here, old man."

"Look at me, Charles Marlowe," exclaimed Saunders, "call to mind an old park, an old horse, and a playmate you had, called William Saunders."

"Saunders — Saunders — let me think — that was my uncle's steward's name, let me think—yes, I remember, he used to put me on an old horse, and whip him all over the orchard."

"I did—I did."

"You—you, are you Saunders, my old tutor, my old playmate?"

"Charles, I am William Saunders!"

CHAPTER VI.

A lawyer's office, next to a prison, is a place I most cordially dislike. I always look upon one as a "half-way house" to trouble, litigation, and expense; my *practice* has ever been to avoid them. In a spacious room plenteously stowed with calf-bound books, oblong tables covered with green baize, etc., several persons stood, whose being there was evidently by some previous arrangements: on one side of the principal table, behind which sat the proprietor, a lawyer of some eminence, stood James Marlowe, and *his* lawyer, as defendants in a suit of Charles Marlowe's.

"Well Mr. Cute, what is the important business, as you state in your note addressed to me," asked James' lawyer, "for which we are summoned here?"

"Simply, Mr. Flaw, to state that the will of Walter Marlowe, deceased, has been found!"

"Found? where, when, how? There was no will!" thundered out the terror stricken James.

"*I believe*, Mr. Marlowe, you are aware that a will

was made, and which was supposed to have been destroyed on the night of the fire; to that will I know there were two witnesses, both of whom are alive, but having reason to believe that Mr. Charles Marlowe was dead, never hinted to me, or others the existence of the will and its important purport."

"Pray, Mr. Cute, how long is it since this *new* will has been found; Mr. Charles Marlowe has been but three days in the country, and it seems to me—"

"Stop sir," exclaimed Charles, "you are not in a court of justice protected by its favor; utter nothing personal, or make it so at once then, I shall know how to act."

"Mr. Marlowe, peace if you please, I will soon settle this matter." "The will, gentlemen, is here in my hand, day, date, and proven; here also are the names of the witnesses —and here gentlemen, two other papers of great value, written as it appears after the signing of the will, and explains in forcible language, what may *be by some* considered the singularity of the will."

"Who are the witnesses, sir?"

"William Saunders and his wife!"

"All this, Mr. Cute, looks very fair, but I may be permitted to ask a question?" An air of triumph was mantling on the brow of Mr. Flaw as this important question was making its way through the cobwebs of his brain, "which is, Mr. Cute, where has this will been since the death of Walter Marlowe, please answer that—in whose possession has this will been since that period?"

"In mine," exclaimed Saunders, who during the above proceedings was quietly seated behind the screen, "in mine, and to the confusion of that gentleman, I will prove its validity in any court in the kingdom."

"A trick—a bold trick of this pauper."

"Aye a beggar—but listen: the night of the fire at the hall, I slept in a little house at the end of the park, the servants had all left during the day for the town house. Some time before midnight my wife awoke me, she being alarmed by the crackling of the fire. I rushed toward the hall, when I reached the little gate I saw Mr. Marlowe, this gentleman, running hastily from the northern door with something in his hand; consternation for a moment rooted me to the spot; a thought flashed across my mind—the will! the will! I wildly exclaimed, and rushing through the flames, as they were bursting furiously out of the window, I reached the library, broke open the escrutoire, seized those papers now in the hands of Mr. Cute; they were placed there by myself at the request of the dying man, and the key was given to——"

"Me," calmly observed Mr. Cute; "gentlemen, I drew up this will, this is my writing taken down from the lips of Walter Marlowe at his bed side, and until this very day I thought it had been destroyed by the fire, and hearing of a report of the death of Mr. Charles Marlowe, I of course looked, as others looked, upon the brother of the deceased, as the next heir. This will bequeaths every thing to my client, whose appearance here, backed by the will, settles his claim beyond the possibility of a doubt, at least so I think."

"Mr. Cute," remarked Mr. Flaw, "it would be useless for us to contend against such a flood of evidence, and I would suggest to my client the propriety of making friends with his nephew, and endeavor to vacate with as little loss to his honor and pocket as possible. Gentlemen, I wish you all a very good day."

"Friends—friends never! may my deepest curses pursue you all. I will beg—steal, do any thing rather than be indebted for the means of sustenance to Mr. Charles Mar-

lowe. Fury, fury, would I could crush you all. So saying, Mr. James pulled his hat furiously down over his eyes, and thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, rushed out of the house.

Reverses of fortune oftentimes produce strange effects upon the human mind, and cause people to act, seemingly, contrary to their former constituted mode of life. Actions are but the weather-guides of the heart, and they are actuated by external objects. That night—that very night Mrs. James Marlowe eloped with the fencing master, alluded to in a former chapter, and her unhappy husband eloped just about the same time to the other world with all his imperfections on his head, having blown out his brains by way of a *finale.*

The hall, or rather *the new hall,* on the site of the old one, received its rightful owners, and the family of old Saunders are as happy as lords, and enjoy the sweets of life, along with the remembrance of the bitter past.

LEAF THIRTY-FIFTH.

LUCY SOMERS.

A LEGEND OF 1776.

CHAPTER I.

A BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL MORNING.

"I tell you, master Somers, that you are deceived; these old eyes have looked upon the river craft too long, to be mistaken now. Sea craft has a peculiar twist about the jib, for salt water is not like fresh, master Somers."

"What has salt water to do with the matter? the brig is not a foreign one. I can tell that two miles off, and we distance that, I guess?"

"True—there you are right, but as sure as my name is Switzer, and that is as good as the best in the land, she is an Englisher, and what is more, she has not been four and twenty hours in our river."

"Four and twenty devils! I tell you, Switzer, that I have seen the craft twice within a week. Not longer than yesterday, she moved down the eastern channel, and moored just beyond the Island, where she has been ever since, until now."

"Bah! no such thing. The craft you speak of is the Betsy, and if you step this way and cast your eyes in a south-east direction, you can see her yet. Now try it *again*, you old fool."

"Well; I have been mistaken, and you think her an English brig?"

"Just as much as that I stand here. Now listen, master Somers, she brings over orders from the British Government to Lord Howe. Orders that when they are carried out, will make the people more desperate and determined than ever —hark?" As he spoke there came a sound of cannon, another, and another. "Ah! they salute the General. Step this way; see, now the smoke clears off, and curls up its airy nothing, like the white foam from a water fall, now they approach, there goes the barge—bang, another cannon—there," and he added a curse.

"Hush, Switzer, such words, if heard, might cost your life."

"Better die, Somers, than to be the slaves of such men. Hark! we can hear the shouts even here. Water is a conductor of sound, let 'em shout, let 'em revel in the city, and if it be forever, then is oppression immortal!"

Our readers must picture two old men standing on a little mound on the banks of the river Delaware, somewhere in the neighborhood where now stands Dr. Dyott's old glass house. At the period of which we are speaking, it was more like a wilderness than a habitable district as it now is. Trees of large forest growth stood in clusters, shrubbery, and in some places little garden plaits were cultivated and laid out with much taste by the few dwellers, thus affording relief to the otherwise gloomy aspect of the place. Yet was it a pleasant retreat, and might have been made, as it should have been in after years, an important, if not a delightful spot for the merchant or mechanic, to recruit after the business of the day, and find in his garden, all those comforts which can only be appreciated by those

who value rural scenery, more than they do the smoke and unhealthy atmosphere of a populous city.

Before a small cottage, partly hid from view by the thick foliage and clustering vines, stood the two persons, a portion of whose conversation we have detailed, nor need we inform the reader at what period our tale commences, as he has no doubt gathered from their words that it opens at that dark page in our history, when the British held possession of Philadelphia. Somers lived in the cottage alluded to, and his companion, Switzer, a staunch old German, resided a short distance below. The Germans have ever been proverbial for their love of country, and it is a curious fact that the "faderland" so dear to all, ceases to be, at least with them, the subject of continued comment, and of comparison no wise favorable to the home of their adoption. It has been said the Germans are a cold, selfish people, and hence their careless indifference to the land of their birth. It is not so; follow them to their homes, and quiet fire-side, and you will find a happy, cheerful, and a philosophical people. They love the land where they can live free, cultivate the soil, and pay tribute to no one. They are republicans in heart, christians in soul, and patriotic in their feelings. Old Switzer belonged to that class, who, though in his cups, would never drink to his tyrant home, and say, "with all thy faults, I love thee still."

"Ah! Somers, I can foresee the end of this struggle. It will be, mark me Somers, I say it, old Switzer, no conjurer, no Harz mountain sorcerer, says it, that this land will be free, though all the combined forces of Europe attempt to suppress the spirit at work to effect it. Mark that, Somers, put it in your memory pipe and smoke it—ah! here comes Lucy—good morning rose bud, aha, how beautiful you look."

"You flatter me, Mr. Switzer, I am no prettier than I was yesterday!"

"Not a bit, not a bit, that's right, kiss your father, I have no child to kiss me, no one cares for old Switzer."

"Say not so; do I not love you? there is a kiss for you too."

"Now, Switzer, never say no one cares for you; that kiss is worth a thousand sighs!"

"So it is, so it is, but where is George?"

"Yes, Lucy, where's your brother."

"I don't know, father, he left the house immediately after breakfast, and—but see who is that in the skiff, how it skims the water, it is fearful to gaze upon."

"Ha! ha! who but George can manage old Switzer's skiff. I missed it, and half suspected the rogue had made free with it."

"But where has he been, so early? he has been after no good. I must check this roving spirit, or it will lead to—"

"*Promotion in the army*, master Somers. Nay stare not, I tell you that George has that in him which will not remain quiet amid the stirring scenes around him. See how fondly his sister welcomes him—ah! Somers, you are a happy man."

"What ho, there, George, George, I say!"

"Coming, father! wait until I fasten the boat."

"Where have you been, sir?"

The youth who now approached was not more than about nineteen years of age, his height was nearly six feet, his frame powerful, and of the most perfect symmetry; his fine open countenance, speaking black eyes, and ruddy complexion, gave to his appearance more of the air and dignity of a nobleman, than the son of a poor day laborer. Yet was he a nobleman, one of nature's proudest. By his side stood his sister Lucy,

a lovely blue-eyed girl of sixteen; her auburn hair was plaited neatly over her smooth forehead, and falling back gradually until it reached the back part of as beautiful shaped head as ever graced a human shoulder, it fell down in ringlets, luxuriating on a neck that would have called up passions from the icy heart of the most noted Benedick of the day. Her's was a beauty

"As Guido would have loved to dwell upon."

As we are not *au fait* in the matter of describing the comparative qualities of beauty, we shall leave the reader to fill up the sketch by drawing on his imagination, and if his draught should be too extravagant, why then he needs must reduce the coloring down to a standard more in accordance with dame nature, and her more correct rules, by which all such things are regulated. Lucy was beautiful, let that suffice.

"Now, George," exclaimed the father, "let us hear your story."

"I have no story, father, only I heard that a British brig had just arrived, I thought I would just go down and try to learn the news."

"Well."—

"I could not hear much, however. This I heard, that orders had been received to end the war by all means, and put down the rebel spirit by every stratagem in the power of the officers commanding the British forces."

"Aye, by acts as oppressive as those which caused it. No matter, let us to labor—go, George, and see to the garden; you, Lucy, with your flowers to market, and Switzer, let you and I have a little chat in relation to this piece of ground, claimed under the Penn treaty. I want to show you a parchment I have in relation to the same, which I think will make some people stare."

About fifteen minutes after the above conversation, Lucy was seen on her way to market with a little basket of flowers, which was her daily occupation. These she sold to the officers of the army, at a very high price.

Lucy Somers never again returned to her father's home. That gay, lovely morning, bright in its clear sunshine and refreshing breeze, musical with the notes of happy birds, that morning was the last that ever broke upon her vision of sight in the vicinity of her humble home! The spot of all others most dear, associated with the recollection of her kind and affectionate mother, and the rembrance of all those infantile amusements, which make home the heaven on earth, the paradise of the land, and which is the only spot we leave with regret, whether it be to go hence on the wide world, or down to the cold silent grave. Some one, a gifted poet, no doubt speaking of home, says:

> "There is a magic in that little world;
> It is a mystic circle, that surrounds
> Comforts and virtues never known beyond
> Its hallowed limits."

Lucy Somers never again crossed the threshold of her father's humble dwelling. "Its hallowed limits" were to her —barriers Olympus high! Yet was she virtuous, and as modest as the rose-buds that blossomed in her little garden.

CHAPTER II.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1778.

Few there are, who have the least idea of the state of the city of Philadelphia, during the time the British held possession of it. It was not alone the inconvenience

under which her citizens labored, nor the insults offered to those who refused to bend the knee to sovereign power. All the privations were tamely submitted to; but that was not all, a greater and a more mighty cause stirred the people to thoughts and deeds of revenge, which in after days were carried out so fearfully. The commander-in-chief, as well as the immoral crew that surrounded him, considered every female as a part and portion of their booty, and as such were bound to obey them in all things. Years have not yet enlightened the English upon the subject, which shows that the old feudal system, barbarous as it was, still forms a part of their creed; for, during the last war, it will be remembered, that the watch cry at the battle of New Orleans was "beauty and booty." It is true, they dared not step into the higher circles, and bear off the daughters of the rich man by brutal force; but whenever a lovely girl was to be found who had no protector or friend, and whose poverty could raise up no champion to defend her wrongs, insult and outrage followed, and to such an extent were these vile acts carried, that houses were established for the express purpose of being used as prisons for the victims of their base and licentious designs. Lord Howe, himself, set the example, and his open violation of all decency, and respect to civil and military law, in his connection with the celebrated Mrs. Loring—is too well authenticated, not to be mentioned here in connection with the subject of our just censure.

There stood in the days of our revolutionary struggle a large white house in the vicinity of Second and —— streets, which was occupied at that period by a mess of officers, whose characters were of the most depraved kind. Their midnight orgies and hellish acts were the terror of the whole neighborhood, and yet they were men high in rank in the British army. The Borgias of France could never have

imagined things more horrible than those which were committed by these men. It would be a fearful tale to tell, if we were to relate but a part of their proceedings. It would be to account for various bones, which to this day lie scattered in the vaults of the house in question,—*for it is still standing.* It would be to speak of music and the dance—it would be to speak of screams, of horror, and of death! It would be to speak of lasciviousness in all its prismatic coloring? We have said the house is still standing. So it is. The walls are cracked—the plaster in many places has fallen off—the old oak floors are dark, and in many places, spotted as if with blood. The footpaths of the ghosts are visible there yet!

In one of the large rooms of this house, on the morning of July 1st, 1778, sat an officer, wearing the British uniform. His age might have been forty—his height was gigantic, and his stalwart frame seemed to have been made expressly for the endurance of labor and the gratification of indulging in every vice that the world engenders for the worst of men, and their vile propensities. His features were not handsome, though regular—the curl of his lip and the fiendish glare from a piercing black eye destroyed that, which otherwise might have been looked upon without a shudder. Before such a man stood a fellow by the name of Lawson. The character of Lawson is an every day one, a pliant tool for any man that would employ him—his business was to cater for his patron, though it were to sell his sister's virtue for the price offered. His was a vile trade, *and is hereditary in the world!*

"Come nearer, Lawson—look at me."

"I do so."

"Well now, mark me, twice you have fool'd me about this girl. Twice has she been permitted to return home,

without the interview—listen—" and, as he spoke, he hissed in the ear of the trembling slave—"*If she escape the third time—your life—aye, it is in my hands—shall pay the forfeit.* You know me. These vaults, deep as dungeons, which lie beneath the building, must witness a new inmate, if Lucy Somers be not here—here—mark me! by ten o'clock this night. You have the day before you, and there is more money for you. Remember, Lawson, there is blood upon your soul, and I *can be your executioner!*"

"I will obey you, sir; the girl shall be here at the time specified," adding half aside, "Curses on his power, but my time may come yet." So saying he suddenly left the apartment.

"Ha! ha! I have him in my toils—the wretch will do my bidding to save his life,—life, loathsome though it be, still has charms for the vilest. Pshaw! why should I moralize."

We now draw a dark curtain over the scene; for the exultation of a bad man in his crimes, and his mockery of those whom his acts have ruined, cannot be interesting to our readers.

CHAPTER III.

SUSPENSE—ALARM—THE LOST ONE.

The evening shades were lengthening o'er the earth, the birds had ceased their warbling, and the tinkling of the cow-bell was silent. The waters of the beauteous Delaware reflected back the red glare of the setting sun, and looked like a running stream of molten gold. So rich is nature,

that like the fabled one of old, the wand she raises, turns every thing to gold! The reader will follow us into the humble dwelling of Somers. Switzer, almost a constant visiter, was there, and the two old men sat opposite each other, by an opening window, smoking, as was their custom, a friendly pipe.

"I tell you, Switzer, these things cannot last. Do you suppose the people of this country will submit to such outrages, eh?"

"Neighbor Somers, your remark and question are just; but how are we to correct them? Have they not possession of the city? Are there not troops pouring in every day, and what has Washington to do but retreat?"

"True, Switzer, but the retreating of Washington will be like a snow-ball, gathering strength as it progresses; but how is this? The evening is closing in, and Lucy not yet come. Our tea will be late—no matter—it is a pleasant walk she will have, and the girl is so regular. Why, I declare, it is nearly half-past six o'clock. Look out Switzer, —is she in sight?"

"Well, I must say, I have as good eyes as most folks, but really, as far down the lane as I can see, she certainly is not in view; but no matter, a few moments more or less will make no difference."

"Not in the matter of eating and drinking; but as my daughter is in the case—hark! did I not hear her voice?—no. Let us walk down the lane, Switzer, it is pleasant and the evening breeze will refresh us." So saying, the old men stepped out and were in the act of moving from the door, when George came whistling up the lane.

"Good evening, father—ah! Mr. Switzer, have you learnt any thing more about the brig? They do say, there

are important dispatches, but where is sister Lucy? See what I have got for her. Where is Lucy, father?"

"She has not returned yet, George!"

"Not returned! Lucy in the city. Gracious heaven! could anything have happened? Lucy in the city, and the night setting in. Lucy not at home! Father, there is something wrong—my brain will go distracted—I dread to think upon it—fools that we have been to permit the dear, delicate, lovely girl, to go forth, as it were, among a den of villains!"

"My son, you're mad, or I am! Lucy lost! Lucy wronged! God of heaven, if I thought so—but no! no! say not that. Come, Switzer; come, George, get your stick—let us to town. No sleep, no peace, no joy, if Lucy be not here. These, indeed, are fearful times."

"Now, father, let us go. You and Mr. Switzer take the left hand lane, and I'll pursue the right; and if neither of us meet her, join me at the watch-house, corner of Market and Second streets. Good bye."

Our story is not one of romance; it is a plain, simple incident, such as occur in all times and in all ages, when the tyrant rule of nations attempts to crush a people striving for rights, liberty, and laws. It was so in Greece; it has been in all nations, and will be in all coming time! To check the growth of liberty, is to countenance crime—to trammel the intellect, is to administer unwholesome laws for the regulation of morals—to trifle with the honor and virtue of a people, is to raise up a power more fearful and dangerous to monarchical rule, than any that history has ever afforded a precedent for. The conduct of the officers and men under Howe was of that character, that forbearance any longer ceased to be a virtue; and it was a knowledge of this fact, so startling, as it came in a moment unthought

of evil, that caused old Somers and his son to set forth in search of Lucy. The bell had sounded eight—the drums had beat the reveille—the tired soldier had returned to his quarters—and the heavy tread of the piquet and night-guard, alone disturbed the quiet of the city; for even at that early hour the citizens kept themselves at home, and by adopting a system of domestic decorum they avoided many of those scenes, which not unfrequently occurred with the less considerate, and who were careless of the result, if they could but gratify a small portion of their feelings of hate upon their armed foe.

As old Switzer and Somers approached the neighborhood of Fourth and Coates street, they were stopped by the guard, who demanded their pass, or the watch-word. The caution of Switzer obviated all difficulty, as he had procured the word. "I wish," exclaimed the guard, "that the rebels would stay at home: they are continually disturbing one's chance of rest; and, by St. George, here comes another. Stand back, sir; give the word, or d—n me if I don't fire. Three, in five minutes, is rather too bad. The word, or move off."

"I have no words for or with you—I must pass."

"Must! I like that—ha! ha! A poor woman told me as much not long since, and produced this bag of flour, which she stated was brought all the way from Frankford, to keep her children from starving!"

"And you kept the flour?"

"Don't you see I did?"

"Yes, yes—true—and the woman?"

"Went her way. She paid toll—do you see?"

"You will let me pass?"

"Not without the word——"

"And the blow—so have it——" and ere the astonished

guard could place himself in a posture of defence, he was struck to the earth by an arm few men could withstand. Having silenced his opponent for the present, George, for he it was, went on his way to meet his father and Switzer.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LION AND THE LAMB.

In one of the upper rooms of the house alluded to, as belonging to the officers, and the rendezvous of the most depraved, sat Lucy Somers. At the door, as sentinel, stood the villain, Lawson. He was listening, as if to catch some sound—when the clock struck—he exclaimed: "That's nine: one hour more, and my part of the contract is fulfilled—so, Miss, you would like to go home, would you?"

"Yes, indeed, my poor father and brother will be so uneasy."

"No doubt—and—" muttering to himself, "many a long and bitter night are they doomed to have."

"What did you say, sir?"

"Nothing, only talking to myself—a fashion I have."

"Why have you brought me here; what place is this? As I passed through the lower rooms, I heard wild laughter, screams, and groans. Again I heard sweet sounds of music and dancing—where am I?"

"In the hall of pleasure—home of infamy. This house, lady, belongs to an association of British officers, one of whom has thought fit to make you his mistress—that's all."

"Gracious heavens! but you jest; do not look so. Oh! do not turn away your head. I am a poor weak girl—very feeble. I have an aged father, a dear kind brother. Oh! do not tell me this, *do not look it*, as you do now."

"I tell you the truth, and I am not the man to stand forth as a champion of every foolish girl that is brought into this house. Hark! if I mistake not, I hear his tread upon the stairs. My task is done."

"Oh! do not leave me—you are my only hope; do not forsake one so young, so innocent, and so helpless."

"I dare not aid you."

"But you can. Think of your own mother, sister—think of them, and save me!"

"No. I tell you I dare not!"

"Dare not! then, bad man as you are, take with you the curse of a dying girl; may it light upon your soul, and sink you to the lowest depth of misery; may you never know peace, and in your dying hour may my pale corpse sit beside you, and point its skeleton fingers to the sunken eye, the fleshless cheek, and scream into your ear—'this is thy work!' Now, go—leave me, and for ever."

"Girl, what is it you have uttered—a curse, or phrenzy? bah! it is nothing: what are curses but words? Yet I feel a cold chill run through my veins—can it be the curse? Folly, I'll go—but, if I thought—no, no, no." So saying, he rushed out of the room, just as an officer entered, whose agent and pander he was.

"Well, young lady, how do you like the fare within these walls—has my man treated you well, eh?"

"Sir, Oh! I remember you now. Your name is Colonel Norris. I have sold you flowers. Do let me go home—will you, sir?"

"Not yet, my pretty Miss. You have caused me too much trouble already. We soldiers seldom yield our prizes without ransom!"

"I will give you all my flowers, sir."

"What are flowers, compared to those cheeks? What

are carnations, compared to that face? Nothing. No, my pretty one, you are in my power, and as a prisoner you remain, until I set you free."

"What mean you, sir?"

"Did you ever love, my pretty one?"

"Yes, sir, my father and brother!"

"None other?"

"Only old Switzer."

"Do you know what love is, apart from these?"

"No, sir."

"How simple! By heaven, she is beautiful. Would you kiss me, Lucy, if I were to be your friend?"

"O yes, and let me go home!"

"Not without?"

"Then you are not my friend?"

"But I love you, have long loved you; on this pretty soft hand, I swear I love you. O, how like an angel's hand is this! Rapture, rapture!" and, as he spoke, he carried it to his lips, and lavished burning kisses on it.

"Sir, let go my hand. I will call for help; you hurt me!"

"If to show my love dearest is hurtful, I will be the death of you."

"Talk not of love to a child like me. Indeed, indeed, I do not understand it. If I did, sir, I should like to hear you talk; but I want to go home. Do let me go home."

"By heaven, she is as spotless as an angel; she does not even fear me, is this all acting? does she know my purpose? I'll try.

"Lucy, how beautiful your hair curls, come nearer—let me arrange this one," he had now approached her, his profane hands were already on her neck, the touch was electric, she started, a crimson glow passed over her insulted form. She gazed upon the polluter and fell upon her knees, and

begged for mercy,—for then she knew his purpose, and her own weakness and inability to contend against such odds. What was the result? her prayers were unheeded, her screams were unheard, her pleadings scorned, her eyes were raised toward his, tears trickled down her cheek, words choked in the vain attempt for utterance, and overcome with the powerful emotions of her soul, she fell prostrate at his feet. Did the monster forego his purpose?

* * * * * *

The strains of music came feebly from the ball room, the shout of laughter passed away on the breeze of night, the lamps grew dim, all sounds of merriment, and the busy hum of voices ceased. Hark! there came a scream, another and another.

"Past twelve o'clock and a starlight morning," was heard from the streets, in the deep voice of the watchman. It sounded fearfully in the calm and stillness of the hour, but were unheard in *that* chamber, where all was hushed, silent—still as the grave, for Lucy Somers, ere the sun awoke created things to life, was a pale inanimate corpse. Her struggle with the great strength of the monster was too much for her feeble frame, and she died,—yes, died in the vain attempt to save her honor; in that attempt she lost her life. That was a busy hour for the recording angel, the catalogue of *one* man's crimes filled a volume. No tear drop obliterated a word. They stood against him in letters of blood, forever and ever.

CHAPTER V.

POTTER'S FIELD—MIDNIGHT BURIAL.

The guard, or what was called the principal watch-house, stood, at the period of which we are speaking, at the corner of Second and Market streets. On the same night so fearfully alluded to in our last chapter, three men might have been seen standing directly in front of it. They were in deep and earnest conversation. Our readers will readily imagine who they were.

"You tell me, Switzer, that Lucy was seen at five o'clock!"

"Yes, in conversation with a man of bad character, they call Lawson. There is no doubt the villain has decoyed her away."

"Father of mercy protect me. Well, go on."

"They were seen to quit the market together, and that is all I have been able to learn."

"Enough, Switzer—enough."

"Be calm, father, I will seek this Lawson; perhaps I I may find him to night. You and Switzer had better return home and leave this business in my hands. If my sister has *been wronged—I*, not *you*, father, must revenge it, so good night,—good night, Switzer, you have this day proved yourself a true friend."

"Don't speak of that; come, Somers, let us do as George says."

"No, Switzer, I cannot—dare not go home; to me it would be a prison, for without Lucy what is the world to me? Without her, better be dead than to live in the dread,

the fearful anticipation of going mad. No! no, my son, here will I stay, here lay me down and die."

* * * * * *

Three days, passed away—three long tedious days during which time George never crossed the threshold of his father's house. They met at the guard house, and his heart saddened as he gazed upon the change the few days had made in his appearance. Sorrow and grief were doing their work.

And how was George engaged? He had traced Lawson to Col. Norris's, but learnt that he had gone in company with his master to Germantown. A battle was spoken of, and the preparations were evident, in the drilling of the men, and their brutality to the citizens. One night George had stationed himself in front of Col. Norris's house; he noticed a commotion within, which as he had been acting as sentinel, attracted his attention. Lights gleamed from several windows, and the passing to and fro of figures assured him that the Colonel must have returned, and now was the time to act—but how? While meditating upon the subject, the front door was cautiously opened, and several men came out, two of whom were carrying a coffin. The hour—it was 12 o'clock at night—and the watchman had just called the half hour. They stood for a moment gazing up and down the streets, and a voice was heard to say—"The coast is clear." George had secreted himself in an alley opposite, and watched their motions with a nervous excitement, so intense that his eyes grew dim. A gloomy thought —dark, suspicious—a fearful idea of who was in that coffin, all combined to make his powerful frame helpless, "Yet," he exclaimed, "I must be assured and follow them."

The old inhabitants of our city—they who can look back to the days of '76, well remember a particular spot of

ground situated at the corner of Walnut and Sixth streets, and known then, as well as in after years, as Potter's Field —a receptacle for the dead. It was a dark, gloomy place, overgrown with weeds and other rank grass. In the centre was a deep gully, and during a heavy rain the vast body of water, which rushed down it, not unfrequently forced "from its wretched resting place" a coffin, whose frail material, rendered more so by the "tooth of time," would yield up its ghastly inmate—now a skeleton form—and send it forth to the pitiless storm to find another and a better place. Such was Potter's Field; nor was that the only use to which it was appropriated—for the *wise* and *humane* rulers had erected a whipping-post near to Sixth street, from which, twice a week, might have been heard the cries and groans of the poor wretches undergoing the ordeal of the lash. What a contrast! how little do the young and innocent think, while they are sporting it on the green grass, the pebble walks, or lounging beneath the shade of the beauteous trees of Washington Square, that the ground is enriched with the bones of their fellow creatures, and the dust which their busy feet turn up is a part and portion of human kind. What a thought! It is fearful to look back,—is equally fearful to trace up and follow the march of mind crushing as it advances all social, natural and physical law. The graves of the departed are not sacred, nor are they respected. But to our story.

To this spot did George follow the individuals and their inanimate burden. In the very centre of the Field beneath an old oak, there was a new made grave—beside it, at that lone hour, stood the sexton —his grey hairs in the pale moonlight looked silvery bright, the dark figures of the silent followers, mourners they were not—the cautious proceeding —all rendered it a wild and mysterious affair. George got

behind a tree—he watched their motions—the coffin was lowered in the grave—a laugh, coarse and vulgar, followed—six of them left—the seventh stood alone with the sexton. The silence was broken by one of those who had gone, shouting out—"Lawson, are you coming?"

"Ha!" exclaimed George, "I have him now, and the corpse—great God, can it be my sister? Support me, Heaven—for I have that to do which requires strength."

Lawson stood gazing into the grave—long and fearful was that gaze; nor did he attempt to withdraw it, until the old man pushed him aside to commence his work. "True—true—she is dead now—but her curse is on my soul—a deep and mighty curse. It withers up my heart, parches my tongue, and maddens the brain. Lucy Somers, thy curse is at work."

"Aye, villain, and her avenger is here. Start not, thou accursed of God and man," exclaimed George, as he stepped forth from behind the tree. "Start not—I have sought you long—now you are in my power. Sexton—old man I say, up with your spade, dig another grave beside this—two feet, there, beyond."

"Where, sir," muttered out the old man. "My eye sight is bad, but show old Philip the spot, and I'll be bound he'll dig it; ha! ha! I am old now, tho'." Lawson, who stood petrified with alarm, stammered out—"What mean you, young man?"

"That you leave not this spot alive—unless you have the power to convince me that from your arts my sister has not been brought to this fate."

"That, sir, I can do, and will—her curse is on me. I have been most guilty, but not of her death—step aside, young man, and I will tell you that which will make you

wonder why heaven is silent, when such deeds are committed on earth."

Long and earnest was the conversation between the two: the conclusion was, that they left the field together. George whispered a few words to the old sexton before he departed, and placed in his hands some money. "Mark me, old man, it is to be removed in the morning. I have no time for sorrow now—her cold cheek will I kiss then, and lay her beside her mother. Poor innocent; better, however, be dead, than live dishonored."

CHAPTER VI.

THE STRUGGLE—THE DENOUMENT.

The house—that den of infamy into which poor Lucy had been so unscrupulously dragged and murdered—was, on the occasion to which we call the attention of the reader, brilliantly illuminated—youth and beauty, the volatile, the gay and unthinking, were there assembled—bright eyes flashed amid the glare of light, like diamonds in the moonbeams; and while the merry strains of music arose on the calmness of the night, the tread of many feet, the joyous laugh, told the gazers and listeners whom curiosity had attracted on the outside, that the officers of his Majesty's army were regaling and amusing the wives and daughters of the rebels with a ball got up in the true English style. Yes, and have we not imitated them in everything, from that period to this? Our vices are fashioned after theirs. So it is.

We now conduct our readers to the fatal chamber already

spoken of, as being the one where the interview took place between Colonel Norris and Lucy. Since then, but little change was visible in it. Its dark and gloomy casements, the immense height of the ceiling, strangely contrasted with the degree of elegance that marked the furniture. In the centre of the room was a beautiful ottoman, but the close observer might have noted that its rich covering and border lace work appeared as if they had suffered from some rough hands, as they were torn in many places, and in others defaced.

In this room, on the same night, stood two men—Lawson and George Somers. The eyes of the latter were fixed upon the ottoman; its appearance had not escaped his gaze, and he muttered to himself—"*that was the death-couch of virtue and of my sister!*" Lawson, who divined his thoughts, uttered in a fearful whisper—"In this room she died!"

"And the tale you have told me is true; on your soul's salvation!"

"As true as I stand here; and O! young man, it is not the only one: I could harrow up your soul by a recital of the doings here. Many young girls enter this house, who are never seen to leave it—and others—"

"No more—now to your task. As you hope for pardon and a brother's prayer, to remove a sister's curse, act in this matter as you have promised, nay, pledged your soul's salvation."

"I will; for that curse, the curse of one so lovely, so virtuous, weighs upon my soul, making life a burden. Will you, young man, pray for me—pray for me in the dark and gloomy hours of night; for then it is I see her—see her pale—O! God! O! God! O! God! how she fixes her eyes upon me then. Will you do this?"

"I will, I will—if heaven preserves me through this trying hour. Now, go!"

The young man stood alone—all was quiet—he was in the room where his youthful sister was basely betrayed. In a few minutes he would stand in the presence of her murderer. Hark! that shout, music, the dance—again the building shook with the tread of merry feet; but then came a footstep, a heavy one—it sounds upon the stairs, the latch is raised, and Colonel Norris enters the room. As he did so, George walked deliberately to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"What mean you by that act, sir? this is my apartment!"

"And mine; we are both claimants for its possession; the stake is life."

"Are you mad?"

"No! calm and collected. You are Colonel Norris—I am George Somers."

"Ha! what ho! there!"

"Move but one step, and you die the death of a coward. Listen to me. Where is my sister? Nay, you need not lie; she is dead—cold and quiet in the grave, aye, in the grave dug by your orders in Potter's Field; the place for criminals, the depraved and dissolute. You, sir, buried my poor virtuous sister in that spot, whose life was sacrificed to your brutal passion. Now, villain, what should be your punishment?"

"It is not for a British officer to bandy words with a rebel. I know nothing of your sister; it is true a young girl was here, who scorned my love, and foolishly committed suicide."

"Scorned your love—ha! ha! thy love! the wolf's love for the lamb—but, sir, we are losing time; stand forth, Colonel Norris, and hear me. In your own house I brand

you a villain and a murderer; here in this room we meet, man to man; and by heaven, I swear I leave it not, unless a corpse, without taking full revenge for the outrages committed upon Lucy Somers."

"What ho! Lawson!"

"Ha! ha! do you hear the answer?"

A loud shout, accompanied with a crash of music, came up from the lower rooms; a pause, and then came another sound; it was the watchman crying past one o'clock.

"Would you murder me?"

"No; take that pistol—now!"

Before George could place himself in a posture, the ruffian discharged the weapon full in the face of his generous foe, but fortunately the ball only grazed the cheek, leaving a mark, and causing a flow of blood.

"Base coward, your life is in my hands; but if you have another pistol, procure it."

Colonel Norris cast his eyes around the room. His great personal strength was such, that if he could but seize the youth, his chance was sure: it was his only hope; he then rushed upon him; but George discharged the pistol as he advanced, and wounded him in the shoulder. They were now struggling hand to hand, but the Colonel found he had met his match in the boy, whose hand now pressed strongly against his throat. The struggle was a fearful one. George was struck to the earth by a powerful blow, and for a moment stunned; his exulting foe sprang upon him as he lay, and seizing him furiously by the throat, exerted his great strength to strangle him. But the presence of mind and the activity of George saved his life in that dreadful moment; for raising his feet with almost superhuman power, he struck them against the breast of his antagonist, who stag-

gered back, and once more they stood firmly up, glancing at each other with the most determined hatred. Again they grappled, and again the struggle became fearful. The long hair of George was twisted around the hand of his more experienced enemy, and who, by main strength, was dragging him toward a window.

"Fool!" exclaimed Norris, "would you battle with a man who has no equal in strength in all England? ha! ha! I'll hurl you from yon window." He boasted too soon; for ere they reached half the distance, George had seized him by the throat with his left hand, and bringing his right nervously around, he planted a blow directly under the ear of his too certain conqueror, which laid him prostrate. In an instant he was firmly fixed upon his breast, his hands glued to his throat, and thus with desperate energy and strength he held him firmly down.

"Now, villain, your life or mine. You have forfeited all claim to an honorable satisfaction—you die, therefore, the death of a hound."

"Never by the hand of a rebel, and a boy," and again the desperate man was on his feet, and again they engaged hand to hand. He now discovered that he had met his equal, if not in science, at least in strength. In the wildness of the fight and the phrenzy to which he was wrought, Norris seized a heavy chair; George did the same, and rushing upon each other, the instruments of their determined purpose were broken into pieces; but George still retained a portion of his, and as Norris approached him with eyes distended, frame powerfully convulsed, he received a blow so well aimed, that he fell dead upon the floor, his skull frightfully shattered. There he lay an inanimate corpse; the features were horribly distorted, and as the pale moonlight poured

down its rays upon them, George shuddered, and turned his head from the spectacle; his heart sickened, though he felt no compunction for the deed.

Hush!—what sounds disturb the silence of the night; 'tis the watchman crying the hour, "past two o'clock, and a starlight morning." The music had long since ceased; the busy sound of feet treading the mazes of the giddy dance, was hushed; the ball was over.

* * * * * *

"I tell you, Switzer, she is dead; all traces of her are lost, and I have no wish to live."

"Don't talk so, Somers, you make me sad. Lucy was always a good girl, and—but if she has been wronged, we are not so old but that we can resent an injury. But cheer up, cheer up; George is on the track, I'll warrant."

"George is a good, bold boy; but what can he do with base and wicked men? Ah! Switzer, I have lived in these few days, years of misery; in what a little space does sorrow dwell. Joy and happiness spread their gay wings o'er a long life, and the smile they awaken unwrinkles the brow, but a day or two of grief adds ages as it were to our allotted time on earth. Look, Switzer, what a few short days of grief have done for your friend."

"Not much, Somers, not much; you look a little careworn."

"Aye; the care of the heart, the care of the heart. But hark! there is a footstep."

"So it is! who can it be? here we have been watching night after night, and this is the first sound of a mortal footstep we have heard, and it is now four o'clock. Stay, Somers, I'll open the door cautiously; hist! it comes nearer. Who goes there? speak! ah! it is George."

Just as he spoke, the door opened, and George entered.

O! how changed! His face was covered with blood; his eyes red and inflamed.

"My son, my son, what means all this? speak, speak! how comes this? blood, blood!"

"Aye, blood; but ask no questions, father, pack up what things we can carry: we leave here to-night; aye, immediately, for by twelve o'clock to-morrow we must be at Valley Forge."

"But, my son—"

"Ask no questions; listen, father, Switzer, listen, bear it like a man, father, Lucy—"

"My child, my Lucy—"

"Is dead!"

"Father of Heaven! it is as I expected. Oh! George, what have you done?"

"Ha! ha! Go ask the pale corpse of her seducer; look at these hands, red with his blood; ha! ha! it was a fearful struggle; but she is revenged; my sister's wrongs are redressed."

"Be calm, George, you rave!"

"No, father, I am calm, now, perfectly calm. Come, Switzer, kind good friend, assist us to depart; if they get a clue to the murderer, aye, that is the word, my life is not worth a farthing."

"Assist you! yes, and follow you, George. Come, Somers, cheer up; Lucy is among the angels in heaven, and—"

"Yes, Switzer, but I must mourn her loss. Brave boy, you have acted nobly in this, and if it be wrong in the sight of God, let an old man's prayer intercede for thee. Let us pray."

In that humble cot, the three knelt down, and in the silence of the night a prayer was offered up to the throne of Mercy. Was it effectual?

* * * * * *

On the following day, the army of Washington could boast of three additional recruits, whose motives for action our readers are already conversant with.

Before closing, it may not be out of place to state, that there is a fearful legend attached to the house in Second street, and the wild scenes said to have occurred there, gave rise to the subject of our story. It is said that about midnight noises of an unnatural character are heard in the street, such as the cracking of whips, rolling of carriages, and trampling of steeds. They drive up to the door, skeleton forms are seen to glide from them and ring at the bell, the door is opened by an officer in uniform, who welcomes them in. Many of these midnight visitors wear wreaths of faded flowers upon their heads, long white robes encircling their bony forms, and the diamond rings which glisten in the pale moonlight, and rattle upon their fleshless fingers, are strong reasons to infer that they are the spirits of those unhappy women, who were so vilely treated, and not unfrequently murdered in that house of infamy.

So ends the Legend of 1778.

LEAF THIRTY-SIXTH.

HENRY SEYMOUR.

A LEGEND OF THE SCHUYLKILL.

CHAPTER I.

FAIRMOUNT, 1765.

THE dark shadows of the forest oaks lengthened themselves down the immense height of a pile of rocks, on whose summit they had flourished for a hundred years or more; the birds had ceased to sing, and the murmur of the evening breeze, as it wantoned over the scene, gave to that portion of the river Schuylkill, now called Fairmount, a wild and picturesque appearance. Nor was that all; the sound of the evening bells, or the striking of the old clock, denoting that the city of Philadelphia lay within but a short distance, contrasted strongly with the silence and gloom of the place —rendered more so by the veil of coming night, which already began to fall gently over the features of nature. From the height of the mount, the eye could trace the meandering course of the Schuylkill, on whose shadowy banks stood out, in bold relief, the tall and majestic oak. Again would the eye wander far beyond, and reach some far-off spot, carved out as it were from the forest trees, within whose cultivated space stood the lone farm house of some Swedish settler, with its outbuildings and barn, the pride of the hus-

bandman, and the depot of his wealth and monument of his industry. Still, as we observed before, there was much beauty in that wild lone spot.

The sun had now set; its golden rays yet lingered on the water, and sparkled like the dying embers of a watch fire. No sound, beyond those alluded to, broke upon the stillness, save the gay tones of merry voices from some party of pleasure, on the Schuylkill, returning to the city. On the extreme height of the mount there stood, on the evening we have described, a young man whose age may have been twenty, certainly not more than twenty-one. He was leaning against an oak, whose gnarled branches o'ershadowed the spot for many feet around; within its gloom the youth stood, seemingly "impressed with the stern majesty of grief!" As he gazad down into the deep valley, his eye followed the road as it opened its way toward the city; a sigh, deep and heavy, escaped him. "Yes, that will conduct me to Philadelphia, but whither shall I go when there? Without friends and without money, a stranger has a much worse chance of a night's lodging there than he would have here. These spreading branches will be my canopy; this green carpet, nature's growth, my bed. Yes, here will I rest, and amid the wild beauties of this lone spot, and the murmur of the midnight breeze, forget my sorrows and the cause of wo." As he spake, he stepped out from the shadow of the tree and stood at the extreme edge of the precipice. Beneath his feet rolled calmly on, the waters of the river Schuylkill; a slight murmur arose from its bed, but so soft and plaintive that it sounded more like the notes of the æolian harp than the music of a running stream. No scream of birds, winging their homeward flight, disturbed the harmony that reigned, yet it was musical all. Fairmount was then, as it is now, a glorious spot—rich in all that constitutes

landscape, with its beauty and utmost grandeur. It grew darker and darker, the air more chilly, the night wind swept over the summit, and—but what is that! In the East there came up a bright light—it radiated far and wide—the whole horizon grew rich in golden tints; the moon, aye, the moon, queen of the night! Silent ruler of the skies, in the absence of a brighter one, is it thou? "Come forth," exclaimed the delighted youth, as he stood gazing upon it—"Come forth in all thy beauty! let me gaze upon thee, and with thee watch away the lingering hours of night." At his bidding, as it were, the moon came calmly up, showering far and wide its bright rays, and luxuriating in a holy light gleaming from her golden bed. As she advanced, the blood-red hue changed to a silver brightness—

> "As erst on Judah's hills, when joyous throngs
> With trump and festival saluted thee."

The stars, those gilded milestones of heaven, paled before their mighty queen. Lost in the contemplation of the scene, our youth heard not the sound of carriage wheels, nor the crack of the whip, nor saw a splendid equipage as it rolled along the road, nor did he awake from his dream of bliss—for such are the dreams we have amid the beauties and sublimities of nature—until a wild shriek came fearfully upon his ear. He gazed down from whence it came, and, to his surprise, saw a carriage surrounded by men, whose manner of proceeding fully explained their calling. Quick as thought, unconscious of danger, the youth seized his walking-stick and rushed down the dangerous declivity with a velocity that created some doubts in his mind if there was not a probability of his losing his own life in the chivalric attempt to save that of others. Fate, however, ordained it otherwise.

"No struggling, old man!" exclaimed one of the band of robbers—for such they were. "No struggling, or d—n me if I don't make short work with yon. Come out, I say?"

"Spare my life; take my gold, but spare my life?"

"Bah! who wants your life? Come out of this gilded machine, for we must search it."

They now commenced dragging the old man out, when a scream, the one the youth heard, came forth from the carriage, and a young girl, of some eighteen years old, sprang out, and clasping the old man in her arms, exclaimed, in accents of the wildest terror: "Save—oh! save my father!"

The coachman, and a servant who rode behind, made an attempt to protect the old man, but as there were five robbers, their threats soon compelled the faithful attendants to remain silent during the process of robbing their master and his daughter. The carriage was examined. One of the robbers, evidently the captain, was in the act of taking some trinket from the young lady; his sacrilegious hand was already on her bosom, when a blow, from an unseen hand, laid him senseless on the ground. Another fell ere they discovered who it was that came so unexpectedly to the rescue. The attack was as sudden as it was effectual; for the two servants, having seen the approach of the young man, and witnessed his active exertions on their behalf, seconded his measures so effectually that the remaining three villains fled, deeming discretion, in this instance, the better part of valor.

"Fear not, sir!" exclaimed the youth, as he raised the old man up; "you are safe now, but there is no time to lose; let me assist you in the carriage;—hold the horses, sir!" addressing the coachman.

"Thanks—thanks brave youth; but, my God, my child, where is she?"

"I am safe, father; let me, sir, thank—"

"No thanks, lady—permit me to help you up. Thank Heaven, I was in time. That scream first attracted my attention."

The young lady stood on the top step; she turned round; the moon at that moment poured down a rich flood of light. Oh! what a rich blaze of beauty burst upon his sight! he staggered back; the pure soul of a virgin was in the gaze she cast upon him. Their eyes met!

"Young man you must go with us;—take your seat, my child. The robbers will return; by heaven there is one on his feet! hold!—"

The youth heard one wild scream, the roll of the wheels, the crack of the whip, and all again with him was night; he lay insensible on the ground, at the mercy of the robbers!

CHAPTER II.

THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

Many of our readers remember Girard square, in Market street, between Eleventh and Twelfth, but they can form but little idea of what it was in 1765. At that period it was a lone wilderness. Beyond Eleventh street, there was not a solitary house, if we except one that stood at the corner of Twelfth and Filbert streets; this was an old-fashioned building, built by a Swede, and was not long since torn down to make room for the march of improvement. In the centre of this square, or rather field, was a cluster of

trees, beneath which, strange as it may appear to modern ears, a gang of robbers had dug out a large commodious cave, in which, for many years, they lived unknown, and were not even suspected by the authorities. At that period, however, their power was seldom called into requisition. Up to as late a period as 1829, the marks of this cave were visible in a deep hollow, near to which, for many years, the late Stephen Girard kept a quantity of lumber, used for the purposes of building; and many times have we visited the square and gazed upon the spot, once the scene of murder, strife and outrage.

It was in a room partitioned off from the main hall, so called, of the cave, that our hero, for so we must call him, awoke to consciousness. As he opened his eyes, they rested upon the stern features of a man who was contemplating him with the most intense interest. There was something in his basilisk gaze that made him shudder, not with fear, for that was a feeling unknown to him; but a superstitious dread, somewhat allied to that which we presume one suffers under the influence of an evil eye.

"Well, sir, so you have come to your senses at last, after marring as good a night's work as was ever planned?"

"I did my duty—nothing more."

"Your duty? Aye, so reasons youth and inexperience; when you arrive at my age, youngster, you will then know what it is to talk of duty—bah! boy, duty is a bye-word for the trickster and cheat. To do what we like, and when we like, is the motto of freemen!"

"It is the motto of thieves and rogues."

"Umph! If I did not know you brave, I would call you fool; and because your name is Seymour, the son of John Seymour, of Seymour Hall, I spare your life; nor will I add more bones to those which moulder, and are ground to

dust by the tooth of time, there, beneath your feet—why do you stare—ha! ha! you turn pale: well, well, you are weak yet!"

"It is not the mere mention of bones, or of death that pales my cheek, but that you—you, the captain of a band of robbers, should know me!"

"Know you? I did not say that: I knew your father; to know him is to account for his son's wandering alone, at the dead of night, far from his home. To know him is to know that that son has been driven forth by his fury, and hated, simply because he resembles his poor mother. Look up, boy; aye, your mother, and my sister!"

"Your sister?"

"Aye! my gentle, heart-broken sister! It was your father, boy, who made me what I am; and would you, if the pure blood of your virtuous mother were not coursing its way through your veins. John Seymour—boy, though he is your father—"

"Wilson—for that is your name, I know it now—let my father's faults be silent between us; *you*, I know he has wronged; for myself, though struck to the ground, branded with every epithet that is base and insulting, yet I will not have his errors canvassed and commented upon *here*."

"Why have you been used thus?"

"That I know not; but I have been driven from my home—he has forbid me never to put foot in it—and I have sworn—yes, Wilson, I have sworn—never to cross the threshold of my father's house, unless—"

"You have made a provision then?"

"I have; and that is when he is unable to curse his son, or sensible of his error and injustice to one who has ever been kind and dutiful."

"You are right, Seymour, you are right; he is still your

father; my feelings are not yours; I have long since forgiven him; it was when hand to hand and foot to foot we fought, the mark he bears upon his face was carved by this very dagger —nay, start not; it was a fair and open fight; we were equal in strength, as we were in weapons. I repaid then and there the wrongs he inflicted upon me. We are apart now, and forever!"

"Yes; and so must you and I. You will not keep me a prisoner?"

"No; it is now midnight, by five o'clock you shall be set free; until then, farewell!—but stop, need I ask of you, Seymour, the promise of secrecy?"

"No, you need not."

"'Tis well, by five o'clock you will be at liberty."

We have now regularly brought our hero before the reader; and, up to this point, we question if his history has not created some little feeling of curiosity; the mystery which we have thus far thrown around him, was more the result of circumstances under which he was first introduced than any deliberate object of our own. Henry Seymour's father married a poor, though virtuous girl, by the name of Jane Wilson, by whom he had one son. His temper was wild and impetuous; he was ever jealous, full of doubts and horrid imaginings in regard to the virtue and character of his wife. Such, indeed, was the nature of his despotism that his home was rendered every thing but a pleasant one. His treatment of his wife was base and unmanly: and she, whose virtues and suffering should have been the object of his admiration as well as love, pined away in secret—no murmur ever escaped her lips. A brother of hers interfered; a quarrel was the result—they fought—Wilson conquered. Then commenced on the part of Seymour a regular course of persecution, not only against his wife but the brother;

the latter he had seized under pretence of debt, and thrown into prison. Wild and reckless as Wilson was, if he had been kept from bad associates, he would have remained as he was, an honest man; but in a prison he was with those who, naturally corrupt, endeavor to render others so; and in process of time, the principles of Wilson, not permanently established, yielded to the sophistry of jail philosophy; and when liberated by the act of insolvency for unfortunate debtors, he entered upon the world born as it were in iniquity; the consequence of which was, he soon made mankind his bankers, and drew upon them a pistol, instead of a draft, whenever he was in want of money.

His sister pined away and died of a broken heart; her last look was fixed on her son; the tears came into her dimmed eyes—dimmed by the cloud of death resting upon them—her lips quivered; she essayed in vain to speak—a motion was made by the heart, but the voice refused to second it. Henry rushed to her bedside and kissed her now cold lips;—thus died a victim to a husband's brutality, and a martyr to her much loved boy! Did that husband spare her memory? Was his heart touched by this last scene in the melo-drama of life? No! for on his son he heaped the balance of that abuse he had intended for the mother, had she lived. Liquor, too, was now doing its work, which, adding fuel to the hellish passions burning in his breast, rendered him ferocious; and it was in a moment of the tempest of mind's fury he drove his son from his home; and the reader is already acquainted with his subsequent adventures, up to the time he awoke to consciousness in the robber's cave.

CHAPTER III.

A LAPSE OF SIX YEARS.

Six years! In that little space what changes may we experience! We have, in our time, lived six years in a state of apparent affluence, enjoying all the comforts of life; in another period of six years, we experienced all the horrors of poverty, and destitution stared us in the face. We have crept into an apology for a bed when the winter-wind whistled fearfully around us; and while enjoying this state of misery in the midst of plenty, we have often wondered at our philosophy, and the efficacy of all-powerful *rum!* Six years of dissipation! What an age of wo was squeezed into that little space. Six years! we might sum up in them all the allotted ills of life; we might embrace in them all the dreamy thoughts and deep imaginings of the soul, and throw them in by way of a parenthesis, or—but why go on?

Six years had passed away since Henry Seymour stood outside of the robber's cave, on a bright moonlight night. He gazed around—he knew not the spot—knew not from whence he came—he was alone; around and about him all was silent and still. The winds sighed through the old oaks of the woods, for there were woods at that time in the vicinity of Twelfth and Market streets. He could not have betrayed Wilson if he had wished to do so. The place was a mystery. But what was he to do? His pockets were empty; he had no friends, no money—not a creature in the vast city, which lay in the calm moonlight of that hour before him, did he know, save Wilson, captain of a band of robbers!

"Well," he exclaimed, "I have youth and health, and

some slight knowledge of drawing; with these I must work my way through life, but—ah! what is this? As he spoke, his hand felt something heavy in his pocket; he grasped it, drew it forth, it was a long leather purse, filled with—he quickly opened it—the moon beamed down upon pieces of money; they were all gold, bright and pure guineas! The robber was his friend!

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

He sat alone. The mellow light of an autumnal sun beamed in at the window of the studio of Henry Seymour, and gave a more life-like expression to the portrait of a lovely girl which stood upon his easel, as if it had just received the last touch of his pencil. He was gazing upon it with eyes that told the interest the heart took in the persual of each glowing lineament of that most beauteous face; and in the soft twilight of that hour, one of the few happy ones of his eventful life, Henry Seymour forgot all his woes.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "it is her likeness! Just as she appeared to me on that night when I rescued her from the robbers. Who can she be? Long—long ere this," he continued, speaking in broken sentences, "no doubt she is wedded! She, so wildly loved by me, wedded! No, no; fate would not play with my heart-strings thus; hope whispers that she is not. Six years—six long, lingering years have I searched for such a face; no tidings, no clue whereby to gain information. She is lost—then, what is life to me? A dreamy blank, on whose dreary waste I can only wander

and mourn her lost! Her inmage will be ever here—here, deep in this heart—and when it breaks, they will go to pieces together."

Henry had apprenticed himself to a celebrated artist, and by incessant application he had obtained a degree of eminence in his profession highly flattering to his youthful ambition. Yet, in this country, how often has genius and talent to contend against the prejudices of the many? American talent is more appreciated in Europe than it is here; hence the poet, the painter, the sculptor has to win fame in other lands before he can coax his own countrymen into the belief that his education is finished. In this country, there is, unfortunately, no national standard of criticism, and yet we have those among us, who profess to be critics; but whose prejudices universally discover beauties in exotic plants and imported works of art, but have never been able to appreciate our indigenous ones, or find beauties in the gems from our own poets, or the "speaking figures" on native canvass. The finger-post to fame points our youth to England, while the loadstone of the heart keeps them here. The attractions of home are more powerful than is the smile of noble patrons in other lands. Thus it is!

Seymour had partially surmounted all the immediate difficulties to fame, and established among his brother artists a reputation which the envious only envied. Yet was he poor; the poverty of genius few there are can realize. The poet poor is like the broken strings of a harp; he essays in vain to call forth music from its wreck of sound, and thus all his notes die away in melancholy silence. Yet his very feebleness has poetry in it—the poetry of a broken heart! The inhabitant of an imaginary world feels the pangs of earth more than does the dweller of the real. The one is sensitive to word and touch, the other callous to

both. The poet is the incarnation of imagery. The painter poor is not unlike the poet; both are sensitive—retiring; and in the gloom and silence of their chamber, feel all the pangs of one

> "——— Who has known better days,
> On whom distress has spited to the world!"

Yet was Seymour happy; and that happiness consisted in the contemplation of the likeness of one he would probably never see again; but the remembrance of whom was fated to sway the destinies of his after life. He gave up all for it, forgot the world and lived on in—hope!

It had been the custom of Henry to visit, once a week, the scene of his adventure with the robbers. There were many circumstances connected with the events of that night which rendered that spot more dear to him than any other on the face of the earth. He would stand upon the extreme height of Fairmount and look down into the deep valley beneath, through which the road wound its way; and as his eyes rested upon that well-known spot, of all others most dear and most to be remembered, the form and features of that lovely being would rise up before him. Then would his thoughts revert to Wilson, the once loved brother of his poor mother—who became in after years the leader of a band of robbers! Then would his father's unnatural conduct recur to him, and the cruel treatment he had received at his hand, form wild and crude conjectures of their cause.

"Well, well!" he would mutter to himself—"now am I alone in the world indeed! But there is a goddess, bright and beautiful, at whose shrine I will worship and live—it is Fame's! Yes; to thee, proud seraph! the star that illumines the world of poetry and of thought! to thee will I bend all the energies of my mind! and if she lives—*she*,

the being I love even more than fame—there will yet remain some memorial of one whose only ambition on earth was to become great for her sake.

CHAPTER V

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Father! dear father! do not go out to-night; the wind is cold and aguish; your health is not sufficiently recovered —do stay at home!"

"Daughter! child! you do not know—you cannot feel that nervousness of the mind which agitates the aged—it is even beyond the power of reason to control; it is the motion of the brain on misery's lake; you cannot calm it—no, no —I must go; a few hours more and it will be too late. I will go."

"Not to *him*, father!"

"Why not? He knows our poverty—but not its extent. Will he not be your husband in a few short weeks?"

"Yes, yes; but, oh! father, do not place us under obligations to him, now!"

"Why not? We will be under obligations to him some time—why not now?"

"I could tell you, father; I could give such reasons— but, no, no; go father—stay, let me tie this handkerchief around your neck; there, that will do—now, farewell!"

"Heaven bless you, my child! Heaven bless you!"

The door was closed; and there sat alone, in poverty and grief, as lovely a creature as ever eye rested upon. True, the cheek was pale—the eyes filled with tears—yet even in sorrow she was

"Very beautiful; her lip
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
Was deeper, but her countenance was like
The majesty of Angels."—WILLIS.

The room in which she sat was barely supplied with furniture necessary for convenience; two old chairs, an oaken table and a half-worn carpet, were all that surrounded one whose appearance spoke of other, happier and better days.

"My poor father! how he struggles to keep up his spirits in our fallen fortunes! and now he goes to that bad man to solicit aid—and he to be my husband! Father of mercy, is there no way to avoid this fatal blow? In my dreams I have seen one whose features still cling around the temple of memory us does the tendril vine around the oak; yes—as the pale moonlight fell upon his bright and glorious countenance, and the flash of his black eye rested upon the robber-chief, so does he appear to me in my midnight dreams. Then do I see him dashed back upon the ground; I hear the curse of the robbers, the rattle of the wheels, the crack of the whip, and then—then busy fancy conjures up the worst! Well! if he lives he knows me not—fate has separated us and forever! Hark! 'tis father! he comes!"

As she spoke the old man entered; he tottered to a chair and fell back, covering his face with his hands, and wept aloud! Yes, the old grayheaded man, in the midst of his sorrows, wept! Age in tears! Earth presents no picture like unto that!

"Father—dear father—what has occurred?"

"You were right, my child; that smooth-faced villain—you are always right—he refused me! Aye! refused me; but I—I matched him—ha! ha! ha! I refused him your hand! I told him, aye! told him to his teeth, that he should never call child of mine wife! ha! ha! ha!"

"Did you tell him that, father?"

"I did, boldly and scornfully!"

"Thanks! oh! a thousand thanks! What a load you have taken from my heart! It was for you, father, I consented to wed this man, even while I despised him. But I am free; and the iron hand of poverty may lay itself still heavier on us, for now I can bear it much better, my heart is so light—kiss me, dear father—cheer up, all will go well yet. I will now go and finish my embroidery, and perhaps Mr. Thomas will advance me money enough to pay our rent;—what is that, father, you hold in your hand?"

"This—oh! aye! a brave young man threw himself between me and death. On my way home a pair of horses had run off and were dashing furiously down the street, and in one moment more your poor father would have been no longer a burden to you."

"Do not talk so, father, but go on."

"He snatched me up in his arms as if I were a child, and carried me some distance, when he placed me on the pavement; I looked up—he stood before me—the light from a lamp beamed down upon him—his face—it must have been a dream, a vision, but he looked, aye! my child, like him who so nobly rescued us from the robbers some six years ago—there was the same flashing eye—but what ails you, child? You turn pale! help! look up! look up, my daughter!"

"It is nothing, father; it is nothing—go on."

"He walked with me some distance, and spoke of the dangers old people run, who ventured to walk at night when their thoughts were at home, or their minds troubled."

"What did he mean, father?"

"Somehow or other he read my heart; the secret of my poverty was to him as plain as if it were written in my

face; for thee—yes, thee—he must have read it! He did not offer me money but handed me this card, and with it these words—'If you should ever want a friend, call on me; though poor myself, I still have the means of occasionally assisting a fellow-creature.' There was a melancholy sound in his voice which touched my heart; I again looked at him, and would have invited him to our house, but I thought of thee, and he so handsome and accomplished, and I still thought of thee, my child; for such men, however polite, are those a father should most shun. So we parted."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARTIST AND HIS VISITER.

With the morning came the writ of execution against the furniture of the old man. As the eye of the officer rested upon the scene of poverty, he could not refrain from the expression of his sentiments in relation to the conduct of the landlord.

"That, sir," exclaimed the rich, proud man, "is my business! yours to act in your official capacity without comment. Old man, can you pay my rent?"

"No, sir, I cannot; look at that weeping girl, can you have the heart to turn us out of doors, to wander, as beggars, through the streets?"

"That is your business."

"Dear father, do not talk to him; his heart is of stone, and words fall upon it as does the snow upon an icicle, cold and chilly!"

"Very poetical, girl; but in poetry nothing jingles so well as money."

"Heartless villain! address not my child; look at her with but a sneer, and, old as I am, I will chastise you on the spot. Sir," addressing the officer, "will you give me one half hour's respite; in that time I think I can raise the money."

"Certainly, sir; I will stay the execution of the writ for one hour."

"Thanks—thanks!" So saying, the old man started forth, to obtain, if possible, the sum necessary to save his little furniture.

The Artist was alone in his studio; the picture of her he loved stood before him, looking down upon his labor with a smile of approbation. It had now become a part and portion of his existence. He would not have lived alone and isolated as he did without it for worlds! It was the object of his adoration—his hope on earth. And who would live without hope? If he was in doubt in regard to an undertaking, one look at the portrait would decide him; for fancy would shadow the soft and beautiful expression of the countenance with a frown whenever his dream of ambition had a tendency to lead him beyond his means, and were calculated to disturb the quiet and peace of his own little studio. That portrait was his Mentor. It was while indulging in one of those pleasing reveries, wandering again in imagination o'er the past, that a footstep on the stairs disturbed him. It came nearer and nearer; it stopped—then came a knock; to his reply of walk in, there appeared a man of about sixty years of age—his garments threadbare but decent; the close observer would have noted the thousand little ways art had adopted to keep his habiliments in something of a genteel, if not respectable appearance. Poverty, however, stood con-

fessed. The Artist arose upon the entrance of his visiter, in whom he recognized the street acquaintance of the evening previous, and, having handed him a chair, hoped that the fright he had received was not accompanied with any serious consequences.

"No, sir; thanks to your presence of mind, I escaped even the knowledge of my danger; but I have called upon you, sir, somewhat earlier than I expected: misery knows no time nor place."

"Speak, sir; you have my promise, and the word of Henry Seymour has never yet been broken."

"You should at least know something of one you are about to befriend. You see a man, sir, on whom fortune once lavished her choicest gifts; one who, though not regardless of the duty of a father, forgot, in a moment of wild speculation, every obligation that should have taught him better; from that splendid dream of riches he awoke to grasp, instead of wealth, iron poverty; and now, sir—yes! —the once rich merchant, with funds and means at command, asks from a stranger the loan of fifteen dollars to keep his little furniture from the grasp of an avaricious landlord."

"No more, sir; no more; I read your history last night; here are twenty dollars—return to your home, and may fortune be more propitious to you."

"Thanks! young man, thanks! May Heaven—ha! what is that? Whose likeness is that—speak?"

"Which one?"

"That—that!" pointing to the portrait to which we have so frequently alluded.

The Artist, with his eyes riveted upon the old man, calmly exclaimed, "I know not!"

"But how—where did you get it? Ah! I begin to see

the vile cloak of your charity. Yes! all men are alike—base and selfish! There, sir, take your money; you know me; you would buy the father to ruin the child!"

"Child!—old man, drive me not mad—your child? Father of Heaven, do I hear aright? Does that picture resemble your daughter!"

"The very counterpart?"

"And she—she lives?"

"Young man, farewell!—you cannot deceive me."

"Stay! you shall not—nay, you must not leave me! I am not the wretch your imagination has made me! Listen—life itself rests upon this moment! Some six years ago, near Fairmount, I was the humble instrument of rescuing a young girl and her father from banditti—"

"Ah! were you that brave youth?—then I have not dreamt it!"

"Dreamt what? All to me since that hour has been a fearful dream. Old man, that bright face, since that fearful moment, has been to me my life—my soul! I have worshipped her image in the pale moonlight, on the hills, beneath which I saved her!—Do not mock me, old man! Do not darken the ray of light which now beams upon this lacerated heart! Speak—does that resemble your child?"

"*It is my child!* I am the man you saved from robbers, and my daughter lives."

"And—answer me"—and the youth tottered to a chair—"not married?"

"No, thank Heaven! for now I can make her happy; young man, she loves you!"

"Loves me—whom she saw but once?"

"But once; and, like you, she has lived on the remembrance of that hour."

"Then am I loved as man was never loved!"

A few weeks after the events above described, Henry Seymour and his beloved sat side by side each other, and in that sweet converse, when souls hold communion, did they talk of the past. It was a pleasing retrospection, for the pages of love's book were opened one by one, as they talked on, and then indeed were they happy. It was a moment of rapture to the Artist; the poet or the painter's art could not picture it. The cheerful smile of the old man, as he gazed upon them, was that of joy; and it fell upon their union of hearts, as a blessing on that season of their pure and undying love.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEATH-BED.—REPENTANCE.*

We now conduct our readers to an old-fashioned house, built after the English style, with its high ceilings and dark wood cornices, with faded drapery hanging loosely from its lofty windows. In a room of this dwelling, on a costly bed, lay a dying man. His pale, sunken cheek, and wandering eye, told the gazer that but a few short moments yet remained of his wretched existence.

"Richard," he muttered, "where have you been for the last twenty-four hours? Am I to die alone? Richard, did that letter go safe?"

"Yes sir, it did."

"Then why don't he come? Well, well, I turned him out of my house, the home of his childhood, a spot most dear, as it ever should be, to youth! I turned him away from all the associations of his boyhood! I—I—yes! I

* See Leaf Thirty-First.

drove him from his mother's grave. Shut the window, Richard; the pale light of the setting sun is too pure to shine upon my expiring rays. Shut it out; let me go out of the world in gloom and darkness. Richard—did I not treat that boy, my noble boy, bad? Nay, speak—you know it! let me hear one candid voice tell me that I have committed a base wrong!"

"Be calm, sir; he will come and forgive."

"Ah! how do you know?"

"I saw him, sir."

"You saw him, Richard?"

"Yes, sir; fearful that some accident would occur, I took horse and started off to town with the letter myself; I rode day and night, reached his place of abode, and delivered your letter."

"Richard, give me your hand; that accounts for your long absence; but go on—you saw him?"

"Yes, sir; and told him how sick you were."

"Well!"

"He sprang up from beside his lovely wife—"

"Ha, Richard—wife?"

"One of the most beautiful women I ever gazed on."

"Well, he would not come—right! The smile of a fond wife is better than the curse of a father to youth and virtue! He is right—what claim have I to his affection?"

"You wrong him, sir; he will come."

"Will come? my much wronged boy; come, did you say?"

"Sir, be calm; he is—"

"Speak, Richard."

"Here."

"Father," exclaimed Henry, rushing in, "pardon—pardon!"

"Pardon!—you ask that from me? No, Henry, it is for the son to pardon the father. Oh! my child, I have suffered for my cruel and unnatural conduct years of bitter remorse; the pale image of your poor mother, and the stern looks of her brother, have haunted me nightly; and though no voice uttered the bitter words of the past, yet were those looks daggers to my soul; and then have I seen you, in frightful dreams, struggling with poverty, an outcast! Heavenly Father, how have I offended Thee!"

"Oh, father! do not talk so; all is forgotten—all forgiven! Let us pray, father! and ask forgiveness of Him who alone has the power to grant it!"

The son knelt down by the side of his father's bed, and in a prayer, which came up from the silent though pure sources of the heart, he called up that Being, whose outstretched arms reach the furthermost corners of the earth, for aid and comfort to a repentant sinner! The eyes of the dying man brightened up! A son, an ill-used, discarded son, was praying for him! That son he had so wronged was now interceding between him and his offended God! Oh! prayer! prayer! who is there, in this cold, cheerless world, would live without thee? Like hope, thou art the watch-word at the gates of Heaven, to bid the truant soul a welcome home. That appeal to the Throne of Mercy, offered up in the lone chamber, had its effect; the eyes of the dying parent became still; they wandered and rolled no more in a sea of guilt; a smile passed over his pallid features; he grasped the hand of his boy and uttered, feebly, the words, "bless you! bless you!" Thus, a good man's prayer will, from the deepest dungeons of our woes, climb Heaven's height, and bring a blessing down.

"Yes, Henry, I feel more happy, far more contented; forgiveness has soothed the tumult of this heart; take this

pen yon secretary ; there, on the right, in the small
you will find my will ; you are my heir ; bless you !
ou—my child ! I leave you rich—I aye ! even beyond
ost sanguine wishes ! You are married ! Heaven
our bride ! You will be happy, for you have your
s temper, mild and amiable. No more of this ; let
l that hand. Thanks ! thanks ! Richard, open that
r ; let the light of the setting sun shine on me ; I
ot bear it before ; it was too pure, too holy. Ah !
freshing is that breeze ! See the long streaks of light
: down yon mountain ;—my life will fade away with
nd with the sun I'll sink into the grave—for death is
ve—and, oh ! that I may rise again like that sun, and
at immortality with Jehovah in the skies ; this—
—his breath grew short ;—"farewell, Henry ! I—

ther ! dear father !"
our father, boy ! it is too late ; raise me up ; let me
thee—"
essayed again to speak, but the words died with him
ad fled—all was over.

LEAF THIRTY-SEVENTH.

"Crimes will speak though tongues were out of use."

HAVING given an account of the origin of the Home Missionary Society, and the extensive influence it now possesses over a large portion of the human family, it is a pleasing task to look back over the field of the labors of the Missionary, and contrast the localities he now "holds with religious sway," with what they were previously. That beautiful shade which christian truth throws over the "blazonry of vice," and which the mellowed light of heaven gilds with a radiant glory, rests calmly on the waters of life, and ripples along to the pleasing accompaniment of happy and tuneful voices.—All nature looks more joyous—more happy, the smile of virtue dims the frown of sin, and gladsome hearts, now beat beneath the laborer's breast.

This is a pleasing picture, but alas! it is in part confined to the few, for there are those whose acts and conduct are of such a character, that their doors and their hearts are shut against the good man, whose zeal for their present and future happiness, not unfrequently carries him to their thresholds, from which he is driven with contumely and insult. The many inducements held out to petty thieves, by a class of men, called Receivers of stolen goods, have materially increased the number of juvenile offenders, and made the House of Refuge the stepping stone to the Penetentiary. This alarming increase, in despite of the philanthropic exertions of many good citizens to prevent it, has become a fearful subject for the contemplation of our readers, as it should be for the municipal authorities.

The gradual, progressive, and alarming *arena* made by crime, and which widens, and spreads like the Banyan tree, taking root wherever its branches fall, calls loudly at this time for a check. Much of the increase has been attributed to that of population; this is an error, for if the morals of that population were properly attended to, that very increase which has been urged as a cause, would become a preventive.

In the first place let us trace some of the causes which have tended to strengthen vice with the growth of our population. There must be a cause, or causes, which tend to overbalance the good lessons, which are taught and disseminated from the pulpit.

It is with much and sincere regret, that the writer of this should allude here to our Theatres; his reluctance to speak of the stage, will be readily appreciated by those who know him, but a sense of truth and justice, compel him to state distinctly, that to the *abuse of the drama*, may be attributed very many of the juvenile vices, which are now, Upas like, poisoning the whole moral atmosphere. The stage at Athens, at one time subsisted in a pure state, so far as their notions of religion and morality extended; how is it then that in an age so purely christian as ours is, it should be looked upon, not as a "*School of Reform*," but rather as the "*Road to Ruin*."

The moment an institution, no matter for what purpose established, opens its doors to the degraded of both sexes, and erects a bar, in any one portion of the building for the sale of liquor, that very moment it becomes the Temple of Cyprian, instead of the Temple of the Muses.

Our Theatres are under no municipal regulations, beyond the mere keeping of the peace; were they subject to the censorship of a "moral committee," and managers' characters were to be duly examined into, as well as those of the mem-

bers of their companies, we should then have a guarantee for something of an intellectual, if not of a moral nature.

That the stage has deteriorated, our observations, alas! have long since most indubitably proven, and yet there were periods when it required the strong arm of the law, to curb the licentiousness which then existed, not only inside of the Theatres, but in the gin shops, and groggeries in their immediate vicinities. In 1718 Judge Bulstrode, in his address to the grand jury of Middlesex, Eng., had occasion, no doubt, to use the following language:—

"One play-house"—he remarked, "ruins more souls than fifty churches are able to save."

This is not quoted for the purpose of its operating against the drama or the stage, but to show how both were abused, even at that period.

Collier, in his stage history, has some most excellent suggestions, which if followed, or acted upon now, would have a tendency to reform that, which instread of being a rational place of amusement, is, we regret again to say, diametrically the reverse. Collier says:—

"Magistrates in country towns, where the players perform under their suffrance, have them so completely in their power, that they might effect almost anything. It would be easy when the manager waited upon the magistrate for permission to perform, to say you shall have it, under such and such conditions; but, if any immoral pieces are performed, or any blasphemy or profaneness is uttered upon the stage, I shall withdraw it, and take care that information is lodged against you accordingly." Were fines to be levied upon those performers who utter oaths, and the money to be given to the poor, after a few examples the evil would cease. Were the magistrate, likewise, to look over the list of plays to be performed by the company, and make objections to such as he

may think improper, the pieces might either be dropped or the objectionable passages altered or omitted. Where the magistrate is not acquainted with the plays himself, he might ask the advice of some friend, on whose judgment and principles he could rely; and never let it be forgotten, that 'the next bad thing to the writing impieties is to suffer them.'"

Our readers, at least that portion of them who are in the habit of visiting our theatres, will remark, how absolutely necessary such a censorship is at this time. The decadency of the drama, has alike caused that of its literature; both are now made subservient to the gratification of our worst passions. But a few months ago, the author of this work, wrote and published in one of our most respectable weekly papers* the following article, elicited on witnessing at one of our Theatres a most vile, and indecent piece.

IMMORALITY OF THE DRAMA.

"The recent introduction at our theatres of local pieces, which are intended to give us some idea of life as it is, has resulted as we feared, in the destruction of that moral link which bound the audience, (or at least the respectable portion of it,) to theatrical representations. Dr. Colyer drove females from the theatres in the south, with his model artistes, and no one having any respect for self or character visited the places where his exhibitions were given. What, let us ask, is the difference between the vulgar display of models, and the nightly indecent representation of a thing called 'Jakey's Marriage,' now being played at one of our Theatres?—The one gave us naked figures to represent statuary and painting, the other gives us the ulcers and the sores of our moral nature, by words and actions.—The one is still

* Scott's Weekly Paper.

life, the other is life active—and such life! The haunts of vice, the language of Billingsgate, could not furnish a more vile and disgusting series of scenes and language, than does this piece. It is an insult to common decency and the Stage.

That our Theatres have degenerated there can be no doubt. That our actors and actresses have been made the instruments of carrying out the low scenes of life to gratify a vitiated taste, there is also no doubt; and that such representations call for public indignation, is morally certain.

Society is bad enough; a veil should be drawn before the worser part of it, and the public endeavor to hide and suppress scenes, which, if allowed in our streets, would shock decency, and corrupt the morals of youth.

The Stage should be the mirror of a nation's virtue—not its vice. It should exalt, not degrade; and its lessons to a free people should have for their object the ennobling themselves and exalting their institutions. Look now to what a state of vile prostitution we have come! At both Theatres two such pieces are being played. 'A Glance at Philadelphia' has been tolerated for various reasons; but 'Jakey's Marriage' should never have been introduced. We did hear it failed in Baltimore. If so it displays on the part of its citizens, good taste and a just sense of what the Stage should be."

Such then being the state of the drama, with all the appendages so essential to its success, such as *oyster houses*, *grog shops*, and *third tiers*, what have our youth to expect from such associations, but the worst of consequences? We have not selected out the Theatre as an especial agent in the wholesale matter of vice and immorality—there are others, and many of them which actually seem under the especial guidance of the *authorities!* Among these may be ranked

gambling houses. That their *locale* is known to our police, would be to insult that most *efficient body* by the very implication of a doubt. They watch the poor rogue with an eagle eye, but wink at the actions of those who have the means, and the appearance of gentlemen.

In connection with the gamblers, are a certain class of pawnbrokers, or rather we should say, (to draw a distinction between those who are honest and licensed,) receivers of stolen goods, they are the panders to the roulette, and the faro banks, and encourage petty theft, by the facility offered for the disposal of its fruit. A regular, and a well organized system is pursued by several classes, to keep up a band of desperadoes, who are a thousand times worse than the highway robber, and far more successful, from the fact, that they carry on their operations, almost under the wings, if not the sanction of our police. Our streets are filled with beggars, and thieves; the first receive the gratuitous offering of charity, the second take whatever comes in their way, hence it is, these two classes, comprising in number probably five thousand persons, men, women, and children, are all more or less, linked with the receivers of stolen goods, and a class of men, and women, who reap the advantages of both the beggary and the theft. Another class, and in some respects far less sinful, but equally miserable and unfortunate, is that of the drunkards.

To be assured of such a state of things, the result alike of dissipation and crime, the writer of this has personally visited every place, where both of these "errors of our nature" are permitted to have full sway, and where the voices of blasphemers and swearers, arose as it were out of a maddened hell! The following statement was made for, and furnished to a committee, appointed to visit the poor, for the purpose of providing—them food, raiment, and fuel for the winter. *It is a true picture!*

FROM MY JOURNAL, JANUARY, 1845.

"For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set *him* in safety, from *him* that *puffeth* at *him*."—PSALM xii.

Few persons are aware of the extent of poverty and misery which abounds in and about our city. There are a *few* who talk much about charity, and give some sympathetic account of its nature—*and that is all.* Being part of my duty to examine into the true state of the poor, and view with my own eyes the truth or falsity of these representations made, I wended my way to the miserable abodes of the wretched, and among the *doomed* of mankind, I saw, gentle reader, such sights as would make your blood freeze with horror. Ye rich who riot in luxury—ye nabobs who recline upon beds of down, and roll in the abundance of wealth,—ye who spend hundreds in idle extravagance, and throw to the worthless and undeserving, that which would make the widow's heart rejoice, and the orphan's prayer ascend to the mercy seat for ye; ye who flatter yourselves up with christianity, and plaster religion around your hearts, in open mockery, listen to these tales of woe, and ask, can such things be! Ye who never move from your comfortable firesides, unless in your splendid coaches and sleighs—ye whose eyes never rested upon the naked, the helpless, the freezing and starving, pay some little attention to the following melancholy facts:—

In a house, whose outside denoted the extreme of wretchedness, lived five families, each having from two to five children; the lower room was occupied by one who was called the landlady; she was a widow with three children, one of whom was only four months old; she took it from

the cradle, covered as it was with rags, and asked me for medicine. "My child is sick, sir, and will die." The drooping babe raised up its little hands and smiled in my face. I told her it wanted proper warmth and nourishment. The rest of the children were in rags, which were literally hanging about them. The front room, second story, was occupied by another widow with three children, the oldest only eight years of age; she had been in better circumstances, and when I placed some money in her hand, tears rolled down her care-worn cheek; her children were dressed in light clothes, and sat shivering around a wretched fire, in one corner of the room was their bed, composed of loose *cat tail* and cut straw; this was confined by a few boards through the day, and spread over the floor at night, upon which they lay without a particle of clothing, save the rags upon their backs. In another room, resided a family of six persons, consisting of man, wife, and four children; their bed was composed of the same materials as the one above described, but they had the advantage of an old coverlet, to keep them from freezing; the man at the same time laboring under *fever and ague.* In another room lay a wretched man, a shoemaker, and his wife; they actually put their children in empty barrels and stowed shavings around them to keep them warm!!! In another house we visited a poor woman, whose husband had deserted her; she had taken up lodgings in a cold cellar, and that half full of snow, drifted in by the late severe storm—human nature shudders at a picture so dreadful. It was evident, however, (though it should not operate against them at this inclement season of the year,) that nearly all the misery was occasioned by that fearful enemy to the human race—that scourge to mankind—RUM. I suggested to a member of the committee, the impolicy of leaving much money. Fuel, clothing, food, &c., to keep

them warm and comfortable, at this time was the most effectual and essential mode of relieving them; for this kind of people, must and will have rum, and would drink, though starvation was the consequence.

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LEAF THIRTY-EIGHTH.

THE VOICE OF THE MISSIONARY.

[EXTRACT FROM A RECENT REPORT.]

To the Board of Managers of the Home Missionary Society of the City and County of Philadelphia.

DEAR BRETHREN:—It again becomes my duty to make my Quarterly Report, and to lay before you a statement of the labors of your Missionaries. It is with feelings of gratitude that I am enabled to state that a kind Providence has smiled upon our efforts, and a holy and mysterious influence pervaded, as it were, the scene of our active labors, and assisted in the advancement of the cause of our Holy Redeemer. Thus, words sowed in weakness He has raised up as monuments of his power—thus the sterile soil, has become rich and blossomed in beauty and in bloom. It is not my intention to give you a lengthy detail of my labors, and those of my worthy colleagues—to do so would fill a [illegible] look back upon the scenes of sorrow,

of misery and wo, through which we have passed, and even while the heart bleeds at the picture retrospection draws, still are there some pleasing associations connected with them, for many a bitter tear has been wiped away, many a sorrowing heart made glad. Families who were destitute of the word of God, and the knowledge of his mighty power, have been supplied with the one, and made conversant with the other. The Holy Book has been laid open before them, and the celestial pathway made straight—the gloom of the sick chamber has been cheered by it. The aged matron has clasped it closely to her heart, and the bright smile—hope's messenger, lit up her dimmed eyes, as they glanced o'er its hallowed pages. What would this earth be without the Bible? It is the sun of the moral world—giving it life and animation, and creates in the bosom, all those delightful aspirations which only end with life, promising immortality hereafter!—With the Bible in our hands we visited the houses of the Sabbath breakers, and blasphemers—the curl of scorn upon their mocking lips gave way before its influence—their stern and hardened hearts became softened, and the sound of prayer and praise, are now heard in their habitations! Who will deny the powerful influence of religion? All mankind may in time doubt, but that doubt yields to argument—and falls at the shrine of truth, as it is manifest in that "Book of Books."

As usual during the summer months, I visited the suburbs of the city, and distributed tracts, and prayed from house to house, with those who were willing to receive religious instruction, and even those who "never knew God"—listened and bowed down their heads, abashed, and repentant.

I am also happy to state that in many instances upon visiting the boatmen on our rivers I have found them read-

ing their Bibles, and they have welcomed me as a timely visiter and received the words of exhortation with thankfulness and joy. I know of no sight more pleasing than that which presents to the eye—the poor, the humble, the hard working portion of our population, poring over the Bible—the rich we take it for granted do so too, but there is something so nearly allied to heaven in this picture—to see them scattered along the banks of our rivers—reclining beneath a tree, or laying in their boats with the Bible upraised, that we cannot refrain from referring to it. If the heart is oppressed what can relieve it more than the words of Deity? Open the pages of His great ledger, look to the glowing index written in characters of fire—and how soon will it find comfort. There has been *over twenty thousand pages* of tracts distributed to the boatmen and destitute families in the past months by your missionaries and their assistants.

In my visits along the wharves of the Delaware, I was one day accosted by a mariner, in the following manner:—"Is this Mr. Street? Oh! how my little girl wished to see you before she died, she attended the Home Missionary Sabbath School in Front street, and when she was dying called us all around her bed—(here he could scarcely speak, for tears choked his utterance) and taking hold of my hand, she said, 'father, will you meet me in Heaven; mother, I am going home to Jesus.' Then calling her little brothers to her, she kissed them and bade them farewell, and turning to some one in the room, she said—'I wish you would sing that little hymn my teacher taught me;' and she repeated it—

> "He has taken my feet out of the mire and the clay,
> And placed them on the rock of ages."

While they sang it she placed her little hands together, and without a sigh she expired." This blessed little angel,

one of earth's gems, taken hence to grace the crown of glory, was only six years of age. I improved the occasion of exhorting the father to seek the Lord, and meet his child in Heaven—he promised to pursue a righteous course, and we parted. There was something in this little incident calculated to throw a calm over the Christian heart—it went to show that our labors are not in vain, and that the good seed once sown never loses in its growth, but yields abundant harvest. On the following Sabbath, in preaching at the Home Missionary Room, I related this little episode in my career of Christianity, for the purpose of encouraging the teachers in their good work. After the sermon, a lady dressed in black, came to me and asked for our prayers—saying that the Lord had taken her little girl from her, and she believed it was to benefit her and awaken her to a sense of her danger, in not adhering to the precepts of his most holy word. Her son, a young man of twenty-one, begged an interest on our part, for him, by prayer and exhortation. I left them happy, joyful and full of hope. For God never forsakes those who call on him in their hour of peril. This is a pleasant reflection, and to reflecting minds should awaken the heart to a sense of its own littleness, and their dependence on a superior and mightier power than any earth can boast of. Governments may have rulers, but the world acknowledges but one ruler—Jehovah, Lord of lords —King of kings.

Some years ago I was acquainted with a gentleman who was notorious for his infidel principles, and a pretended champion of its doctrines. For the last five years his health had been bad, but he still maintained his principles of unbelief, and made his boast that religion as it existed was a fable—the whole system of the moral and divine law an allegory! He charged his wife never to let a man of prayer

enter his chamber; but being personally acquainted with him, I called at his house and endeavored to convince him of the great mental error under which he labored, as detrimental to his peace here, as it was to his hopes hereafter. He still insisted upon the truths of his doctrines, and his mode of reasoning was both cunning and ingenious, but I could discover beneath his flimsy veil a doubt, a staggering doubt which pal'd, as it were, before the divine truths I uttered; before leaving him I prayed, and desired that he would reflect upon what I had said and his own precarious situation. I repeated my visit—but was denied admittance—again I called, and again was refused. But the work of the Lord was going on, the arrow of truth had entered deep into his bosom—it was festering there—he could not rest—he was continually speaking of my visit to him—at last he sent for me, and desired that I would freely converse with him; he seized my hand—apologised for his treatment—tears stood in his eyes—infidelity was melting away from the altar it had erected around his heart, and the cross—the simple cross was reared in its place. I visited him twice a day, and when there I could scarcely tear myself from him, and although far gone in a consumption, he would clasp me in his arms and praise the Lord aloud!—he took his sister by the hand and exhorted her to meet him in heaven—kissed his children and bid them farewell, embraced his wife, pointed upwards, and when he could no longer speak he gave a sign that the mercy of the Lord had been extended to him at the eleventh hour, and without a sigh he breathed his last.

Another case I will mention, of a Mr. I——, who had been one of the most notorious gamblers of the day—an inveterate swearer and Sabbath breaker—he was taken sick—I visited him, and found him ignorant of the Bible, and

of the means by which a sinner must come to Christ—his wife (who is a Christian) informed me that he had never read the Bible, nor listened to a sermon in ten years—I conversed with him, and found him ready to be instructed—I prayed for him, and found he repeated my prayer—I continued to visit him for several weeks, and as his mind became enlightened, he would burst forth in a flood of tears, and ask if the Lord would have mercy on such a sinner as he was. He would hold me by the hand and promise me if the Lord spared his life, to serve him the remnant of his days; and lamented that his time had been spent so unprofitably. He lingered in great agony for several days, and there was an evident change in his feelings, for the better—he said he had no doubt but the Lord had accepted him through Jesus Christ—and after exhorting those around him not to spend their days as he had, but to give themselves to Christ—he died clinging to the promises of God for salvation, and I have no doubt but he found a home in the arms of Jesus.

I might mention many more cases which have come under my notice; and also many that have come under the notice of my assistant, Rev. Wm. Boate, but I find this report is already longer than I had intended it to be. I have relieved many cases of distress, of persons who have been reduced by sickness. The amount thus distributed, in the past three months, is $223 44, of which a full report has been handed to your Treasurer.

Permit me, in conclusion, to return thanks to those who have contributed to the support of the Missionary fund, and also in behalf of the many thousands who have been aided during the past winter. These good works of the charitable, on the day of eternity, will rise up and call them blessed.

As my field of labor comprises the entire city and county, I have necessarily been called to visit hundreds of sick and dying.

In the month of June, I attended nineteen funerals in twenty successive days. These, with other duties, have occupied all my time. The appointment at the Home Missionary Room, in Front street, has been regularly attended to.—The congregation is large and very attentive, and no doubt much good has been effected at their prayer meetings. A great number of inquiring souls have found peace, and the glad tidings of salvation cheered their hearts in the moment of darkness, and of doubt.

"Salvation! oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name!"

LEAF THIRTY-NINTH.

THE BOY WITHOUT FRIENDS.

"'Tis bliss to feel, in life's young day,
Whilst bowed beneath misfortune's smart,
That wheresoe'er we wend our way;
To cheer us, we've a friendly heart."

CHAPTER I.

THE POOR HOUSE.

Among the many poor wretches whom crime and misfortune compelled to seek the *comforts* of a country poor house, was the mother of our hero. Misfortune, not crime, placed her there, and the same cause kept her its inmate for six years, then she died, then she was buried, and but one living creature mourned that poor woman's fate. Her *loss* was a *gain* to the establishment, and the matron was heard to exclaim in the fulness of her christian heart:—"Thank God, Crank is dead; she had as many lives as a cat,—and that son of her's—"

"Must quit the house," exclaimed a rough voice.

"Yes, Mr. Tough, you say right—he must leave; our expenses are already too heavy."

Mr. Tough was one of the overseers, and he entered the room just as Mrs. Comfort was rejoicing over the demise of poor Mrs. Crank.

"I observed, Mr. Tough, that the deceased has been a burden on the house for six years,—it is true she was a good washer, but what is that! twelve hours labor is no-

thing to a healthy person, and you know she was not healthy. The boy—"

"Yes, madam," interrupted Tough, "he must be off; he is now fourteen years of age, and as our anniversary dinner comes off shortly, we must get rid of all the useless ones."

"Ah, Mr. Tough, you are a tender soul."

"Talking of tender, dear Mrs. Comfort, do not neglect the ducks—"

"Leave that to me. Turkeys, ducks and geese, shall be of the real poor-house stamp;—fat, plump and tender."

"Like yourself, Mrs. Comfort. Ah! what a blessing it is to have such a matron! What have you done, Mrs. C., with that pale sickly girl who came here last Saturday? She looked wretched."

"Very low. I placed here in the wash house. She will die in a month."

"Considerate woman! In the wash house?"

"Yes. I did think of putting her in the carding room, but she is too far gone. She will wash herself to death, I am fearful; she will work—"

"Must work, Mrs. C. The poor house must be sustained."

"Indeed it must. So much idleness will never do, Mr. Tough."

"Well, Mrs. C., I must leave you now; before I go, however, I think I will take some of that port wine which was bequeathed to us by that good man, Mr. Jones. Ah! what a heart! And then to act so foolish as to leave it expressly for the sick. Indeed, Mrs. C., I have not been well since he died."

"Nor I, Mr. Tough. That wine is a sacred trust, and the idea of giving it to the dirty filthy poor is ridiculous. Poor man, he had no notion of the world."

CHAPTER II.

THE BOY.

"My mother's grave. Poor mother! she sleeps in peace. I will place this little piece of marble at its foot, that I may know it hereafter. Farewell, mother,—I leave the lazar house, the home of the wretched, for the wide world. O! if thy spirit could follow your poor son, through the world, how happy he should be!"

Thus spoke Jimmy Crank, as he stood by the side of his poor mother's grave. Tears coursed their way down his cheeks as he turned away and cast a withering look at the poor house. James was a stout, well-built boy of his age, dark hair, sparkling black eyes, regular, if not classical features; in fact, Jimmy Crank, with his short stick, small bundle, and joyous look, as he walked out of the house, looked for all the world like one who, having started into the world, determined to fight his way through it.

Some one has said "the world is mine oyster." James thought so too, and as he opened his mouth, and displayed a set of fine teeth, he appeared as if he would swallow it. The world is something like an oyster. It has a pearl in it,—and that pearl is *woman*.

On the third evening after Jimmy left the poor house, he stood at the junction of Ridge road and Ninth street; in his pocket he had a two shilling piece. The city was before him, and he saw it; in fact he could not well help it, for a city is no trifle on this world's surface. Jim sat himself down on a log. (Reader, at the period of which we speak, what are now streets were roads or lanes.)

"Well, now what shall I do?"

Here was a question,—and unfortunately for Jim, there was no one to answer it. The sun was just going down,—the evening shades were gathering around—the birds were getting tired—Jim was decidedly so.

"Well, what am I to do! Let me see; look out for a boarding house; stand my chance with the rest, and fight my way. Here goes."

Just as Jim made this sensible remark, there came upon the air a din, a noise, a yell, screams, and all that sort of thing, as if one portion of the city was running away, and the other portion in full pursuit after it. The noise came nearer and nearer.

"Ah!" exclaimed Crank, "I see now."

He could not help seeing it, for right before him, tearing up the road, came two horses, dragging behind them a coach, every motion of which called forth the screams and cries from those within. The driver had been thrown off, and the furious animals, like a vessel in a storm, were at the mercy of every thing that lay in their way. At the window of the coach Crank saw a beautiful child—a girl—her long auburn hair was streaming in the wind; an aged man held her back. There were others in the coach, but Crank only saw these two; they appeared to him as two pictures, wild and perfect. He dashed down his bundle; he placed himself almost directly in the road. On! on came the animals. Swift! swift! fearfully so. Crank was a bold boy; he watched the motion of the horses; they were nearly exhausted, but a very short distance ahead, however, was a pile of stones—a dangerous passage-way. On they came. Swift as thought, Crank caught the bridle of the horse nearest him. A jerk, and he was dragged on with them. He kept his feet and his hold, however,—he still held on, his weight pressed down the horse's head, a blow on the

mouth as it reared, another blow, and it drew back. The next instant they were stopped, and the inmates of the coach saved. Out sprang the young girl, and throwing her arms around Crank's neck, she kissed him. Yes, that beautiful child—the Hebe of the modern world—kissed the poor work-house boy;—nay, more; she took a chain, to which was attached a medal, and placed it around his neck.

"Adelaide! shame! what are you about?"

"O! father! he saved our lives. How brave he is! And a boy, too;—O! how I love him!"

"Do you?" whispered Jim, "*I love you.*"

Adelaide started. She had been carried away by excitement, but the words of Jim recalled her. She looked at him again, smiled, and joined her father. The driver now came up, the horses' heads were turned toward the city, the old gentleman handed in his daughter, looked at Jim, threw him his purse, and roughly remarked, "My foolish daughter has already thanked you; farewell,—be a good boy."

Away they went. Jim looked after them, heaved a sigh, and muttered to himself, "And this is a rich man's gratitude —money. I won't touch it."

There lay upon the ground a thick buckskin purse. Jim looked at it—a sudden thought flashed over the mirror of his brain. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I will take it." Stooping, he picked it up, opened it. "Twenty-five dollars! hurra! what is here? A card—Dr. Winter's, No. —— Walnut street,—and on this medal, 'Adelaide Winter.' So, so—Adelaide Winter shall be the wife of James Crank. Yes, and her proud father learn to respect the poor work-house boy."

So said Jim. Was he a dreamer?

CHAPTER III.

THE BOY IN TOWN.

Jim had taken board with a widow lay in Carter's Alley, a small place running from Third to Second, below Chestnut street. He had a neat little room to himself, for which he paid two dollars a week; cheap, and good at that. Jim was satisfied. No. —— Walnut street,—how many times did Jim pass the house of Dr. Winter that day. He however saw no one, "Well, she is but a child—I will not see her now, two years more and she will be as old as I am now—*then I will see her.*" Jim stood at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, the second day after his arrival in town; he had purchased a new suit of clothes, and felt himself growing into consequence—he had money enough to last him a month or two—Jim was happy. Why did he stand at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut? He had a motive, and that was, he intended to apply to Mathew Carey, who at that time kept a book store there—and it has been one ever since—"Yes, I will see Mr. Carey; he has written many good things about the poor, and will probably engage a new boy to run errands—I will ask him." Just as he came to that conclusion, a very gentlemanly man, with red hair, came up to him and asked him if he would step over to the Bank, and draw the money for a check—"Certainly," said Jim, and returned almost immediately with several hundred dollars. "There, my boy, is a present for you," and turned away. The very gentlemanly man with red hair was lost in the crowd—"Ah! five dollars, well, this is a good day's work. I'll stand here a little longer; perhaps another chap will want me to draw money

for him." Jim looked over towards Mathew Carey's store, where stood the old gentleman in company with John Melish, and W. B. Wood; they were busily engaged in talking—presently along came another; it was William Warren—ah what a quartett—jolly fellows. Alas! where are they now? They are gone, all but one, the fourth—W. B. Wood—remains. It was but yesterday the writer of this shook hands with the veteran of the stage—glorious man.

Long a representative of the past—his presence in the street always calls up the reminiscences of old Drury; thus while he is in our midst—those bright days of the drama's history will not be forgotten; when he is gone, who will call them to mind? No one—the very temple itself will soon cease to exist!—The past—the past, shadows—shadows.

Jim was just in the act of stepping off the curbstone when he was tapped on the shoulder by the very man who paid him the money for the check—"Ah! I am right," he exclaimed—"Step over to the Bank my lad if you please." Jim walked over; *the check was a forged one!*

"Would you know the man again my boy," asked the Cashier.

"Certainly, sir, I would know him among a hundred."

"Then go with this officer; he will conduct you to several places where he will likely appear; and the moment you see him, point him out—do this and the Bank will reward you."

Jim and the officer left the bank in pursuit of the swindler.

Every officer knows, or should know, the resort and the rendezvous of swindlers, pick-pockets, and robbers; many of the police are not conversant with their haunts, but when necessary they can place their hand upon the very man who commits an act of villany, but who not unfrequently

wait to find out which side pays the most, the honest man wronged, or the rogue guilty of the theft. These things are done, have been done, and will be done, and there is but one way calculated to make our police good and efficient guardians of our lives and property, and that is to pay them for it. The miserable price paid for the duties they have to perform is scarcely enough to find the officer in the clothes he wears, nor will he risk a new coat in a *melee* if he can in any way avoid it. Is this right—is it just?

After leaving the bank, the officer walked up Chestnut street to Ninth, turning down Ninth, he passed over Walnut. "Now, my boy, we will separate, you go down on the west side, I on the east, when we reach Locust street, (which is the next,) you pass over on the other side, and await my coming up—there is a house in Locust street I strongly suspect—what is the matter, boy?"

"That's the man sir," exclaimed Jim.

"Where, ah! are you sure?"

"As I stand here."

"It is then as I suspected; step behind this box." The individual pointed out by Jim now approached; he was walking carelessly along, whistling the "*Rogue's March*," what a taste, but still it was natural, he was in B flat, when the officer tapped him familiarly on the shoulder B sharp.

"Ah! Rogers, is it you!"

"Well, John, how are you?" replied the red haired forger, for this accomplished swindler had red hair, as before stated.

"I am well, Rogers my boy, quite well, but fatigued; let us walk down the street."

"No, John, no, I have business; I believe you have no charge against me professionally, have you! eh! if you *have* speak out."

"A small one, Rogers, a very little matter, a *check* to your haste is at hand—here boy, is this the gentleman?"

"Yes Sir, that's the man, he gave me five dollars?"

"Dish'd by thunder—fool not to be off."

"Rather bad; *Rogers* come along."

Jim got fifty dollars from the bank: when he retired for the night he exclaimed—"what a good day's work."*

CHAPTER IV.

SPECULATION.

Jim purchased himself a beautiful trunk—it had different apartments in it; there was one small drawer he called his bank, into which he placed his money. Jim was no miser, not he, but he had an object, a motive in being economical. His eyes were fixed on the great future. The next day after the affair of the Bank, Jim attended a large sale of paintings. In this selection was many a gem, but at the period of which we speak, connoisseurs were not as numerous as they are now, nor half so conceited. Criticism then was entitled to the name, now it is closely associated with a mysterious principle which operates on society like magic; it is known by the name of HUMBUG! One picture attracted Jim's attention; it was a work of art, the production of a master, not the daub of some old painter whose name, and the age in which he lived, gave to all his works, a character they did not, nor do they deserve. This passion for old daubs owes its origin to that mysterious word Humbug! Jim bought this painting; it represented what is called the cruelty of Nero. Here again history is at fault—Nero was not cruel, *he was mad.* No matter, Jim

* A fact.

bought it for thirty dollars, and two days afterward sold it for two hundred and fifty! here was a clear profit of two hundred and twenty dollars. Jim now opened an account in the North America Bank. In the Old Books of that institution, the name of Crank will be found, page 616, and to this day there is a balance in his favour of 16.13. His heirs can have it by applying to the Cashier.

There is an old saying—"it is better to be born lucky than rich." In the case of Jim this was particularly verified, for every thing he touched turned to gold. If he bought an article at auction he always sold it out again—sometimes at auction—at a large profit. He speculated in books. Jim had quite a library—he read much, studied more, and placed himself under an able instructor, to learn how to write well, and read fluently. Jim was a genius, and learned rapidly. He was not sixteen years of age, and had in bank twelve hundred dollars. Two events now took place which show the character of the boy, which as they are useful lessons we will not omit. Returning home one day to get something out of his trunk, Jim found his kind landlady in tears; there were two men in the house whose actions and appearances told at once their business; they were levying on the lady's household furniture for a debt she had rendered herself responsible for; it was to save a son from prison, and when the time run out for payment—she found herself unable to meet it all.

"Why not," she exclaimed, "take what I have, here is twenty dollars; it is all the money I can raise." "Can't do it, madam, have no instructions." "How much is the whole amount, Mrs. Carson?" asked Jim.

"Fifty-two dollars; my son will be able to pay it next month; it has been a hard winter, and he was sick nearly *all the* time."

"Never mind, Mrs. Carson, cheer up, I will pay the account—come up stairs, sir! bring the paper—cheer up madam—your friends are not all dead yet."

The money was paid, Jim was delighted, and Mrs. Carson astonished. The other event was this:—

Jim stepped into the old Coffee House, Second street, where Nathans now holds his auction sales; the sheriff was selling some valuable property; among the rest were three houses situated on Third street in a very improving part of the town. It appeared there was some difficulty in relation to this property among the heirs, and a portion of whom being absent a certain amount of money was to be raised and the property was to make it—Jim, more in sport—perhaps from habit, bid, and it was actually knocked down to him for fifteen thousand dollars! The Sheriff seeing a mere boy come up to the stand, and enter his name and residence, took it for granted that he bought it for some one behind the curtain, consequently, no questions were asked; but how did Jim feel? Half crazy he rushed home; threw himself on the bed, he began thumping himself for being so foolish, at last he came to the conclusion that he would leave Mrs. Carson's and go to New York until the property was put up again and sold. "I will do it." So jumping out of the bed, he commenced arranging his things, and packing his trunk; while doing so Mrs. Carson knocked at the door, and told him two gentlemen were below and wished to see him. Startled, but not dismayed, Jim followed, and in the parlor he found the two strangers. They started at seeing a mere boy, and to their inquiry if he was the person who bought the Third street property, they were equally suprised when he boldly replied that he was. Nothing like boldness in desperate cases.

The men were the absent heirs, they came on to pay the

debt due, the property being worth far more than Jim paid for it, indeed almost double. What was to be done, they were poor—it belonged to orphans; Jim was an orphan, a tear came into his eye, and he relinquished his right of the property, by their paying him cash down two thousand dollars. Next day Jim's account in bank was swelled up to *three thousand dollars!* Now commences the most important part of our hero's life; he was in his seventeenth year, and Adelaide Winter, in her nineteenth. They had never met since that day Jim rescued her from a horrid fate.—The period had arrived for him to see her, talk with her. He was well dressed, and as accomplished a looking youth as any in the city, and what was more he was a lucky and prosperous young gentleman.*

CHAPTER V.

ADELAIDE WINTER.

In a chamber fitted up with great taste and elegance, sat Adelaide Winter. She was alone; her long slender fingers were busily engaged in embroidering. All of a sudden she started up, and running to the window, exclaimed:

"I do declare! it is almost night, and I have missed my walk. No matter, I will lay aside my work, and read this pretty book—it is a pretty book—all about a queen who wedded a knight of low degree. How I do love these romances, although father endeavors to prevent me. Let me see; where did I leave off? heigho! now I think of it, would not that adventure of the runaway horses make an

* The incident of the auction is a fact, and will be remembered by many.

excellent story, and that brave boy, he must be nearly a man now. How bold he was to hold on to those horses. Well, Sarah, what is that?"

"A note, miss. It requires an answer."

"A note for me? ah! leave the room, Sarah."

"What is this? my medal! and do I see aright, the boy himself! This is impudent. Write me—me, the heiress of—fie, Adelaide, that is pride;—what does the boy say?"

"RESPECTED MISS:

Could I have the felicity of saying two words to you before I leave the city? Remember your words, they are engraved on my heart forever. If you cease to think of them, discard from your door the poor work-house boy, who probably saved your life."

"'Work-house boy!' This is an adventure. I will see this work-house boy."

She rang the bell. "Sarah, show the bearer of this note into the parlor."

In a few moments afterwards, Jim Crank and Adelaide Winter stood face to face. Both started. What a change!

The girl had merged into womanhood—the boy to the man. Jim, as he stood proudly up before her, looked beautiful; his hair was jet black, his eyes expressive, full, and sparkling; his dress and appearance, that of a young gentleman.

"And you are the boy who saved us at the risk of his own life. How changed."

This was spoken by Adelaide.

"Indeed, Miss, I might with more truth say the same. You were then an angel, now you are a divinity. Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter. Why should I flatter her who is to be mine?"

"Yours! What mean you, sir?"

"That you are to be my wife. Nay, it is decreed, Adelaide. You said once, with your arms around my neck, that you loved me."

"I was a child then."

"True, so was I; but do children forget! Never. A mother's kiss is never forgotten;—it becomes a part and portion of ourselves, and clings to the memory, a pleasing dream of the past. When you said, Adelaide, you loved me, I believed it, for truth and nature both spoke it—you loved me for performing an act of duty only—you have now to love me for myself."

"What do you mean?"

"Look at me. Am I the wretched thing I was? I am a man; I am independent, educated, full of ambition and high thoughts. I look forward. I live in the hope of becoming still more worthy thy love. Nay, blush not; in a few years I will claim your hand. You are but fifteen, I am seventeen. Then I shall be worthy of thee."

"Sir, this language is—"

"Say what you please, Adelaide, I will call you by that tender name. Order me away,—spurn me *now*, if you will; but you will not wed any other man but me."

"Ha! ha! This is far more romantic than any book I have read. But I thank you, sir; I shall never forget the service you rendered us, and I pardon all your childish rhapsody about love and marriage."

"Farewell. In eight years I will claim my bride."

"But, sir knight, your name?"

"Let that be a secret until we meet again. Farewell!"

The next moment James Crank was in the street, gone—and Adelaide was in tears, and in love. How wayward is woman—how strange and mysterious is the fountain of her

heart! A woman's heart! holy temple of love—angels erected it—seraphs guard it—a woman's heart! The man who trifles with it commits sacrilege.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RUSSIAN MINISTER.

Adelaide Winter had now become the idol of the town. She was the queen of love and beauty. Her levees were attended by the gayest and most fashionable of the city. Suitors innumerable knelt at her feet, and her father was pestered almost to death by those who booked themselves as lovers. How many are there who worship gold? Millions! millions!

One day Dr. Winter took his daughter to task.

"It is time now, my child, that you should make choice of a husband. There are at least one hundred who have asked your hand, and among them there are three to whom your father would not object. The choice, my child, is yours, not mine."

"Dear father, I cannot make choice. There is not one I have seen here to whom my heart feels the least preference. They are all agreeable, all gentlemen, but not such as I would select to be my lord and master."

"Adelaide, listen. I have of late observed,—nay blush not, that tinge of red tells me it is so;—you love—"

"Father—"

"My child!"

"Dear father, I—"

"No more, Adelaide. You love some one, and he visits

us not. Be candid—tell me, and I will not stand in the way of your happiness."

"Dear father, I cannot—dare not. He is so far beneath us that I blush to think of it. He told me himself he was a poor house boy!"

"Gracious heavens! Adelaide what do you mean? Tell me this, and at such a time, the day of all others,—the day the late Russian Minister dines with us, and who is spoken of as being the Minister to France? He is young, talented, and accomplished, and now, it is whispered that having seen you, he is enamored. Here, my child, is one of those rare men who consecrate an age. That young man is destined to fulfil the highest gift the people have to bestow on him, and you tell me that your heart is bestowed on the inmate of a poor house, or rather one of its portioned apprentices. What is his position now?"

"I know not."

"What is his name?"

"I know not that."

"Mad girl! Who is he?"

"*The poor boy who stopped our carriage on the highway ten years ago.*"

"Mad! The girl is mad!" So saying, Dr. Winter rushed out of the room.

* * * It was a gala day. The aristocracy of the city had assembled in the splendid mansion of Dr. Winter, to greet the youthful Minister. Indeed, he was worthy their notice. Elegant in person, accomplished in manner, gifted to an eminent degree in mind, and whose colloquial powers were superior to most men, he became the observed of all. Adelaide was struck with his appearance. He stood before her the portrait of some vision she had seen in dreams. That *face*, that form had passed before her in days past. Her

memory treacherously refused to aid her in the search after the time and place. It was a pleasing vision, but one that soon glided away, and Adelaide and the young Minister chatted away as if they had known each other for years. *So they had.*

"And you admire the Russian ladies?"

"I do, on the same principle we admire many things of a foreign character,—but I could not love them."

"And why not?"

"First, because they are too much like their bears. Secondly, I loved ere I left my native land."

"Indeed! and you are—"

"A native of this State, born within ten miles of the city, and was educated in the *poor house.*"

At that moment music burst upon the ear. Its strains flowed into the room where sat the two lovers—rich in tones, and softening in their power. Adelaide started, gazed on the proud handsome form before her—it was for a moment only—the next they were in each other's arms.

"Ah!" exclaimed Dr. Winter, "what is all this? Sir, you presume—"

"I do presume, Doctor. It is presumption. Sir, in me you see the boy who stopped your horses in their mad flight some ten years ago. In me you see the new Minister to France, to which office I have been nominated and the nomination confirmed, and more than that, in me you see the future husband of your daughter, unless your pride will revolt from an alliance with a *poor house boy!*"

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They were married, and Adelaide accompanied her husband to Paris.

We now close these leaves—shut up our little Book—with the hope that the matter contained in it, will be bound up in the hearts of our readers—to be revised and corrected by themselves—hereafter.

FINIS.

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